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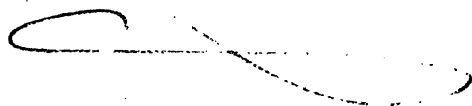
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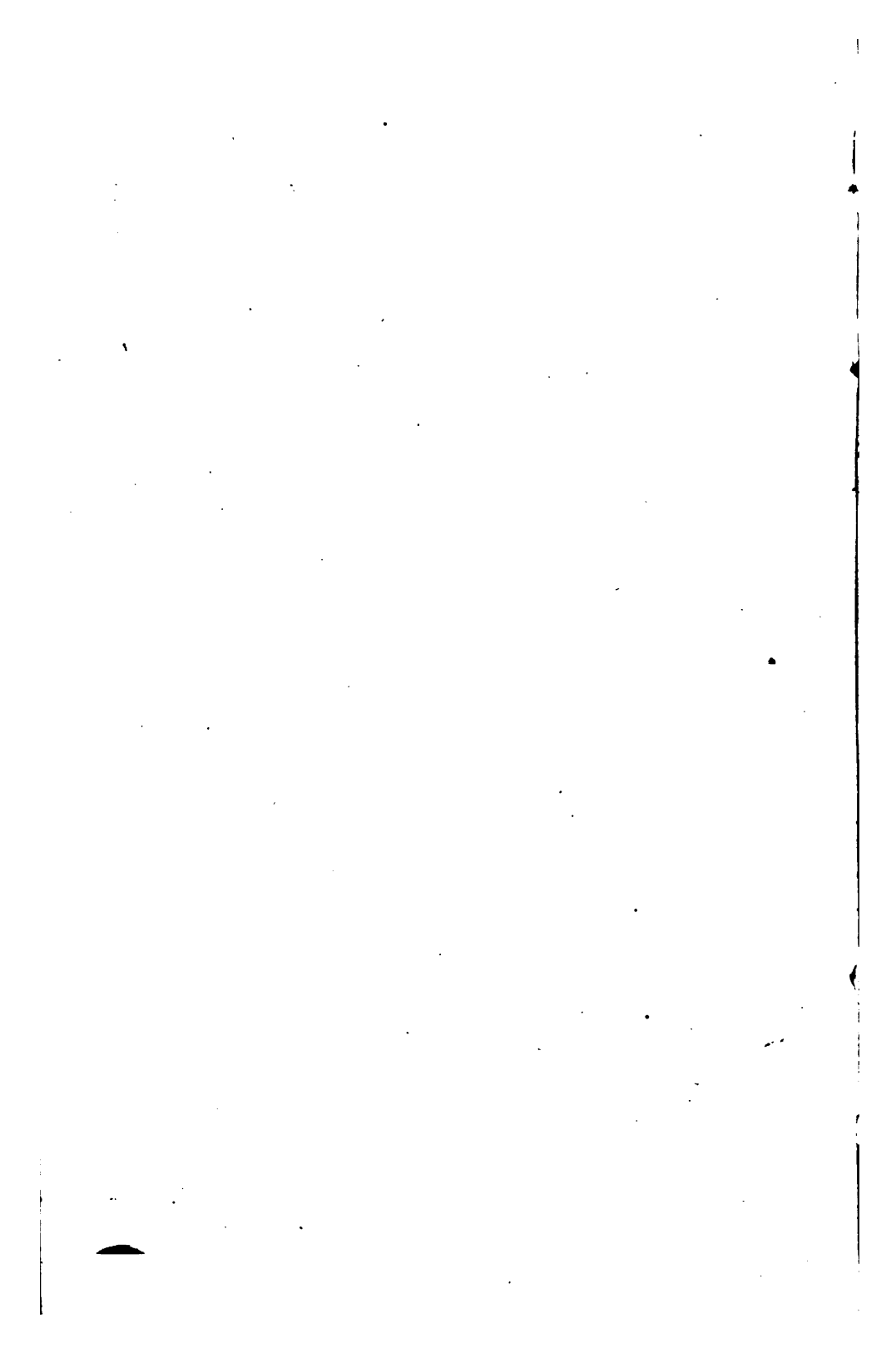


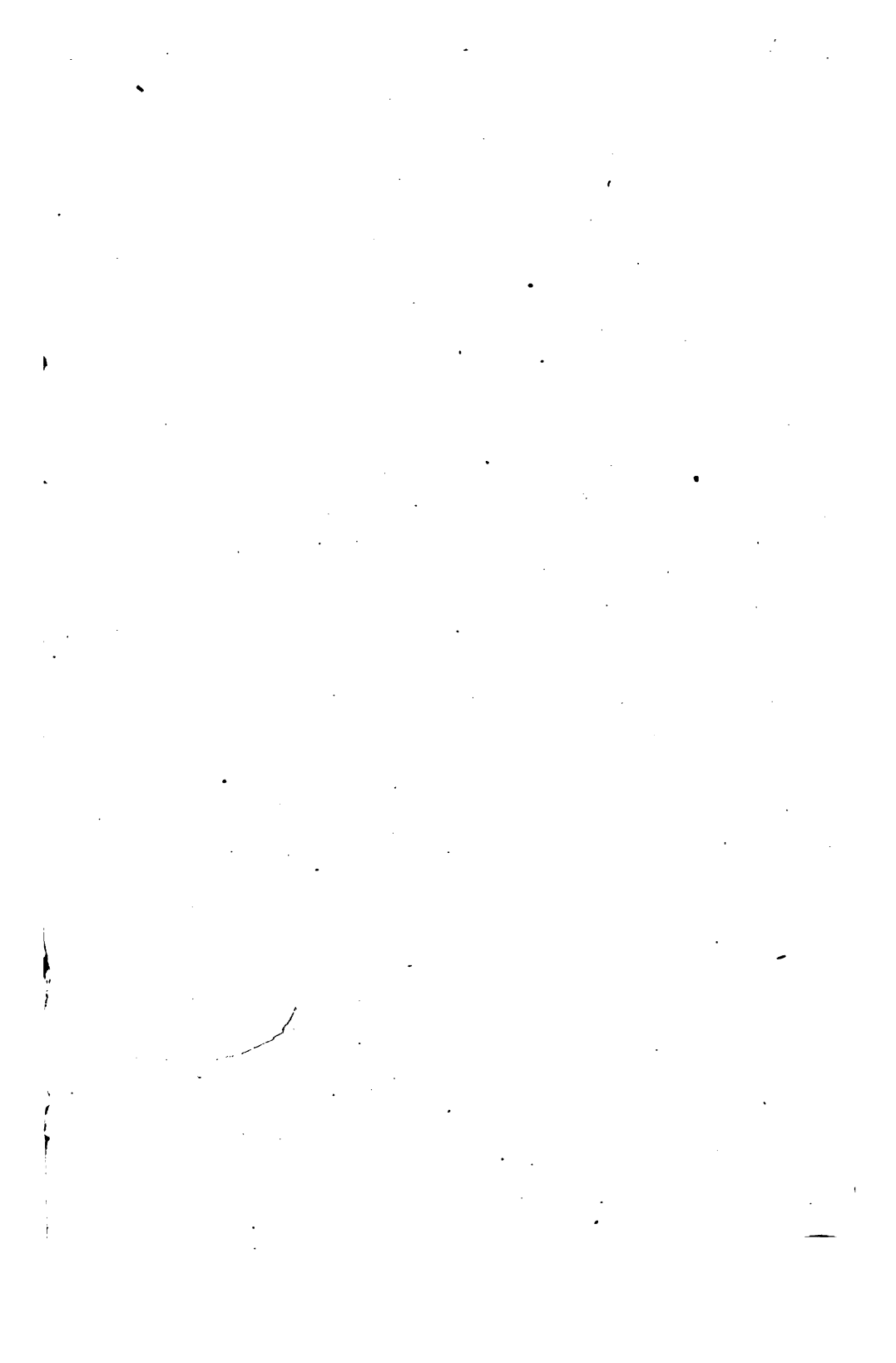
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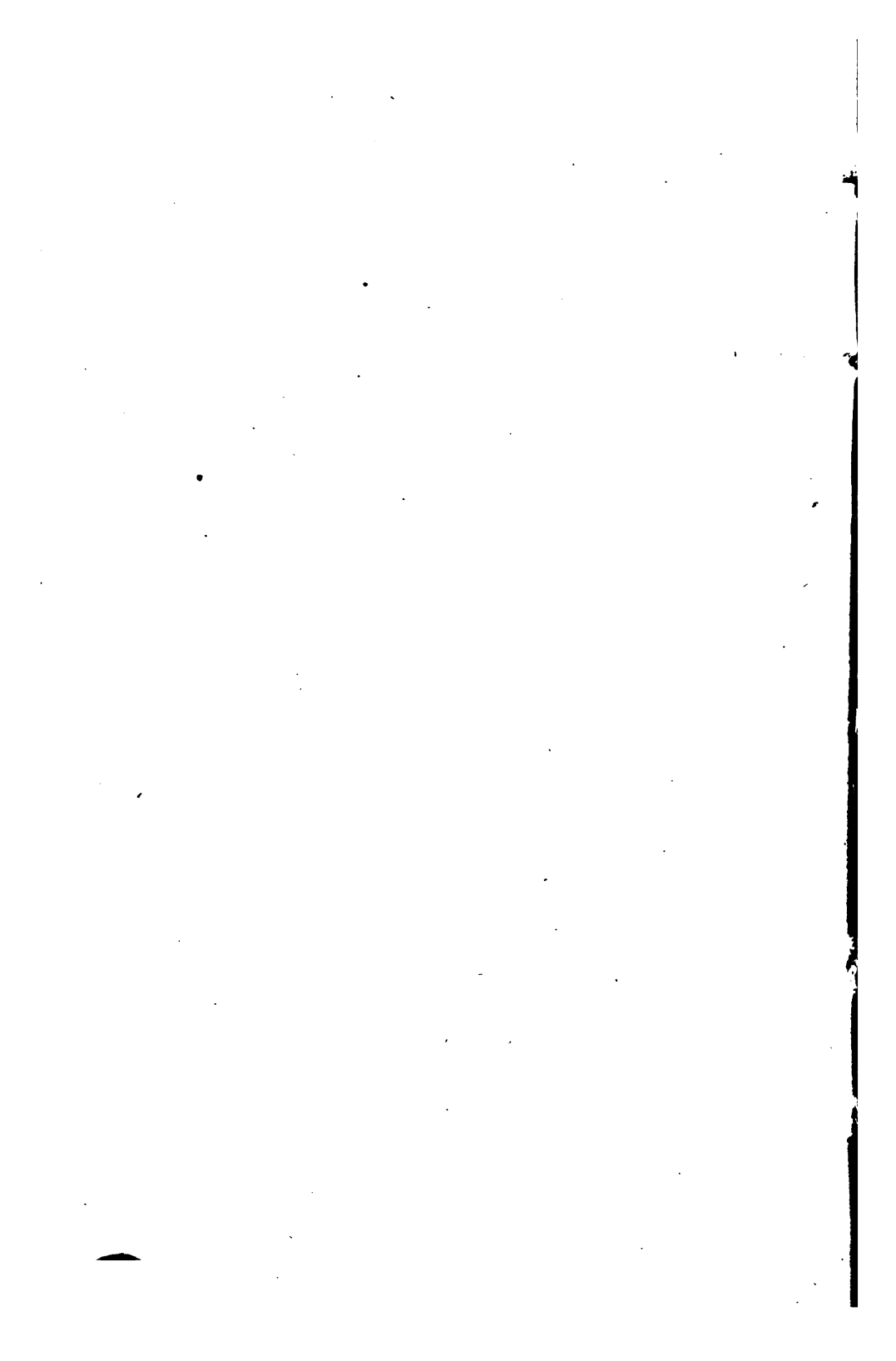
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Murphy, J. of Quebec.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

Visit to Great Britain and Ireland.

IN THE

SUMMER OF 1862.

QUEBEC:

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PREFACE.

THE manuscript for the following pages was prepared from pencilled memoranda in leisure hours during the past winter; the design being information and amusement through the newspapers, for my fellow-countrymen and others, respecting the "Emerald Isle;" the changes I observed there after an absence of nineteen years; observations in Wales, London, Glasgow, &c.; and by incidents collected from personal observation and other authentic sources, under the title of "Ned Fenton's Portfolio."

At the repeated request of several friends who read my "Recollections" in the *Quebec Gazette*, and "Ned Fenton's Portfolio" in manuscript, I have consented to have them published in a small volume, trusting to the forbearance of my critical readers for errors and omissions. For an apology I refer to the concluding part of my "Recollections."

J. MORPHY.

Quebec, July, 1863.

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RECOLLECTIONS
OF A
Visit to Great Britain and Ireland
IN THE
SUMMER OF 1862.

"From aloft the signal's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
Women screeching, Tars blaspheming,
Tells us that our time's expired."

ON the 1st of July, 1862, we embarked at 9 A.M. on board the steamship *United Kingdom*, at Quebec, for Glasgow, and were detained eighteen hours on the river, two miles below Quebec, awaiting passengers from Montreal, by the steamboat *Montreal*, the machinery of which had got out of order near Sorel. We had a fair passage of thirteen days. Captain Craig and the Officers were gentlemanly and obliging, the table was luxurious, and the berths clean and well ventilated. In the cabin there was twenty-five of us, and we soon became as intimate as one family. Conversation, pacing the deck, meals, reading, laugh and joke, smoke and song, and sleeping beguiled the time. There were forty steerage passengers, many of whom, as well as most of the cabin passengers, had return tickets. While awaiting the arrival of the Montreal steamer, the evening was delightful; the hills of Point Levi, with their romantic churches and cottages, and the city on the opposite side, with its tin roofs and church steeples, on which the sun reflected his setting rays, while the river was studded with ships as far as the eye could take in—presented a view like a grand per-

spective panoramic scene. We weighed anchor at 4 A.M., on the 2nd. Passing the Island of Orleans on the left, which is twenty miles long and five miles broad, we had a good view of the Falls of Montmorenci, seven miles from Quebec, plunging over an almost perpendicular precipice of two hundred and forty feet. The south-east shore of the St. Lawrence, for many miles, presents a succession of villages and hamlets, with here and there a church in their midst. At Madame Island, twenty-six miles below Quebec, the river widens to ten miles, which gradually increases all the way to its mouth. At Cap Tourmente thirty miles below Quebec, the scenery is very grand. From Quebec, St. Thomas is forty miles; Crane Island, forty-five; Goose Island, fifty; the Pillars, sixty,—three small rocky islets on one of which stands a lighthouse. Here the scenery is grand. At St. Anne, seventy miles below Quebec, there is a R. C. College. Murray Bay is eighty miles down, and is a delightful place, which has lately become a fashionable resort for Canadians. Kamouraska is ninety miles from Quebec; Pilgrim Islands, one hundred and five; Rivière du Loup, one hundred and nineteen; Kakouna, one hundred and twenty (a fashionable sea-bathing place). At the Island of Bic, one hundred and fifty-three miles below Quebec, we parted with our pilot. The Island of Anticosti, four hundred miles below Quebec, is about one hundred and twenty-five miles long, and thirty miles broad. It is a barren, cold place, with stunted trees. For about three hundred miles there is no harbour or bay to protect ships, while the stream, the shoals around this island, and the heavy snow storms which occur in the fall of the year, with its position across the mouth of the river, render it the frequent scene of shipwrecks. On passing Anticosti and entering the Gulf, the shores of Gaspé are seen in the distance.

After the two first days, which were very fine, we came all at once into a wintry atmosphere, the wind blowing from the snow-clad hills of Labrador, Newfoundland, and from Anticosti, and

from hundreds of icebergs which we saw floating on the ocean in fantastical shapes like huge churches and pyramids, causing us to huddle together in the cabin where the pipes were heated. At 11 o'clock on the night of the third day, at the light-house of Belle Isle, we took on board the master and seven seamen of the bark *Araby Maid*, which was bound for Cork from Montreal, with a cargo of 2000 bushels of wheat, and coming near Anticosti, the floating ice got behind and drove her on the rocks, where she became a total wreck. After suffering a great deal of hardship, a schooner fortunately came and took the crew to Belle Isle light-house, where we took them on board. To give a detail of all the little incidents on board during the voyage would require too much time and space. Different matters struck different minds in various forms, and we conversed accordingly.

We had two Wesleyan Ministers on board: Mr. Cobbe of Niagara, and Mr. Davis of Georgeville, near Stanstead; with them we had much conversation, and lent them "The Backsliders' Trial," "Trial of Alcohol," and other pamphlets. Mr. Davis preached in the cabin the first Sunday, from Genesis vii. 1: "Come thou and all thy family into the ark"—an excellent sermon and very appropriate.—The ark—the ship—the storms of sea and life—Sin—the harbour of refuge—the ark of safety, Jesus—and the haven of everlasting rest—were the principal topics. On the next Sunday, Mr. Cobbe preached a delightful and instructive sermon from Hebrews xii. 1: "Seeing we are encompassed," &c., "let us lay aside every weight," &c., "looking unto Jesus," &c. The witnesses—the Olympic games—races—the race of life—the crown, everlasting life—sin, the weights and obstructions—Jesus the dispenser of the crown,—Paul ran and obtained the crown—he fought a good fight,—he finished his course, he kept the faith, henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of life that fadeth not away.—Such were the topics of his sermon. The first land we saw was a mountainous part of the

County of Donegal, in Ireland. As soon as we distinguished it plainly, a jovial passenger of the Emerald Isle threw up his cap, clapped his wings, crowed lustily, and sung, in a clear manly voice, to the great amusement of the passengers,

"If England were my place of birth,
I'd love her tranquil shore;
If bonnie Scotland were my home,
Her mountains I'd adore:
Yet pleasant days in both I've passed,
I dream of days to come ;—
Then steer my bark for Erin's Isle,
For Erin, Erin is my home."

On sailing up the Clyde every eye was directed right and left to the beautiful scenery and rising grounds, green fields, clipped hawthorn hedges, old ivy-clad castles of Roman antiquity, Dumbarton castle, and the Messrs. Denny's and other ship-yards, the mansions, woods and sloping lawns of Glasgow merchants—the rows of houses and villages for summer residents and sea bathers, for thirty miles—Greenock and Port Glasgow—the numerous, long, swift, crowded, passenger steamboats, the riveting and other noises caused by the building of several iron, steam, and other ships, all caused a wonderful change of scene from the sea and sky of the previous day. While we gazed at the scenery, a Caledonian passenger recited the following verse, which was listened to with great attention:—

"Land of wild beauty and romantic shapes,
Of sheltered valleys, and stormy capes ;
Of the bright garden, and the tangled brake,
Of the dark mountain, and the sunlit lake ;
Unrivall'd land of science, and of arts,
Land of fair faces, and of faithful hearts."

It requires great caution and skill to bring a large ship up the Clyde, which is being deepened from time to time by dredging and other means. Not unfrequently it requires a tug steamer before and one behind to get a large ship through the windings of the river. We remained several hours for the tide at Greenock, where the Customs officers came on board, and passed all those

who had only such luggage as could be carried in hand. Some were not very well pleased at having been left minus their cigars and tobacco. We arrived in Glasgow amid bustle and confusion, in getting the ship moored, the noise of steam and sailors, the shouting of porters and cabmen, the rush of passengers and dragging of luggage, &c. I passed the customs easily, and cabbed off to 45 Union street, where I exchanged my return ticket for one for a certain berth in the *United Kingdom* to sail on the 18th of September following. Glasgow, on the Clyde, contains about four hundred thousand inhabitants. There are several fine bridges across the Clyde, and among them is a very grand suspension bridge. Among the many elegant streets, Buchanan, Argyle, and Ingram are spacious, with very elegant and extensive shops—the crescents, squares, and isolated rows of houses are beautiful. Some of the public edifices are magnificent and beautiful specimens of architecture, among which may be mentioned the Royal Exchange in Queen street, the new County buildings, the banks, Lunatic Asylum, University, and churches. The public monuments comprise that to the memory of Nelson, in the Green, one hundred and forty-four feet in height; an equestrian statue of William III., at the Cross; the statue of Sir John Moore, a native of Glasgow; of James Watt, Sir Robert Peel, and a most magnificent doric column to Sir Walter Scott—the last four in George Square—and an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. The educational, scientific, and literary institutions are too numerous to notice. The University on High street is a very elegant edifice, has twenty-two professors, from one thousand to twelve hundred students, and twelve thousand volumes in the library. The Botanic Gardens and Necropolis are well worthy of a visit. The climate about Glasgow is moist and the air foggy with smoke. Cotton, iron, and ship-building give employment to many thousands. In 1652 the third part of Glasgow was burned. Among the great men whom Glasgow claims as natives are Gen-

erals Sir Thomas Munro and Sir John Moore, and Thomas Campbell, the poet. A Tipperary man, who was a steerage passenger on board, on learning that I was going to the County of Tipperary, made my acquaintance, as he was going there to see his friends, after an absence of more than thirty years. He stuck to me like a leech from Glasgow to Roscrea, seventy miles south of Dublin. I need scarcely say that I was obliged to interfere to extricate him on several occasions, from all sorts of abuse of railroad officials, as he had nothing but Yankee coin to pay his fares, which they refused to take. He got through, however, honestly, without any serious breach of the peace. We came by train from Glasgow to Greenock, where we arrived at half-past seven P.M., and after tea with my Tipperary friend, we got on board the *Stag*, a very fine steamer, and were astonished at the hundreds of gaping men and boys who lined the quay in listless idleness, instead of improving themselves and families at home. We left Greenock at eight P.M., and, after a pleasant passage, arrived in Belfast at four A.M., where, on landing, the first applicant got my trunk to convey to the railroad depot (about one mile), the conveyance being an ass and cart, my first "turn-out" there for twenty years.

Belfast, comparatively a modern town, on the Lagan, is on low ground. The streets are spacious, well macadamized and clean. It has the reputation of being the first town in Ireland in commercial prosperity. A cheerful activity prevails everywhere, and it is the great depot for the linen trade of the north of Ireland. There are upwards of thirty steam mills for spinning linen yarn, employing many thousands of persons,—one alone giving constant work to twelve hundred people, the annual wages of which amount to twenty thousand pounds. Belfast has extensive ship-yards and a fine harbor, from which twenty-five steamers ply regularly; the Lough is a fine object, and the hills which partly encircle the town are studded with the handsome residences of its merchants. It has forty-three places of worship, many of

them very handsome structures. The commercial buildings cost twenty thousand pounds; Queen's College cost twenty-five thousand pounds, and seven thousand pounds per annum is allowed for its maintenance from the consolidated fund. There are several excellent educational, scientific and charitable institutions, and a great number of factories, breweries and other extensive places of business. The population numbers one hundred and twenty thousand.

In Belfast and all over Ireland the barbarous practice of servants demanding payment for their services in addition to the regularly advertised fares is continued. In many places servants pay for their places for their chances of begging from passengers, instead of being paid, as they should be, by their masters. The system is demoralising. It is painful to see healthy, intelligent looking human beings stretch out their hands to you begging for money, which you don't owe them, and which you are not entitled to give. If you give liberally, you are rewarded with such acknowledgments as "May the Lord's blessin' light on yer honor every day ye rise, and send ye safe to yer journey's end, and afterwards receive yer sowl to glory." If you don't give as much as is expected, it is received with silence and a sullen countenance, and if you give nothing, they dare not curse you before your face lest the master's interest should suffer, and they should be dismissed, but won't you catch it among fellow servants when you are gone. Before leaving a hotel, you are accosted thus:—"I'm the housekeeper, sir." "I'm the chambermaid, sir." "Remember boots, yer honor." "I carried your trunk, sir." "I'm the waiter, yer honor," &c., &c., &c. I noticed some things in Belfast which claimed my special attention, viz:—numbers of bare-footed women and girls going to work in factories, rows of jaunting-cars for hire (vehicles which are used all over Ireland as the most convenient for hire and family use), and the absence of outside venetian shutters on the win-

dows. There for the first time, after twenty years of absence, I heard the robin redbreast's song, and the coarse note of the corn-creek. At eight A.M. I appeared at the ticket office of the Railroad Station for Dublin, and was amused at the assumed dignity, the gruff and uncivil conduct of every petty official; and it is the same all over Ireland, with few exceptions.

Before remarking on the purchase of my ticket, &c., I unhesitatingly say I prefer our Canadian arrangement of railroad travelling as superior to that of Great Britain and Ireland. Here we have less of caste, more comfortable and convenient car accommodation—there being no compartments in cars—better ventilation—drinking fountains—stoves, and *other conveniences*—more civil and obliging officials, and cheaper fares. There the ticket office is not open until ten or fifteen minutes before departure, which, in many places, causes bustle and confusion in looking after your ticket, luggage, and rushing to secure a seat. Here, we have an admirable baggage-check system, by which every passenger feels quite easy about the safety of his baggage. There, a porter stands with a brush and a pot of paste in his hand, and as each trunk comes along he gives it a daub and pastes on a piece of paper, on which is printed the name of the station for which it is destined, and should it happen that you arrive at night, with a long train, you get out, amid confusion, run here and there in anxiety looking for your trunk, and you are the more anxious, as passengers are advertised that they are accountable for their luggage, the mislaying of which would be a serious disappointment.

The carriages (as they are called) are painted a dark green, claret, or brownish color; those of the first and second class having each three compartments, and the third class two, the doors open in the sides, and are locked by porters on leaving each station. The people sit face to face with their knees jammed as in stage coaches, except in the third class, where the seats are in various positions. There are of course no drinking fountains, no

stoves, nor any other necessary conveniences. To meet the views and requirements of the travelling aristocracy, the first class cars are as elegantly fitted up as noblemen's private carriages, and the fares are double that of the third class. The second class, plain and nearly all without cushions, are used by the middle classes, as merchants, respectable farmers, &c. The fares are between the first and third classes. The third class, very plain, are used by the great majority of the people. The fares are much higher than our first class. To say that there never was a trial for assault, with intent, committed in any of the compartments, would not be true. The compartments, however, must be continued for the accommodation of noblemen, merchants, tradesmen, laborers, &c. The uniform of the porters is the same all over Great Britain and Ireland, viz.: corduroy jackets, vests and trousers, and cloth caps with red bands. The depots in the large towns are very grand, being large enough to take in the longest trains, under glass roofs. The station-houses and bridges are all solid structures of masonry. There are no crossings allowed now, which caused great cutting of hills, and filling of hollows. I will advert to the effects produced by railroads in Ireland hereafter.

At the ticket office, I gave what I believed to be fifteen shillings, in six half-crowns, for my ticket, but the Jack in office pushed it back to me with a scowl of indignation, as if I were a swindler, telling me it was only fourteen shillings and six pence. My argument was no use, he would not explain. On examining, I found one of the pieces to be a florin or two shilling piece—a coin we in Canada are not very familiar with. I added the six-pence, and handing it to the aforesaid gentleman, said, "How easy it would have been for you to give me back the florin, a coin I have not been acquainted with, having just come from a country where it is not in circulation, and to have said, 'Sir, you mistake; one of these is a florin,' then all would have been right."

Instead of that you have by your conduct left yourself open to censure which must appear in the press."

Again, when asking for a check for my trunk for Dublin, the porter would not condescend to answer until he finished his pasting on a trunk (as described), then, raising his head, he said, "Don't make yerself unaisy, you'll get your trunk when you go to Dublin, an' that's all you want; we know nothing about checks." These words were uttered in a tone which prevented a rejoinder on my part, lest worse would follow. Admitting the hectering those officials get from the crowds of various characters they have to deal with, there is no reason why they could not be as civil and obliging as our railroad officials in Canada.

From Belfast to Dublin the country looked delightful, the clipped hawthorn fences and green fields, the castles, lawns, demesnes, and lakes, and handsome towns and villages—the whole country from north to south, looked as green as the painting in Mr. McEvoy's cyclorama, and like one great garden of Eden. The causes for the reduction of the population and the poverty of the peasantry, are too well known without any explanation from me. When I arrived there in the middle of July, the people were praying in the churches for fair weather, it having rained almost incessantly during the previous May and June, accompanied with cold; the crops, as a consequence, were very backward. Providence, however, favoured them, as they had fine weather during the nine weeks I remained there, and the crops made such progress that the people began to show their wonted elasticity of spirits. When I left there were little or no signs of potato blight; oats, hay, and flax looked well—the latter crop seemed to be the people's great dependence, especially in the north.

How early recollections did crowd on me when I saw the clean streets, excellent roads, with closely clipped hawthorn hedges at each side, and forming the fences in the fields, and heard the well remembered songs of the lark and the linnet, the goldfinch, black-

bird and thrush, the coarse note of the cornereak, and saw the jackdaw, and magpie, and other birds not known to Canada; when I looked at the haycocks in the meadows, and stacks in the barnyards; the bogs in which the people were winnowing mud and slain turf, and having them drawn home or to market, in crates and kishes, on horses and asses' carts, and in creels on asses' backs; watched them pulling, steeping, lifting, and spreading flax; digging potatoes and washing them with a headed stick in a basket at a rivulet, and boiling them in a big pot hooked on a crook over a turf fire on the hearth, (by the way, I regret to say the well remembered cups, farmers, browns, blacks, corkreds, paddies, &c., have become extinct, and their places taken by a nameless round white potatoe, the same all over Ireland). When I saw the mud cabins with stagnant pools, and barefooted women and ragged children in front of them, people leaning over their half-doors in suburbs; the little boys and girls going to school in country places with their *readimadeasys* under their arms; the hackney jaunting cars with their loads of passengers going to, and returning from, markets and sea-bathing places; pigs in the market shaking their right hind legs to which were attached hay ropes, the other ends of which shook the arms of their sellers, and how the buyers and sellers alternately slapped each other's hand with a penny piece, a half crown or a knife during the negociation; the working nailors; nailed soles; corduroy breeches, and wool *caubeens*; the crowds of poor farmers with hat in hand paying rent to aristocratic agents; the pound notes; the great extremes of wealth and poverty, ignorance and intelligence, cleanliness and filth, pride and humility, beauty and ugliness. When I saw the furze, the fern, the ivy and holly, the heath and cowslip, the primrose, the shamrock and daisy, and heard the sounds of the violin and the merry dance, and "the cuckoo's note steal softly through the air," I could join with heart and voice in the familiar song—

"O, Erin, my country, I love thee most dearly;
No music to me like thy murmuring rill;
The shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,
And none is so sweet as the daisy clad hill."

On the way to Dublin, the factories and bleach greens about Lisburn, the towns of Lurgan, Portadown, Newery and Dundalk, the stupendous railroad bridge across the Boyne, and the beautiful country from that to Dublin, are well worthy of notice. On my arrival in Dublin at 11 A.M., at Amiens street depot, it was raining, and the first purchase I made was an umbrella, an indispensable adjunct there. We had a walk of four hours along the quays on the Liffey, and through some of the principal streets and squares. We visited the four courts and saw plenty of gentlemen of the long robe in wig and gown there, gazed upon plenty of jaunting cars, umbrellas, handsome women and nice old men in the streets, and paid a visit to Phoenix Park and Steven's Hospital. The park is more extensive and handsome than Hyde Park in London. Steven's Hospital is almost a town within a house. The hotels are plain, unpretending houses; the squares, such as Mountjoy, Rutland, Merrion, Stephen's Green, &c., are beautiful, as also many of the streets. The river Liffey divides the city, which gradually rises from both sides of it. A tourist visiting Europe from this country should not, under any circumstances, miss a visit to Dublin, where he will be well repaid, and find amusement to his heart's content in the theatres and singing hotels, saloons, &c. More of Dublin hereafter. From King's Bridge depot we left by train at 3 P.M., passing Newbridge, where there is an extensive cavalry barracks; Kildare—the Curragh, famous for its races; the moving bog of Allan, Monastereven, Mountrath, Maryborough, and Portarlington, arriving in Roscrea at 6½ P.M., where I parted with my Tipperary friend, and turned into a hotel fatigued, having gone through an extensive variety of scene within the last twenty-four hours. Shortly after entering the hotel, mine host introduced me to a corpulent little pedagogue, about sixty years

old, with round and smiling countenance, and dressed in a suit of black cloth which had seen a good deal of wear. He was proud of his milesian cognomen, Jack McMahon, and a rich mellifluent Munster accent, being full of anecdote, Irish legendary lore, mathematics and poetry. He was very communicative, and profoundly displayed his intelligence to mine host and myself.

"Full well we laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

Next day, after breakfast, Jack and I sauntered through the half dilapidated old town of Roscrea for an hour or two. It was a sort of market day for turf, potatoes, fresh herrings, grass, and some kinds of meat. We saw plenty of asses and carts, corduroy breeches, ragged boys and beggar women. Two of the latter sat against a wall, and as we passed, one of them said, "For the love o' God your honor, would ye be afther extendin' your charity, and give me one ha'penny, I didn't ate a bit to-day." "I will," said I. "Long life to yer honor," said the other, "maybe you'd——" "Stop," said I, "do you see that river?" pointing to the river not far distant; "I will give each of you sixpence and a half a pound of soap if you come down with me and this gentleman and wash your faces, arms, and legs." "Arrah, bad luck to ye for a spalpeen," said one; "May the devil fly away wid ye," said the other; and both together, "Go 'long out o' that wid ye; you a gintleman! durty wather on you, you beggar, I'd take a little and brain ye wid a stone." "Now, Jack," said I, "what do you say for your country women." "Och, shure, this is not my town," said he, "wait till you go to the beautiful city of Limerick, and you'll not see such a durty pair of thrugmullions as them in a day's travellin', its there you'll see the fairest and finest women in Ireland." "I fear," said I, "your fair fine ladies are exceptions." "I beg your pardon," said he, "the two dirty creatures and a few others like them are exceptions to the great galaxy of the far famed gentle sex of Ireland. Allow me," he con-

tinued, "to quote from a great author." "Go on," said I. "Woman," he continued, "was designed for a companion to man, to soften his temper and polish his manners. They have, at times, formed governors, legislators, and heroes. The great Pericles derived all the power of his oratory, and the elegance of his taste, from the examples and instructions of the lovely Aspasia; and the Gracchi also caught the spirit of their eloquence, and the fire of their patriotism, from their mother Cornelia."

"And what do you think of Eve, Jezebel, Herodias, and others like them in ancient and modern times?" said I.

"These are exceptions, likewise," said he. "You must be aware," he continued, "that all great heroes, scholars and Divines are indebted to their mothers for their training. I hope I shall not trespass on your patience by giving you another quotation." "Not at all," said I, "you amuse and instruct me. Go on." "Man," he continued, "is as the rough and crude element of earth, unmollified by the fluidity of water and light. Heaven, therefore, sent woman, gentle, bright, and beautiful woman, to soothe, form and illumine the rudeness of his mass.

"She comes upon him in the weakness of water, and in the brightness of the morning beam; she imperceptibly infuses love and delight into him, and bids his affections go forth upon kindred and country.

"The planter who planted the vineyard and the vintner who pressed the grape, were born of woman; and by woman alone the subject and the sovereign receive existence, with all that can make existence advantageous or desirable. She brings man forth in his weakness, and she brings him up to his strength; he is fostered in her bosom; he is nourished with her substance, and he imbibes into his being the sweetness of humanity with the milk of his mother. Without woman, where would be father or where would be child; where the relations, endearments, and connections of kindred, the charities that bind the wide world together

into one inclusive family, the great brotherhood of man? She comes not against you in the hostility of weapons, or fearfulness of power. She comes in the comfort and mild light of beauty; she looks abashed and takes you captive; she trembles and you obey. Her dominion is sweet, and our subjection is voluntary, and a freedom from her yoke is what no man could bear.

"There are no forms of human government that can exempt us from her sway; no system of laws that can exclude her authority. Do we not study, toil, and sweat, and go forth in the darkness, and put our face to every danger, to win and bring home treasure and ornaments to our love? Even the robbers and savage spoilers of mankind grow tame to the civilizing prerogative of beauty.

"If men seek peace, it is to live in kindly society with woman; and if they seek war, it is to please her with the report and renown of their valor."

"Now you must admit," said I, "that all excellent women have been indebted to their fathers for their training."

"I grant you that," said he.

"From your able and learned advocacy of the fair sex," said I, "you must have been fortunate in your choice of a wife." To this he replied in a placid visionary tone, thus:—"Och, Molly asthore, a cushla machree, to yourself be it tould, you're the light of my eyes and the treasure of my heart; thirty long years we have lived and loved together, amid all the sunshine and shade of life, and never did a cross look pass between us;" and then changing his tone he sang:

"O my Norah Creina dear,
My gentle, bashful Norah Creina;
Beauty lies in many eyes,
But love in yours, my Norah Creina."

At one P.M., I left Roscrea for Nenagh on a three-horse stage-coach with my facetious friend Jack beside me, who amused me all the way with his quaint stories, and histories of the lords of

the soil. We passed Mr. Lloyd's handsome demesne near Roscrea, Lord Bloomfield's extensive demesne near the ancient burial place of Dunkerrin, as also the miserable and poverty-stricken villages of Monegal and Toomevara, where many an outrage and faction fight took place. Near Nenagh we saw the handsome residences and grounds of Mr. Pepper and Mr. Poe, and the old burial ground of Ballymacky. We arrived in Nenagh at 5 P.M., (sixteen miles), where I parted with my friend Jack, and met with some friends, with whom I tarried certain days near Lord Dunalley's. While there, I had an opportunity of observing the manners and mode of living of the country people who have very contracted ideas of this country. They ignore Canada altogether; it is all "America." I have been asked several times if I saw the war, or if it had done us much harm; and how we tried to escape it; and if I came home to avoid the danger. Inquiries were made if I saw and knew such a one—a cousin, brother, or friend of the inquirer; all of whom, on enquiry, were in distant States of the Union. Near my friends there is a poor village called the Silver Mines, at the foot of a high range of hills, and where at present there are extensive zinc mines, which I visited; the drawing up of the clay, burning it in kilns, putting it through various washing processes in circular sieves, then drying, and packing it in strong bags, which they cart to the rail-road station for England for further operations. The works give employment to about one hundred and fifty people of various ages and both sexes; but operations were retarded by the war in America, which is their best market for zinc. I attended the Episcopal church there. The Rector, Mr. Jones, a good man, an excellent reader and preacher, conducted the services, and preached three encouraging and instructive sermons from "Saul not obeying in the case of Agag, and Samuel's rebuke, 'To obey is better than sacrifice;'" from 2 Cor. xii. 9, "My strength is made perfect in weakness;" and from James i. 12, "Blessed is the man that

endureth temptation," &c. The good old tunes were well sung, accompanied by a melodeon. I visited Rev. Mr. McGrath there, and dined and spent an evening with the Rev. Messrs. Murphy and Gleeson, in that neighbourhood; the latter, an amiable gentleman, having been for some years lately a curate in St. Patrick's church in Quebec, was particularly glad to see me, and asked many questions about the war, Canada, and especially the members of the congregation he left at Quebec. I spent an hour with Lord Dunalley in Kilboy House, a splendid mansion, on a beautiful and extensive demesne. The topics of our conversation were Canada, its resources and institutions, as being a preferable field for emigration than the United States, the superiority of our laws and institutions over theirs. He did not admire those of the United States. We talked also of Australia, Ireland, and his tenantry. He is a free, enlightened nobleman, with easy and obliging manners, and seemed much pleased with the conversation. I was much amused in the markets and fairs, while looking at the standings, heaps of apples, nails on tables, kishes of turf, asses and carts, corduroy breeches, ballad-singers, and various other things which are not seen in Canada. In one part of the street a poor bare-footed woman with a child in her arms might be heard singing some mournful doggrel; while in another part, a droll looking fellow in rags, with stentorian lungs, sings "marriage is pleasant, it's all in my eye," or about some poor fellow that was hanged, although innocent. Nenagh is situate in a district of great beauty and fertility, and is well-built, clean and thriving. It has a new court-house, gaol, an Episcopal church, and an old castle, to which is attached one of the strongest and largest round towers in Ireland. The Roman Catholics have obtained the ground and tower with the view of building a large church. They have added considerably to the height of the tower, and intend putting a dome on it and a huge

bell therein. There are several very handsome shops on Castle street, among which Mr. Corneil's is one of the most extensive. Contiguous to Nenagh are the beautiful desmenes of Lord Dunalley, Mr. Pepper, Mr. Going, and others. The population is about eight thousand. The railroad is being finished from Rostrea to Bird Hill, which will make a direct unbroken line from Dublin to Limerick, through Nenagh.

I went by jaunting-car to Bird Hill, and from thence by train to Limerick, passing Castleconnell, Annacotty, and Killonan.

Limerick is situated on an extensive plain, near the Shannon, and consists of three portions, English and Irish towns, and Newtownperry. The different parts of the city are connected by five bridges; one, the Wellesley bridge, which crosses the harbor, cost eighty-five thousand pounds. Newtownperry, a town of moderate date, is one of the finest in Ireland. It contains a fine square and streets, with handsome shops. The principal public buildings are the Court-house, Prisons, Custom house, Chamber of Commerce, Exchange, Assembly House, Linen Hall, and churches. There is a bronze equestrian statue to the memory of Daniel O'Connell, and a lofty monument to the memory of Spring Rice. There is an extensive lace factory and other large places of business, and a good harbor. Limerick was a royal seat of the kings of Thomond before the conquest, and capitulated to the troops of William the Third, under Ginkill, in 1691. The population is about fifty thousand.

While waiting the departure of the train for Cork, about one hundred of the roughest specimens of humanity imaginable came up and took their seats. They were volunteers going to a temporary naval service on board the *Hawk* man-of-war at Queens-town. They were accompanied to the train by their sisters, wives and sweethearts, as slatternly, uncouth, and repulsive an assemblage of the female sex as could be found in any civilized

country; and such a boisterous uproar of farewells as they did set up was enough "to make Dungarvin shake."

From Limerick to Cork, the country is very picturesque, fertile and undulating. On the way we passed several attractive demesnes, with their splendid mansions, and the handsome towns of Knocklong, Kilmallock, Charleville, Buttevant, Mallow, Rathduff and Blarney. At the latter place I had not time to visit the famous stone. At three P. M., after passing through a long tunnel, I arrived

"In the sweet city of Cork where Paddy first opened his throttle,
And he lived at the sign of the Cork, no wonder he tipped the bottle."

At four P. M., went on board one of the city pleasure steamers to Queenstown (ten miles), on the river Lee, passing on both sides a continued scenery which could not be surpassed for beauty and magnificence. There were merchants' houses on rising grounds, with sloping lawns, gardens, plantations, and every variety of pleasure grounds down to the water's edge; the villages of Blackrock, Monkstown, Baths at Glenbrook; Navy-yard and stores; Glanmire and Queenstown, with Spike Island on the opposite side of the river, where all the convicts of Ireland are sent for penal servitude. Queenstown has a splendid harbor into which the largest vessels come in safety. There are good hotels, shops and very fine rows of houses in front of the harbor; but a great part of the town is on the heights. The houses on the very steep streets with gables to front rising one above the other. It is a great resort for sea-bathers from Cork. The population numbers five thousand. On my return, "mine host" took me for a two hours' walk in Cork, the streets of which are spacious and well lighted with gas. The most familiar and pleasing countenances, the manliest looking men, and the tallest and handsomest women I have seen are those of Cork. We walked through George and Patrick streets, Grand Parade, South Mall, the Dyke, Sunday's Well, &c. The streets are crowded with pedestrians until a late

hour; the watchmen call out the hour here as well as in most of the towns in Ireland.

The city of Cork is built on an island formed by the Lee, which is crossed by nine bridges. The principal edifices are the Court-houses, which cost twenty-two thousand pounds; the Mansion-house, on a fine walk called the Mardyke, the Exchange, Commercial-buildings, Prisons, Convict Depot, Infirmaries, Lunatic Asylum, Custom-house, Military-barracks, Theatres, several Scientific, Educational and Charitable institutions, Episcopal Palace, several Monasteries, and two Nunneries. Its beautiful environs are studded with country residences. The Lee forms a splendid harbor, in which float large steam and other ships. Cork has a population of about eighty thousand. From Cork I went to Bandon by train, passing through a long tunnel and a beautiful country. Bandon is a nice town, principally composed of two streets. A river runs through the town, over which there is a very substantial bridge. I visited a commodious Wesleyan church and other buildings there. Having heard that a friend with whom I had been intimately acquainted for several years in my native town, but had not seen for twenty five-years, was then residing at Mahon Abbey, nine miles beyond Bandon, I hired a jaunting car and drove to the Abbey. As I was unexpected, I purposed surprising him. When I last saw him he was forty-five years of age, and very active. After driving up the winding avenue, and knocking at the hall door, a very corpulent, facetious little man, seventy years old, with a humorous countenance, made his appearance. I recognised him at once to be the friend of my youth, but appeared to him as a perfect stranger. "Could you tell me, sir," said I, "where Murty Devine, a tailor, lives in this neighborhood?" "No sir," said he, while he had hard work to suppress a smile. "I don't know any person of that name in this country." Now Murty was one of the most whimsical, ludicrous, and best known characters in the town, and especially known

to my friend; but Murty was dead about twenty-five years, to my friend's knowledge. "Well then," said I, "Billy the Butt, or Franky the Roost, or Jamie the Stone, or Ben Hair's ghost, will do me as well." These were nick-named characters, and well known to my friend in our native town. Instead of replying, he laughed outright, and I, who had been trying to look serious, was obliged to laugh too. When we had had a good laugh together, and the car boy, who was listening, had his laugh, my friend after a good stare put up his hands and exclaimed, "Can it be possible! is it you Mr. M.?" "It's nobody else," said I, whereupon we went in and he introduced me to his son, a tall young man, twenty-two years old, and to his daughter, a young mother with two children. He had got married, became a father and grandfather since I saw him, and was a grandfather by his first wife over twenty years ago. After tea, and two or three hours' pleasant conversation, I left him, in all probability, never to see him again in this world, and slept in Cork the same night.

Next morning, after two hours' walk, I left by train and arrived in Killarney, at eleven o'clock (fifty miles). Near the station, at the end of the town, there is a very extensive hotel, and handsome Turkish baths. With the exception of one or two streets, Killarney is a poor dilapidated-looking town, of about four thousand or five thousand inhabitants. The only buildings in the town worthy of note are a R. C. Cathedral, a nunnery, and two or three hotels. The town is principally kept up by tourists. On leaving the train, I took my portmanteau in my hand and walked down the street; and never was I so annoyed and worried with runners and beggars as there. All I could say was useless; about half a dozen of them stuck to me like leeches all the way down the street, accosting me thus:—"Do you want a hotel, sir?"—"I have a good boat, your honor."—"Do you want a car, your rivrence?"—"I'll carry yer thrunk, sir, for a ha-penny."—"For the Lord's sake, your honor,

extend yer charity to the poor widow."—"Will you buy some uv these toys for the childher, sir?"—"May the devil dhrive yez all to Cork out uv this and let the gintleman alone."—"I'll take yer honor to the comfortablest hotel in town."—"Never mind that blaggard, yer honor, he's the biggest rogue in Killarney," &c., &c.—I was obliged to get into a room of the first public house I met, and shut the door to get rid of them. After a rest, I sauntered through the town, visited the hotels, Cathedral and other places of interest, and while walking past Castle Ross, with a view of seeing the lakes, I was tormented with women running after me to buy paltry toys, and men asking to hire their boats, or to be my guide.

At last a little man came up, who was about sixty years old, clothed in an old blue jacket and trowsers, and little old slouched cloth cap, with the peak well down on his eyes, which were almost overhung by heavy, hairy eye-brows. There was something like honesty in his thin, weather-beaten countenance, and rich Kerry brogue. "Good morrow to your honor," said he. "Don't have anything to do wid thim chaps that's askin' to shew you the lakes." "Why?" said I. "O," said he, "they are a set of palaverin rascals that purtinds to shew strangers a great deal, an' does'nt shew thom much, and then extorts all they can from them; but if your honor comes with me,—I am goin' round the hill beyant there—and I will take you to where you'll get the best sight of the lakes in the counthry, an' devil a penny it will cost you, for I have to go there at any rate."

"Agreed," said I, "come along," "Wait, your honor," said he, "till I go in an' put a coal in my pipe."

"Now," said I, "what is your name?"

"Carey O'Leary, your honor," said he.

So, on we went, mile after mile, while he was very communicative and told me his own history and the history of each landed proprietor, as we passed. When we got about three miles I

remonstrated—but he urged me on and on, until we came to a large white gate, with wickets on each side, which were locked, but on his hallooing, out came two women with goat's milk and whisky. On opening the gate, one of the women said, "Come, your honor, have a taste of nice goat's milk, it's fresh and pure, and good for the health, and the whisky is the rale sthuff." So saying, she handed me a flask and mug, and we had a drink, and away went Carey and I through winding narrow paths, up a steep craggy cliff to the foot of "Tork Mountain," down which fell from a tremendous height, and almost perpendicular, streams of water, called "The Cascades," obstructed in the fall by several projecting pieces of rock. On the top of the mountain there is a pool, called "The Devil's Punch Bowl." After resting, we descended, and on we went for another mile to a gate which was locked; and on Carey hallooing, out came a woman with goat's milk and whisky—of which Carey partook, and she received her sixpence. We passed on to a place called "the meeting of the waters," where a deep narrow river runs between the high cliffs, almost perpendicular, and joins two lakes. The scenery there is very grand. There are three connected lakes. The lowest approaches within one and a-half mile of the town; it is three and a-half miles in length, by two in breadth, and is divided from the middle lake by a peninsula, on which stands the picturesque remains of Muckross Abbey, on the W. and S.E. sides of these lakes rise the loftiest mountains, the wildest ravines, the finest woods, and the boldest cascades in Ireland. On our way from Killarney we passed Mr. Herbert's, of Cashernan, Mr. Shine Lawlor's, of Castlough, a large hotel, called "The Folly," from its being a bad speculation, and begging the man who built it, and Muckross hotel. From the "meeting of the waters," we went round Denis' Island, and passed Lady Kenmare's Cottages, and through Muckross peninsula, where we had a view of Glanna mountain, and McGillicuddy reeks, the highest mountains in Ireland. Thence along a beautiful broad

avenue, about two miles long, past the magnificent Castle of Muckross, the residence of Mr. Herbert, where the Queen and Prince Albert were guests about a year ago, and then returned to Killarney by Lord Castleross's splendid castle and demesne. There also the Queen and the Prince paid a visit, when at the lakes. On the whole, Carey brought me a circle of ten miles. The journey, his disinterestedness, and the information he gave, was worthy of something more than thanks, and Mr. Carey O'Leary was treated as he deserved, and as he expected.

On the way, I asked him if he was present when the Queen visited the lakes.

"Faiks, I was," said he, "an' yer honor an' I jist kem the same rounds she did. Och, tundher an' turf, but there was the mortal crowds there then. There was any money for a bed, and divil o' half iv them got one."

"I presume," said I, "that the people think a great deal of Mr. Herbert since the Queen visited him?"

"Indeed they do; an' good right they have; for he's a mighty fine gintlemin, an' divil a betther landlord in Ireland. I'm tould there's a great monument to be raised on the paninshoola, an' that Misther Herbert is to be lorded shortly to the memory of the Queen's visit to Killarney."

On asking if he and other guides were under any, and what control, he said.

"O we're under mighty great conthrol entirely durin' the saison of visitors. We meets two or three times a week an' gives an account of the gintlemen an' ladies we guides, to Mr. Herbert's and Lord Castleross's stewards. You see, yer honor," he continued, "we're inunther great responsibilities, for many's a time young lords, an' officers, an' English an' American gintlemen, an' other furriners, when they comes here, some of them drinks so much whishky they goes tarnation mad, and pitches their clothes and watches and purses about, when they gets on the paninshoola,

like as if they were let loose out uv Bedlum, an' then we have to gother up everything afther 'em, and catch houl't of 'em and bring 'em to the fust hotel we meets, and watch 'em till they get sober ; and if they'd lose anything in their tantherims we'd be blamed and turned off the lands altogether in disgrace."

"May I make so bould," he continued, "as to ax what counthry yer honor kem from?"

"Canada," said I.

"Well," said he, "I likes to meet an American gintleman, becase they acts very liberal wid us, and spins a power uv money when they come here; an' besides I was in Amerikay myself for nine months."

"What part," said I.

"New Orlanes," said he.

"And why did you not remain there?" said I.

"Bekase I was near dyin'," he replied, "wid a tarrible disaise called the yalla favor. He'd be a nice fellow wud catch me in sich a disorderly place as that agin. But tell me, sir," said he, "was it for fraid uv the war you kem to Ireland?"

"No, Carey," said I, "Canada, where I live, is a British country, and the war is a great way from us, in the United States, which is a foreign country, and among themselves; between the North and South af the country. As if the North of Ireland went to war with the South of Ireland; the North fighting for dominion, and the South for independence."

"Glory be to God, your honor, isn't it a shockin' and haynious thing to think of people murdherin their own flesh and blood; for many a poor fellow from this country is in both North and South. Is there many Irish in Canady, Sir?"

"Yes," said I, "a great many."

"May the Lord help the poor Irish," said he, "but its a mortal pity any of 'em wud ever be obliged to leave this beautiful counthry. But small blame to the poor crathers to get out uv

a counthry where one half is taken up wid gintlemen's estates, and the other half in black poverty. But tell me, sir, is there any landlords, or agents, or bailiffs in Canady, the same as in Ireland?"

"No," said I, "nor pounds to put cattle in for arrears of rent. When an industrious Irish farmer comes to Canada he buys a farm and gets time to pay for it, and when paid for, it is his own for ever; then he is his own landlord, as thousands of honest Irish farmers are at present in Canada."

"But isn't it sthrange," said he, "how the Irish find their way into every counthry? I saw them in New Orlandes, and if you go to Australia or Jimaky, or Botany Bay, you'll find them; an' be-gorra, I believe if you go to a counthry where the face of a white man never was seen, you'd find Irishmen in it."

"If that's the case," said I, "the Irish must have changed colour on the voyage. I heard of an Irish family," I continued, "that emigrated to New Orleans, and when settled there they employed a negro boy about seventeen years old as a servant. During the four years he lived with them he learned to speak Irish fluently, as the family all spoke that language. Four years after they arrived, another Irish family landed there from Ireland, and when they were on the wharf the same negro who was as black as jet, overheard them talking in Irish and joined them to the great astonishment of the Irishman, who asked him how long he was in the country (New Orleans); to which he replied "four years," and the Irishman turning round with consternation pictured in his countenance, exclaimed to his wife—

"O marciful powers, Judy, did ye hear that? he's only four years in the counthry, and he's as black as the ace o' spades? The Lord be betune us and harm," he continued addressing his wife and children, "to think that yez all will be as black as the crook in four years is very disthressin'. O meillia murther! what will we do? We must get back to ould Ireland as fast as we can. O,

the tarnal vagabone that made us come here ; if I had him by the neck, I'd leather his sowl-case till there wud be no life expected for him."

"What a gomeral he was," said Carey, "it's not black but yalla they'd all grow, in half the time wud the faver."

"You ought to know these lakes, walks and mountains well," said I to Carey.

"In throth I ought, an' do, your honor. My father an' grand-father, rest their sowls in glory, wor natives of sweet Killarney, an' not that I'd say it, purshuin to honest men ever broke the world's bread. My father was a sthrong, healthy man, wud rosy chicks and purty black eyes. He was six feet high and fourteen stone weight, and so active that divil a man in the counthry could wrastle him. He was game keeper to Misther Brown, and sorra a laise in the counthry that hadn't his life in it, and that's the raison I'm so well known and thrustud in these parts, an' that I know the country so well these fifty long years."

"I suppose," said I, "there are a great many guides beside you?"

"O yes," said he, "and there used to be more than thare's now ; but Misther Herbert an' Lord Castleross are so mighty particular about their grounds, that none but honest men are allowed on them, and all the throublesome blaggards that used to bring disgrace upon us is sent away—bekase they were sthrongly suspected for makin' too free wud some young English gintlemen that got deludhered wud the whisky."

"Have you a family, Carey?" said I.

"In throth I have, yer honor," said he, "sorra a one less than a wife an' six or seven helpless orphan childher in Cork, where I cuts bacon in a big mate store all the year roun', barrin' the summer, when business gets dull, and I comes here to make a thrifle by guidin' ladies and gintlemin about these parts. But your honor must be tired. Here," said he, pointing to a pleasure chair, at

the side of the avenue, "here is an aisy sate, where you can rest in pace for a while, as thare is no bad naybours to disturb us."

"I wonder why you support six or seven orphans," said I.

"An' why wudn't I?" said he, "shure Missis O'Leary says they're my own."

After resting a while, and when he had pointed out every place of note we had in view, we returned to Killarney, where I parted with Mr. O'Leary on good terms, as he sung a song in which were these lines:—

"Killarney for ever, and a true honest heart,
And a tight little sprig of Shillelah."

The same evening I left by train for Tralee, where I arrived at 10½ P.M., (twenty miles), and was fortunate in getting into a comfortable private hotel. At tea I was joined by a very attractive, charmingly exquisite, and dark complexioned young gentleman, but withal a little fastidious and sentimental. He was a boarder there, and had just returned from a week's visit to London. Two nice old ladies quizzed and bothered him about his conquests with certain young ladies, and his recent visit to London. While he sipped his tea, and took his little delicate bits of toast between his forefinger and thumb, with which he gently divided his large moustache to let me (opposite him) see the brilliant ring which graced his delicate finger; two or three newspapers lay on the table, which he scanned over with interesting rapidity between sips, and asked a great many questions about the changes which took place during his absence. Next morning as the ladies and myself had breakfast alone, I enquired the profession of the gentleman I had the pleasure of joining at the tea table the previous evening.

"O dear," said one, "he is sub-editor of the ———."

"A lucrative berth, I presume," said I.

"O yes, sir," said the lady, "it is worth £75 a year."

"A handsome salary," said I.

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the said young gentleman, when we entered into a free and profound conversation on newspapers, politics, the American war, the colonies, the beauty of Tralee and its vicinity, &c., in the course of which he asked me of my country, position and salary, to all of which I satisfactorily replied, detracting nothing. This account seemed to shake his dignity considerably in the presence of the ladies.

Tralee is a very fine town, with a population of about twelve thousand. It is the capital of the County of Kerry. In it there is a handsome Episcopal Church, two large Roman Catholic Chapels, and a Lunatic Asylum. I had a long walk in the beautiful demesne and pleasure grounds of Sir E. Denny, where I saw the old Castle of Tralee. In front of the Court-house there are two Russian guns on granite platforms, one on each side, and on which are inscribed the names of the Kerry soldiers who fell in the Crimea. The prevailing names on the sign-boards at Killarney and Tralee, are O'Sullivan, O'Connell, Moriarty, Shea, Shine, Shanahan, Slaterry, Scully, McCarthy, Cullinane, Cusack, Ryan, Lawlor, Looney, &c.

I left Tralee at 8½ P.M. by train, and arrived in Limerick at 10½ P.M., where I got into a quiet hotel in Henry street, returning next day to Happy Grove, Nenagh, where I remained for one week, during which I visited several parts of the country, the demesne of Lord Dunally, and Nenagh, in which latter place I attended divine service in the Church of England. In the absence of the rector, the service was conducted by the curate, who preached an excellent sermon. The choir was very good, accompanied by a fine organ. I was much pleased with that sweet anthem, "Lord of all power and might," which I have often heard well sung in the Wesleyan Church, Quebec.

Taking advantage of an excursion trip to London, I proceeded by jaunting car and train to Limerick, and from thence by train

to Waterford, passing the following towns, in a beautiful and fertile country, viz: Boher, Drumkeen, Pallas, Limerick Junction, Tipperary (where Mr. Braddell was shot by Hayes a few days previously), Bansha, Cahir, Clonmel, and Carrick-on-Suir. The latter three towns are on rising grounds, with a beautiful hilly country in the distance, and rich valleys along the river Suir, which forms the splendid harbor of Waterford, about one mile in length, and crossed by a wooden bridge of thirty-nine arches. Waterford has several handsome streets and public buildings, remains of ancient fortifications and monasteries, and a large amount of shipping. The magnificent seat of the Marquis of Waterford is in the vicinity. It comprises four thousand six hundred acres. The population of Waterford is about twenty-five thousand. I embarked on a steamboat at 4 P.M., and arrived in New Milford, in South Wales, at 2 A.M., (90 miles). During that short voyage of ten hours, I saw more sea-sickness than I did in crossing the Atlantic. The scenery on leaving Waterford is very grand. Passing the Fort of Duncannon, Light-houses and other places of interest, the river reminds me of the St. Lawrence, and sometimes of the Hudson. Opposite New Milford is the very extensive dockyard of Pembroke. The harbor is excellent.

At 7½ A.M., I left New Milford by the Great Western train for London, nearly three hundred miles, through South Wales, passing about seventy-five stations, a great many coal and iron mines and handsome towns, among which may be named Caermarthen, where I first noticed the Welch women's hats, and the men's big waistcoats, breeches and leggings. At Ferryside there is an old village, a church and high grounds. Kidwelly is a village in a valley, and has an old castle. Pembrey, Llanelly, Laghor and Gower Road are mining villages, with heights and valleys, and a long tunnel at Gower Road. At Landor there are iron mines, a large church on a hill, and a canal in a valley. At Swansea, Llansamlet and Neath, mining villages, the country is diversified

by hills and valleys, and isolated rows of clean houses. Briton Ferry and Port Talbot are villages at the foot of hills. On the route there are bridges, rivers, &c. At Bridge End, Pencoed, Llantrassant, Peterston, St. Fagan's and Ely, the scenery is very grand. Cardiff is a splendid town, where there is an old castle, a fine church, rows of handsome houses in valleys, bridges, rivers, and public buildings. The Marquis of Bute's magnificent castle and extensive demesne is contiguous. Newport is a fine town, and the country is flourishing. It is situated near the river Usk. As about forty of us were making the best of our time at a refreshment table there, a fat, rosy-cheeked, buxom old woman came out of a room with a large joint of roast beef on a side-dish, and in her hurry her foot caught in a rent in the carpet, and down she went, and away went the big smoking joint, the dish into smithareens, and the gravy over the carpet. Up from the ground she sprung and ran away ashamed, while we all laughed heartily at the mishap, no harm having been done except to the dish and the gravy.

Marshfield is the boundary of England and Wales. At Port Skewett, a young cavalry officer going on leave of absence from his regiment in Ireland, took leave of me for home. At Chepstow there is a castle, abbey and church. Wollaston has splendid scenery on the left; and the river Severn on the right. At Newham there is a long tunnel. Gloucester is a fine old town. It has a magnificent cathedral, and around is a beautiful country. Stroud is a handsome town, diversified by hills, valleys, gardens, and a long mill-race contiguous. At Tedberry there is a windmill and a junction, and at Swindon, the most extensive refreshment saloon I saw yet. Reading is a splendid town, and has many fine buildings. The whole country as far as the eye could take in for about two hundred miles to Reading, is the most beautiful, fertile, and diversified scenery I ever saw. Arrived at Paddington depot, London, at 9½, P.M., I took stage for Kensington, where I got a

comfortable hotel for the night. Next morning I had an early walk to Holland Terrace, Kensington, and after a short visit to a friend, returned, breakfasted, and went to the International Exhibition. I paid the shilling fee, and entered with the crowd. I looked all round and above with perfect amazement. There I remained for seven hours, entered my name in the Visitors' Book in the Canadian department, and met many old acquaintances from both sides of the Atlantic. I pictured myself in the most magnificent shop ever seen in the world, forming three sides of a square, and with its appurtenances standing on twenty-eight acres, and composed of the principal nations of the world, each displaying its productions in its own department in the most attractive manner under its own sign-board. You cast your eyes upwards and read the sign-boards in large letters as you move along, thus, France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Turkey, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Denmark, Jamaica, Tasmania, England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, United States, &c., &c., &c. Amid the vast assemblage of visitors and interested people of all nations and tongues, it is perfectly astonishing how order was so well kept. To the visitor for the first time, the grandeur of the whole scene is perfectly enchanting, and he thinks that if all his friends could feel as he does, they would strain every point to pay a visit there. The views from the entrances, and from the corners of the galleries, and from other parts of the great lofty glass dome; the large transparent windows in the distance; the great clock; the brilliancy of the plate, jewellery, and precious metals; the splendid picture gallery; the refreshment saloons; the highly-polished and elaborately carved furniture, pianos, &c., from India and other places; the immense collections of statuary and arms of all ages, sizes, descriptions and nations; the models of buildings and machinery; the specimens of wood, especially those of Canada; seeds, carpets, dry goods, and especially the poplins and linens of Ireland; the hardware, saddlery, and agricultural implements; the sound of

organs, pianos, and other musical instruments ; the machinery in motion ; weaving of carpets, linens, &c. ; printing, lifting ; brick, cigar, package and ice making, &c. ; the fountains ; the glass roof ; the immense crowds of fashionably dressed visitors moving slowly to and fro ; all, all are calculated to impress the visitor with a dreamy sensation that he is in an earthly paradise. I left at 4 P.M., and staged four miles to Ely Place, Holborn, where I met a friend, a native of the city, who accompanied me to a musical exhibition in the Strand, after which we had a walk in many of the streets, and then I retired to my hotel, near Day & Martin's blacking factory, High Holborn.

Next day met my friend at 10 A.M., by appointment, when we visited the British Museum. Its great size, immense library, statues, mummies, Egyptian and all other sorts of gods, fossils, ancient manuscripts, arms of all ages and nations, and various other things filled me with amazement.

From thence we went to London Bridge in a 'bus, and by rail (seven miles) to the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The picturesque, beautiful and diversified pleasure grounds, in which were ponds, fossils of huge beasts and reptiles, fountains of all shapes and sizes, in various parts of the grounds, in full play, and on which, as well as the Crystal Palace, the evening sun had the most dazzling effect ; shooting galleries, merry-go-rounds, swing-swangs, teeter-toters, &c. ; the winding and broad avenues ; the Crystal Palace, all iron and glass, on a rising ground, with its lofty grand dome, inside of which there were, at least, ten thousand persons, and an orchestra composed of hundreds, with two bands performing, presented the most magnificent spectacle upon which my eyes ever rested. There were various machines in motion ; several fine evergreens, with birds of various countries on the branches and in cages ; a huge hollow tree in the centre, ; wonderfully carved Egyptian gods, in the shape of men, about thirty feet high, and great lions with men's faces, and a splendid collection of statuary,

&c., &c. The grounds and what they contained, the building and its interior, the galleries, the orchestra and bands of music, the fashionably-dressed crowds, and general appearance of the whole on that beautiful sunny evening, formed the grandest and most sublime scene I have ever witnessed.

I returned by train to London Bridge, where a good view of the Thames was obtained; walked through several streets by day and gas light, and was amused with the various devices and advertisements to allure money out of people's pockets. Men passed along with their backs, fronts and hats covered with advertisements; and by gas light, with lantern hats. All stages or 'buses are covered with advertisements. A bronze bull stood in a confectionary window, and out of his nostrils, horns, tail, &c., issued bright jets of gas. At every corner and place people were selling something or doing something for a living, or hurrying as if driven along; omnibuses heavily laden, crowding one after another in succession as thick as funerals passing each other, so that it is very dangerous to cross the principal streets.

I passed the Bank of England, General Post Office, Exchange, and Mansion House. To enter into a detail of the immensity of business done in these and other buildings in London would fill volumes. I went through Paternoster row, famous for books and stationery; Lombard street, for bankers, statues of William III. and Sir Robert Peel; visited famous old Billingsgate fish market, and Guildhall, a famous building well known to lawyers. In the outside hall of the building there are two great statues in corners, one of "Gog" and the other of "Magog." By winding stairs I ascended two hundred and fifteen feet inside "The Monument" of the great fire of 1666, from the top of which we had a bird's eye view of London; from thence I went to St. Paul's Cathedral, which stands in a large square called St. Paul's Church Yard, and in front of which is a statue of Queen Anne. The massive, dingy building, on a rising ground, its great tower and dome,

four hundred and four feet high ; its columns inside and outside ; its forty monuments, organ and whispering galleries, transparent windows and lofty ceilings, &c., are calculated to strike the visitor with awe, surprise, and admiration. The tomb of the architect, Christopher Wren, is in the crypt, on which is inscribed, " Seek-est thou his monument—look around." The tombs of Wellington and Nelson are in the crypt. The length of the cathedral is five hundred feet ; the breadth in the cross two hundred and eighty-six feet. It cost about seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

From a London guide I take the following :—" The most affecting sight to be seen in the wide world is the meeting of the charity children of the various parishes of London in the cathedral, on the 1st of June, when more than eight thousand children sing together in one song of praise to God. In front of the cathedral is a statue of Queen Anne, who came yearly to this cathedral to return thanks for the victories of Marlborough. The Count de Saligny, a *savant* and a judge of effect, prefers St. Paul's cathedral to St. Peter's at Rome. ' After having passed all the day in examining it from every point of view,' he says, ' I do not hesitate to tell you that, as a whole which can be taken in once, I think the cathedral of the city of London is the finest edifice in the world ! perhaps the finest that has ever been erected. In saying this, I do not forget that the Parthenon once existed, and that St. Peter's does still exist. I am disposed to rank the cathedral of London before the latter, for St. Peter's is too large for all its parts to conduce to one general effect.' "

From St. Paul's we proceeded to the Tower of London, passing Newgate prison, a dingy old building, in front of which many a man was hurried out of existence for the good of his country. " A more abominable place than old Newgate never existed : fever, disease, want, wretchedness of all kinds, and even hunger, carried off hundreds of poor innocent wretches whilst awaiting

their trials. Such a state has happily long since passed away, and Newgate is now a model of cleanliness and care."

At the Tower we paid for our ticket at a lodge, and were conducted through a great gate by one of the warders, burley old pensioners in handsome uniform of loose blue-frock coats, and caps with lace bands. As the passages in many places are winding and narrow, each warder takes about twelve visitors, to whom he minutely describes everything as they pass. The Tower, which I have not time to describe, with the military barracks within the walls, stands on thirteen acres. It was a palace dwelt in by various sovereigns until the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Since that time it has been a state prison, and a royal arsenal, and a place of safety for the crown jewels. In the ordnance department are guns of all dates and countries. The first thing of special notice is a line of cavalry statues on horseback showing the armour of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. On the ceiling above are fixed various kinds of sabres, and opposite the cavalry are some infantry statues and arms of all descriptions of the centuries alluded to. From thence we passed to a narrow winding stairway, at the top of which, in a recess, stands a statue of Gen. Wolfe as he appeared on the Plains of Abraham, at Quebec. Next we entered the cell, about ten feet by six, walls fifteen feet thick, and very low ceiling, in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined twelve years. Then we were shown the block upon which Anne Boleyn placed her neck when she was beheaded, and the iron box into which her head fell; thumb screws, iron collars, and fetters; and a sort of day room in which state and other prisoners languished for years, and the inscriptions they left on the walls. In the yard we were shown the spot where royal and other prisoners were gillotined for treason; a beautiful brass cannon presented by the Sultan to the Queen, and the entrance by which state prisoners were brought from the Thames and to trial. Besides the royal prisoners who

suffered by the axe on the spot described, there are the illustrious names of Sir Thomas Moore, the Earl of Surrey, Lord Seymour, the protector Somerset, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, Lord Guilford Dudley, the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, Sir Harry Vane, Lord Stafford, Algernon Sydney, Duke of Monmouth, Earl of Derwentwater, Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and Simon, Lord Lovat. A visitor in passing through the Tower, and contemplating such scenes, cannot avoid comparing the present civilized, peaceful, and glorious reign and times with the barbarous and cruel times of the past, and contemplating the evanescence of all sublunary things; all the actors in those cruel scenes have long since mouldered with the clods of the valley, the beheaded having gone but a little while before the persecutors. How much have we to be thankful for to our beneficent Creator, that our lot was not cast in those cruel times; that He has given us existence in the present age and in a free and enlightened land!

From the Tower we went to the Thames tunnel, passing the mint and the London docks, where I stood and looked around me. On walking along those docks, viewing the vast shipping and stores, and the business going on, and thought of the fact that thirty thousand vessels entered those docks in one year, of the effect on that city and on almost every nation in the world, I was bewildered with astonishment, and thought of the words of Brooke—"The merchant, above all, is extensive, considerable and respectable by his occupation. It is he who furnishes every comfort, convenience and elegance of life, who carries off every redundancy, who fills up every want, who ties country to country, and clime to clime, and brings the remotest regions to neighbourhood and converse; who makes man to be literally the lord of the creation, and gives him an interest in whatever is done upon earth; who furnishes to each the product of all lands, and the labors of all nations, and thus knits into one family, and weaves

into one web the affinity and brotherhood of all mankind. Gentlemen of large landed properties are apt to look upon themselves as the pillars of the State, and to consider their interests and the interests of the nation as very little beholden to or dependent on trade, though the fact is, that those very gentlemen would lose nine parts in ten of their returns, and the nation nine-tenths of her yearly revenue, if industry, by commerce, did not raise the products of land to ten-fold their natural value. A nation that is a merchant has no need of an extent of lands, as it can derive to itself subsistence from all parts of the globe. Tyre was situated in a small island on the coast of Phœnicia, and yet that single city contained the most flourishing, opulent and powerful nation in the universe. The seven united provinces do not contain land sufficient for the sustenance of one-third of their inhabitants; but they are a nation of merchants; the world furnishes them with an abundance of all good things; by commerce they have arrived at empire; they have assumed to themselves the principality of the ocean, and by being lords of the ocean, are in a measure become the proprietors of all lands. Should England open her eyes to her own interests, she will follow the same prosperous and ennobling profession; she will see that without a naval pre-eminence she cannot be safe; and that without trade her naval power cannot be supported. Her glory will also flow from this source of her interests, and a sail-yard will become the highest sceptre of her dignity. She will then find that a single triumph of her flag will be more available for her prosperity than the conquest of the four continents; that her pre-eminence by sea will carry and diffuse her influence over all lands, and that universal influence is universal dominion. Avarice may pile; robbery may plunder; new mines may be opened; hidden treasures may be discovered; gamesters may win cash; conquerors may win kingdoms: but all such means of acquiring riches are transient and determinable; while industry

and commerce are the natural, the living, the never-failing fountain from whence the wealth of this world can alone be taught to flow."

On passing, I noticed the telegraph lines over the city fastened to chimneys, &c. On arriving at the Tunnel, we descended a wide winding stairway, at the bottom of which there are entrances to two passages divided by little stalls, or toy, confectionary, music book shops, all lit with gas. On arriving at the opposite side we ascended a similar stairway, and took steamboat for Hungerford Suspension Bridge. From the boat we had a good view of the bridges, docks, and buildings on both sides. We passed Charing Cross, Trafalgar square, one of the finest squares in the world, Nelson's column in the centre, 162 feet in height, surmounted by a statue, erected at a cost of £40,000. There are also in the square statues of George IV., Sir Charles Napier, Charles I. and Sir Henry Havelock; and two fountains of red granite. Surrounding are St. Martin's church, which cost thirty thousand pounds; the National Gallery (which we visited), College of Physicians, Union Club House, Northumberland House, and Charing Cross.

From thence we went to the Houses of Parliament, and entered the House of Commons through a hall in which there are several fine statues and paintings. The chamber of the Commons is sixty-two feet long, forty-five feet broad and forty-five feet high. It is comparatively plain. The seats are covered with green cushions, and there are no desks. The House of Lords is ninety-seven feet long, forty-five feet high, and forty-five feet broad, and with its costly works of art, stained glass, gorgeous decorations, and corridors with statues and pictures by the best artists, carving, &c., is, perhaps, the most magnificent apartment in the world. We passed through Westminster Hall, the largest room in Europe without pillars. The House of Parlia-

ment altogether is of the most beautiful workmanship, and is one of the noblest structures in the world.

Leaving the palace of Westminster, we crossed over to Westminster Abbey, said to be one of the most beautiful buildings in Europe, and the most ancient religious structure in the metropolis. It was built by Henry III. In the confessor's chapel are the chairs on which the kings and queens of England are crowned. The abbey contains a great number of monuments of kings and queens, statesmen, heroes, poets, and persons distinguished by genius, learning and science. In the "Poet's Corner" are tombs or statues of Addison (1719), Garrick (1779), Camden (1623), Handel (1759), Goldsmith (1774), Gay (1732), Thompson (1748), Shakspeare (1616), Prior (1721), Gray (1771), Spenser (1598), Milton (1624), Ben Johnson (1637). The epitaph, "O rare Ben Johnson," is expressive and quaint. In the cloisters and other places I saw several epitaphs dated in the twelfth century.

Leaving the abbey we had a fine view of the Houses of Parliament, Admiralty, Whitehall, Horse Guards, Treasury, United Service, Army and Navy Clubs, &c. We returned by St. James's Park, along the broad avenue by which the Queen goes in state to open or close Parliament; stood and viewed Buckingham palace, the late Duchess of Kent's residence, and St. James's palace, Geo. IV.'s residence.

In passing St. James's square, we saw a statue of George III., Covent Garden theatre and market, Drury lane theatre, Duke of York's column, Crimean column, Lambeth palace, great offices and churches, and Regent street (one of the finest in the world). In the summer, on a fine afternoon, Regent street presents a scene of carriages, shops and pedestrians, unparalled in any city on the globe. We passed through Piccadilly, a splendid street, Haymarket and Oxford streets, took a stroll in Hyde Park, entering by the marble arch, originally erected at Buckingham palace, at a cost of eighty thousand pounds. At the opposite side

of the park is Rotten row, the afternoon drive of the aristocracy, and presents a varied and picturesque appearance. The statue of Achilles, near the corner of the park, was cast from cannon taken by the Duke of Wellington at the victories of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse and Waterloo. It cost ten thousand pounds, which sum was subscribed by the ladies of England in honor of the duke. At the corner of the park stands the residence of the late as well as of the present Duke of Wellington.

Next day we had a walk in Bloomsbury square, Tottenham Court road, Wells street, Great Portland street, Regent circus, Princess and Hollis streets, Chancery and Fetter lanes, Edgeware road, Oxford terrace, Cheapside, &c., &c.

From a guide to London I take the following:—

“STATUES IN THE METROPOLIS.

“*Sovereigns*.—Richard Cœur de Lion at the Palace, Westminster; Edward Sixth at St. Thomas hospital; Elizabeth, Royal Exchange, at St. Dunstan's church and Temple-bar; Charles First at Charing Cross and Temple-bar; James Second, Whitehall and Temple-bar; William Third, St. James' square; Anne, St. Paul's church-yard and Queen's square, Westminster; George First, Hart street, Bloomsbury; George Second, Leicester square; George Third, Pall Mall east, and Somerset House; George Fourth, Trafalgar square; William Fourth, King William street; and Queen Victoria, Royal Exchange.

“EMINENT PERSONS.

“Duke of Wellington, Hyde Park corner and Royal Exchange; Lord Nelson, Trafalgar square; Duke of York, Carleton Gardens; Duke of Kent, Portland place; William Pitt, Hanover square; George Canning, Palace Yard; Sir Thomas Gresham and Sir Hugh Middleton, Royal Exchange; Francis, Duke of Bedford, Russell square; Shakespeare, between poetry and painting, Pall Mall; Achilles, Wellington memorial, Hyde Park;

Sir Robert Clayton, St. Thomas' hospital; Charles James Fox, Bloomsbury square; Guards' Memorial, Waterloo place; Crimean Memorial, in front of Westminster Abbey; Sir Chas. Napier and Sir Henry Havelock, Trafalgar square; and Dr. Jenner, Kensington gardens."

There are about eight hundred places of worship, and seven thousand policemen in the city of London.

On Sunday we went to Mr. Spurgeon's church (called the Tabernacle), passing Somerset house, one of the largest houses in the city—which is for meetings of the Royal Society, Society of Antiquaries, School of Design, Colleges, &c.—Blackfriar's bridge, which cost two hundred and sixty-two thousand pounds, and the Elephant and Castle. When we arrived, we found the steps crowded with people, and the word soon passed along, "Gentlemen, mind your pockets." As soon as the doors were thrown open, we all rushed in, and I was strong and active, as well as fortunate, in getting a seat, as the aisles were crowded. In a short time Mr. Spurgeon made his appearance. He is stout and comparatively young, but by no means prepossessing, having a chubby face with a small nose. His manner, accent, and intelligence, however, removes any unfavorable impression his countenance might beget. The building is rather plain, supported in front by a row of columns. There are two galleries, one above the other. All the people face the minister. There are no corner pews, no side pews, no persons behind the minister, nor at his sides, no pulpit nor posts in the church to obstruct the view, and the whole interior, which is beautifully finished, without any lavish expense, is a pattern of symmetry, neatness and comfort. It is calculated to seat comfortably five thousand people, and in cases of emergency six thousand. Every individual can distinctly hear each word the minister says, without the least extra effort. There is a platform in front of and below the minister, on which a preacher and about twelve singers sit, (there is no organ); on the

singers' platform is the minister's platform, on which, on his left, is placed a small table, where his Bible and Hymn book are laid, and in front a neat railing on which he sometimes places one or both hands, or steps back or towards his Bible, as occasion may require. The arrangement appeared to me to compare favorably with our boxed-up pulpits. Mr. Spurgeon commenced service with a short but sublime prayer: He then thanked the people for their contributions during the week for their college and Sunday schools, and requested that at least five hundred of his congregation would go to Mr. Collin's church during the Exhibition, so as to give strangers an opportunity to visit them. After reading the sublime old Psalm, "Before Jehovah's awful throne," which the great majority of that vast assemblage sung to the tune of Old Hundred, he read the sixty-fifth Psalm, on which he made suitable remarks at the end of each verse. This was followed by the reading of the second chapter of Ruth. On concluding the lessons he addressed the people, saying that as it was then harvest time in England he wished to take them all with him to the harvest field, and chose as his text the fifteenth and sixteenth verses of the second lesson. After dwelling for a short time on his own knowledge of gleaning, and the hospitalities of the harvest in England, he compared Boaz to Christ, the reapers to ministers of the Gospel, and Ruth to the various classes of hearers. As he was a reaper and in his Master's service, he let fall handfulls of grain to the gleaners—the sinner, the backslider, the timorous, the penitent, &c. To all he held forth the most sublime and encouraging promises of the Saviour, whose willingness to save was so much greater than Boaz's friendship to Ruth, &c. He concluded with a hymn and a very excellent prayer. His voice was clear, his accent pleasing, and his words audible without pressure. During the whole service he did not utter one word that would give offence to the most fastidious person in the congregation.—The edifice cost twenty thousand pounds, and the

ground four thousand pounds, all of which was paid before any service was held in it. After dinner, we visited old City Road Wesleyan chapel, passing several beautiful streets and squares on the way—among which was Islington (the Angel), where there were several street preachers holding forth to little groups at corners. The chapel is a plain brick building, very like the Wesleyan church of Quebec in the interior, and is not much larger. In the plain little grave-yard in its rear we saw the tombs of the venerable John Wesley, Richard Watson, Joseph Benson, and many other Wesleyan worthies. On the wall, in a crescent behind the pulpit, over and at each side of the communion table, in marble, are the cenotaphs of John Wesley, Charles Wesley, John Fletcher, Richard Watson, Adam Clarke, Joseph Benson, and Jabez Bunting.

We lingered some time reading and pondering over the epitaphs of those once eminent men, now in the realms of everlasting joy, and thought of their works that follow them in all civilized countries, &c., and in our libraries. We then asked the sextoness to let us see Wesley's chair, but she declined, as Doctor Jobson, the superintendent, was not at home. So we left and came to Old Smithfield, where the old wooden pens for cattle still stand. At the east side is St. Bartholomew's hospital, founded in 1102; over the entrance is a statue of Henry VIII. Adjoining the hospital is the church of St. Bartholomew the Great, built in 1102. In it are two fine monuments to Sir Walter Mildmay (1589), and James Rivers (1641). The church is approached through an ancient gateway; the houses are very old. We came through the gate which the martyrs passed, and stood on the spot where they were chained to the stake and the faggots placed round them, and mused with aching sensation on the barbarous cruelty of fastening men and women to a stake and burning them, for holding opinions which they conscientiously believed to be right. We left the spot with sad and gloomy

feelings, and went to evening service in St. Martin's Episcopal church on Ludgate hill.

Next morning, at 6 o'clock, we left the great metropolis by train from Paddington depot, and arrived in New Milford at 7½ P. M., (nearly three hundred miles). The harvest had set in, and the people were busy with the sickle at excellent crops. The country, all the way, was most beautiful. Nothing could exceed the diversified scenery of hills, valleys, woodlands, rivers, lawns, castles, towns, villages, mines, &c. The people at all the stations and in the crowded cars were well conducted, and seemed to be intelligent and industrious, especially so in the mining districts. From an address by Dr. Guthrie, a celebrated minister of the Presbyterian church, delivered on a missionary platform lately, I make the following extract. In speaking of the Welch Calvinistic Methodists, he said:—

“He spent three or four days at Slanberris, at the foot of Snowdown; he found there about eighteen hundred workmen in quarries, from which the hotel in which he lived was separated by a narrow way. The houses of these people were scattered over all the surrounding scenery. He saw these men and their families on Saturday, and he saw them on Sunday. He had travelled a good deal of the world, had been in a considerable number of the countries of Europe, throughout the greater part of England and Scotland, and some parts of Ireland, and he had no hesitation in saying that the working men of Slanberris, the miners of these quarries, in their houses, in their attire, in their habits, and in their church attendance, were the finest people he had ever seen under the sun. He was among eighteen hundred workmen; he did not see a rag; he did not see a wretched-looking mother; he did not see a starving looking child; he did not see a foul or dirty cottage. The cottages were as white as lime could make them, and they were as clean and tidy inside as care and good housewifery could render them. The children were all comfortably clad;

and though he was five days among these people, he did not see any signs of drunkenness but on one single occasion."

Before leaving England, I thought of the lines in Goldsmith's Traveller:—

"Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields where Summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine,
Creation's heir, the world—the world is mine."

On arriving in New Milford, the steamboat was ready to sail, and we got on board at 8 P.M., reaching Waterford at 4 next morning. After a pleasant walk along the harbor and through the principal streets, we stepped into the train at 6 A.M., and arrived in Limerick at 10 A.M., (seventy-seven miles). After breakfast with my friend, David Johnston, a dry goods merchant who travelled with me from London, I returned to my destination, learning that an officer whom I had not seen for upwards of thirty years, and for whom I entertained a high regard, had been living in a town called Borrisinossory, and who had no notion of my presence in Ireland, I wrote to him to the following effect:

"MY DEAR L——, I have been on the wing for the last few weeks, and would be most happy to light on you, provided you do not alter my course. I shall be in Roscrea on Friday next, by coach, at 1 P.M., (D.V.), where and when I would be rejoiced to meet you."

To which he replied, expressing no little astonishment at the cause of my presence in Ireland, saying he would meet me with his vehicle, and convey me to his residence.—When I arrived at Roscrea, there was my friend according to his appointment, with his man, horse and car waiting for me. After the usual salutations, and half-an-hour's conversation, such as might be expected from attached friends after more than twenty years' absence, we drove like Jehu over seven miles of a beautiful road, passing some handsome demesnes and the river Dee on our way to Borrisinos-

sory, a village in the Queen's county, composed of one long street of poor houses, with few exceptions, my friend's being one of the best-houses in the town, which contains about eight hundred of a population. All that can be said of it is that it was formerly a military station of some strength, and has a neat Court-house. My friend L—— is on the other side of fifty, about six feet in height, square and stout, dark complexion, with round dark eyes and manly features—as active as a buck, and fond of athletic exercises. He was dressed in a loose suit of light grey cloth, topped with a small pepper-and-salt straw hat. To his house, which was well furnished, was attached a large garden, in which we had a walk before dinner, after which he shewed me his rare collection of guns, pistols, swords, canes, and various other valuable articles; then we had a walk through town, and an introduction to a few families, to whom I had to explain all about the war in America, &c. At 6 o'clock P.M., a party of six gentlemen arrived at his house by invitation. I need not dwell on the luxuries of the table. All I can say is, we had the best the town could afford, as well as music, &c.; that he sung about half a dozen of the most laughable songs, and that laugh and joke, drink, song and smoke beguiled the hour until cock crow.

Next morning, at seven, his man had the horse and car at the door, and my friend accompanied me to the railroad station, where, after the warmest expressions of friendship, we bade each other a lasting adieu, and away I started in the train for Dublin, where I arrived at 11 A.M., and had $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours of a walk in Sackville street and other principal parts of the city. Jaunting cars are the public mode of conveyance through the city, the streets of which are kept remarkably clean. The Lord Lieutenant's residence, called the Vice-Regal Lodge, is in the Phoenix Park, in which stands the Wellington Testimonial, which cost twenty thousand pounds. Dublin is the centre of all the political, ecclesiastical, educational, fiscal, commercial, and military institutions of the kingdom.

Dublin Castle contains an arsenal, armoury, government offices, vice-royal chapel, and state apartments of the Lord Lieutenant. Sackville street is one of the finest in Europe, in which are the Post-office, Rotunda, and Nelson's pillar in the centre, one hundred and thirty-four feet high. In Stephen's green there is an equestrian statue of George II. In College green is the Bank of Ireland, formerly the Parliament house, Trinity college, and an equestrian bronze statue of William III. In Dawson street, besides a number of handsome public buildings, there is an equestrian statue of George I. Christ church and St. Patrick's cathedral, with their monuments, are well worthy of a visit. The principal public buildings are the Exchange, House of Industry, Richmond Penitentiary, Linen Hall, the Four Courts, Royal Hospital of Kilmainham, Dr. Stevens' and other hospitals, barracks, charitable institutions, and the theatres. Dublin is the oldest city in Great Britain or Ireland, and has a population of about two hundred and fifty thousand. Eleven hundred police keep it in order. The environs and bay are beautiful.

I could not think of leaving Dublin without having a ramble in a well-known street, called Stoneybatter, a *multum in parvo mere Hibernico* business locality, celebrated for its humorous, ready-witted, active residents—"some of the rale ould shtock" of the Emerald Isle—famed in days of yore for tatterdemalions, fiddling, dancing, singing, whisky-drinking, ventilating drapery, gymnastics, shillelahs, and battles royal; and where a motley, ill-regulated police, or guardians of the night, 'yclept "Charleys," were not only despised for their unwelcome intrusion, but often obliged to take to their heels and beat a helter-skelter retreat, while defiance was being hurled after them in the shape of brickbats, potatoes, turf, and other familiar missiles. While some were hunted like bag foxes, others having been cornered up like badgers, were allowed to sneak off, with "fainting steps and slow," carrying with them indellible impressions by the knuckles—as hard as the

knockers of Newgate—of the leathering heroes of Stoneybatter, whose ideas of civilization and the golden rule had become vision-ary by the too frequent application of Paddy's Eye Water, which screwed up all the faculties of the minds of both sexes to such an uproarious point of action, that the inhabitants of Pandemonium might be said to be Quakers in comparison to the boozers of Stoneybatter. Here is a jollification chorus:—

“Whilliloo, hubbaboo, whack, hurra!
Tear away, fight away, Erin-go-bragh!
Stoneybatter for ever, and whisky agra—
Whoo! who dare cough?”

The *mountain dew*, however, did its work effectually, in leaving its votaries sick, sore and prostrate with wounds, bruises, broken bones and bandages, red and black eyes, bloated faces, bloody noses and rags. There the renowned Terry Driscoll, whose motto was “Ireland for the Irish,” conducted his distinguished epistolary correspondence for many years with his quondam friend, Thady O'Donohoe of St. Giles, London, on the politics, passing events, and gossip of Ireland—a land he so often boasted of as being, “the first flower of the earth, and the first *jim of the say*.” Now, however, there is an apparent change; the guzzling, rioting inhabitants, with their fluttering garments, are “faded and gone;” their places are taken by a sober, industrious people, and Stoneybatter is now as civilized as any other street in Dublin.

We entered a forge, and while there we saw a crooked, cross-grained, cross-eyed, grey-haired old blacksmith attempting to shoe a handsome young ass, the nose of which was stretched by the pressure of a piece of rope fastened on the end of a stick called a “Touch.” If the ass attempted to kick, the touch got an extra twist, the torture of the nose being an antidote against the inclination to kick. Now, this ass, I was informed, was not naturally vicious; but having been brought up since it was a foal, and governed, fed and cared for as well as the most aristocratic ass in the city, by the chap who held the touch to its nose, it was very

spirited, and a great favourite. Many a little boy it tumbled off its back in the mud, by rearing, flinging, or lying down to tumble; and as this was the first time for it to get shod, it would not submit without resistance; hence the application of the touch. While the old blacksmith was stooping with the forefoot of the ass between his legs, and his back to its tender-hearted owner, the ass turned his face to him with a plaintive countenance, as much as to say—"Am not I thine ass? What have I done that thou, my kind master, shouldst squeeze and screw up my innocent nose in this cruel manner? I wonder if all other asses have to go through such an ordeal as this in the shoeing; if so, it would be better for them to go barefoot all their days. Oh! how soon you would relieve me if you were after getting a twist of this rope on your own nose." Touched with feelings of compassion, the poor fellow untwisted the touch a little, and again a little—and the ass looked as if it said, "Now my old coon, look out,"—and then, such a rear. Up sprang the ass's two hind legs, and down tumbled the old blacksmith on his back. He speedily regained his perpendicular, and hammer in hand, and fury in his countenance, after hammering the poor ass on the ribs, he made such a charge at its owner, that I thought he was about to be knocked down. "Why did you let go the touch?" he roared. "Begor, it slipped, sir," said the chap. "May the divil slip yer sowl out, ye vagabone; ye might have kilt me. Bad luck attind the shoe yer ass'll git in this forge. There, now," he continued, "take yerself and yer ass to blazes out o' this in a minnet, or I'll hammer the sowls out o' both o' yez."

For the benefit of those whom it may hereafter concern, I may mention that taking into consideration the anxiety, trouble and expense of trying to keep possession of trunks at railroad stations, hotels, and with porters on removal from place to place, the delay and confusion in searching for them on arrival with long trains at depots, the rough handling and upsetting they get, and their lia-

bility to get mislaid for days, or lost, as many have been to the great inconvenience and loss of the owners—it would be much better and cheaper to put up with handy portmanteaus, and replace by purchase all articles of clothing as they become worn or soiled, than to be encumbered with trunks, thus all harpies would be avoided, and time, expense and trouble saved.

Babies are sometimes troublesome companions in railway travelling, especially to the mothers and nurses, and often disagreeable to passengers. They should never be taken on pleasure trips. A story is told of a baby having been left with a young lady in this way:—"In the cars between London and Bristol, a short time since, was a young lady and an affable middle-aged woman, with a child about eight months old in her arms. The young lady spoke to the baby as a matter of course, and the female who appeared to be baby's mother, kindly desired her to take the baby in her arms, a request which was promptly acceded to. Shortly afterwards the train stopped, and mamma having got out to procure 'some refreshment,' decamped to parts unknown, leaving the young lady a present of the baby, which of course she was obliged to carry home to her family as a keepsake."

At 2½ P.M., left by train for Monaghan, passing, among other stations, the towns of Rahenny, Malahide, Skerries, Ballbriggan, Drogheda (an ancient town made memorable by Cromwell, King William 3rd, and the Boyne, with about sixteen thousand inhabitants), Dunleer, Castlebellingham, Dundalk, Jonesboro', Newry, Poyntzpass, Scarva, Tandragee, Portadown, Armagh (a city, and the seat of the Primate of Ireland; it has two splendid cathedrals, Protestant and Roman Catholic, a lunatic asylum, handsome walks and beautiful environs, and a population of nine thousand), Tynan, Caledon and Glasslough, and arrived in Monaghan at 7 P.M.

I walked down the streets, once so familiar as being the home of my childhood, the place where the first twenty years of my life

were spent, and looked on the people, the sign boards, &c., and beheld the alterations and improvements in the buildings, &c.; with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. The old people of my early acquaintance were dead; the middle aged had become old and decrepit; and the strong and healthy had come to the decline of life, or emigrated. Strangers had taken the place of old familiar shopkeepers; children had become parents, and the church congregations, every one of which had been familiarly known, were now, with few exceptions, strangers, because twenty-seven years had elapsed since I lived there.

Among the many changes in life which came under my notice, I may mention a few. The son of an organ-blower of one of the churches had become a general in the American army. A school-fellow, the son of an honest unpretending grocer, had become celebrated in connection with the press in Belfast and Dublin, as a member of the British Parliament, and latterly a minister of the Crown in a distant colony. Two boys of my early acquaintance, one the son of respectable and wealthy parents, who was tenderly brought up in the most respectable part of the town; the other, a ragged urchin of the lowest possible extraction, and brought up in the purlieu of the town, were known to me many years afterwards in a distant city,—the former as a turnkey in the gaol, the latter in a dignified position as a doctor of laws.

A magistrate in Ireland is presumed to be a gentleman of considerable intelligence, influence, and estate, and in a position to command the highest possible respect. He is treated as such by the people, especially by the police, and is regarded as a person of distinction, holding Her Majesty's commission to dispense impartial justice to all; consequently, there is as much difference between the rank of a policeman and that of a magistrate, as there is between a private soldier and his commanding officer. I was acquainted with a magistrate and a policeman, not a hundred miles from Monaghan, and have often seen the latter bring pris-

oners before the J.P., and salute him properly and address him by the proper and dignified title of "Your Worship." A few years passed away, and the said J.P. and policeman called on me in a distant city, they being at the time deficient of cash, and as "Jack fellows," begged of me to recommend them for some employment. I said the only influence I had was with the Chief of Police, who I thought required some special constables, it being election time. They said they would be glad to obtain any sort of employment. Accordingly I spoke to the chief, who took them on, and next day I saw the pair, baton in hand, assisting to march prisoners from the Court-house to the gaol. Shortly afterwards, I saw the chief, who told me he was obliged to dismiss the pair, as they absented themselves for a whole day, and came to parade dirty, and with black eyes and cut faces. It is fearfully dangerous to tamper with strong liquors anywhere, but especially in America.

I was acquainted with several promising young men in Monaghan and other places in Ireland, who, on my return, had become so besotted with liquor, that I was ashamed to be seen in their company.

Of the many terrible instances of giving way to liquor, which came under my notice, two or three may suffice.

A "gentleman attorney" of high standing bade me farewell on his leaving Ireland for America; I afterward saw him in Ireland on his return, and again in Canada when I endorsed his note for a suit of clothes which he had in his possession only a few days, when he got on a spree and drowned himself in Lake Ontario, leaving me to pay for the clothing.

I was acquainted with a young officer in Ireland, whom I afterwards recognized in Canada as an attorney. He was an exceedingly talented, clever, handsome fellow, but addicted to liquor. On hearing that a legacy had been left him, he got on a spree, and died on the street.

A handsome, fine fellow, who was intended for a gentleman, came from some place in the county of Monaghan to Canada, and took to liquor drinking, which he never gave up, even when reduced to a stable man, until it killed him.

Such shocking instances of giving way to liquor are now happily rare exceptions in this country. I have never known an intelligent, industrious, sober person emigrating to Canada who did not eventually do well.

Monaghan is the capital of the county of the same name. It has a handsome Episcopal church, court-house, county infirmary, military barracks, work-house, and a beautiful new national school-house. Its streets are well macadamized, clean, and lit with gas. There is a central square called the Diamond, in the centre of which there is a stone pedestal with steps around it, called "The Market Cross." On these steps I once saw the Rev. Gideon Ousely preaching to a large and attentive audience, when a vagabond shoemaker, whose name, I well remember, walked deliberately out of the crowd, and with his clenched fist struck him a severe blow on the face. The fellow was arrested, and on being brought to trial, Mr. Ousely pleaded for a mitigation of sentence, and got him off with a short term of imprisonment. There are also some handsome shops. Contiguous to the town are two small lakes, and several beautiful demesnes,—namely, Rossmore park, Bessmount park, Castleshane, Cornecessa, Ballyleck, Raccconnell, &c. "Peter's Lake," which is nothing but a stagnant pond, might, with advantage to the health and beauty of the town, be filled up and made into a handsome little park, with broad gravelled walks, grassy mounds, evergreens, &c., and palisaded all round. There is a handsome walk called "The Plantation," which will be much improved by the railroad company. With an encouraging landlord, Monaghan would soon become a town of some importance. John Holmes, Esq., publishes a well-conducted weekly paper called the *Northern Standard*. Among the few

warm-hearted old acquaintances which remained was John Russell, an extensive merchant in the Diamond, with whose amiable family I spent many pleasant evenings when last in Monaghan, and was highly entertained and amused with the quaint narratives of his recollections of the past; the laughable scenes in connection with his business operations in almost all parts of Ireland, and many parts of England; his voyage to and from, and business operations in Canada during a number of years; his useful business hammer which he was often obliged to use as a weapon of defence on his voyage; his protection of a female slave while she was making her escape; how the hurling clubs of Monaghan in his early days used to raise the wind; how an intimate friend and he while taking a near way through fields to a gentleman's house in the country, fell into a deep ravine and miraculously escaped unhurt, and among many other quaint tales and anecdotes, his account of

PADDY MURPHY THE LAND SHARK.

Paddy left the County of Longford, in Ireland, with the view of emigrating to America; but when he reached Liverpool, his funds had become too short to carry his family across the Atlantic, and settling in Liverpool as a lodging-house keeper, his house soon became known to all his old neighbors who came to work at the English harvest, to sell their pigs, or on their way to America. Paddy soon became an object of notice to the Shipping Agents, who gave him a handsome percentage for all passengers he brought them, and the gains he made in this way caused him to set his wits to work to increase them. So he wrote letters to his influential friends in Longford, setting forth the superiority of his house as a home for his countrymen while they remained in Liverpool, and by his experience and knowledge of the deceitfulness of strangers and the dangers to which his innocent old neighbors were exposed, he was in a position to befriend and protect them

from all sharpers. And Paddy succeeded. His house was known to all the Longford train of comers and goers.

On one occasion he received a letter advising him that four families were preparing for America, and would sail for Liverpool on a certain date shortly. Accordingly, he was on the watch for the steamer, and was fortunate in meeting them all on board at landing; and right glad they were to see Paddy, who shook hands with every one of them, asked several questions about the sale of their little homesteads, furniture, voyage, the old neighbors, and especially about the good parish priest and curate. He was particularly attentive to the women and children, with whom he kindly and freely conversed and sympathized, and never left them until he had all their baggage securely fastened on carts, behind which the whole crowd, consisting of nineteen adults and six children, walked to his house, and were all introduced to his wife.

"Here, Biddy," said he, "jist look round and see who I have brought you. Here is Mick Darby, Pat Cusack, Bryan Kelly, Martin Cassiday, and their misthresses and childher, our own darlin' oul' naybors, and some iv them our own kith and kin." Then turning to the whole group, he continued, "Och, blugarounthers, boys an' girls, jewels, but it's ourselves that's glad to see yiz. Sit down every mother's sowl iv yiz. Mickey," said he, addressing his son, a "*quarterclift*" who stood gaping with eyes, mouth and ears, "run out to Nancy Niblock for the loan of a couple of '*firms*' an' a few chairs; and Biddy, let you and Ellen Hughes get on the big pan as fast as yez can, and get us some beefshtakes and praties, an' some tay, an' afther that maybe we'll not have a dhrop of rale oul' malt in spite of the naybors. Come here, Dan," (addressing another son), "go long an' get the half gallon jar, and run as fast as ye can to Peter McEtee's for half a gallon of the best Irish malt whishkey, an' we'll have a dhrop before we ate a bit, for yez must be mortial tired and waried after the journey."

After the meal, and while the liquor was on the table, Paddy took a long slip of paper and took an account of the sea store that each family had provided. He put down what, in his opinion, would be required in addition thereto, as well as a list of cooking utensils, &c., and putting the memorandum in his pocket he raised his head, while every countenance was fixed on him as on an oracle,—their best friend and protector, while they inwardly pitied those coming from other parts of Ireland on a similar journey, who had no friend like Paddy.

"Och, boys, jewels," said he, "but yez are in luck, I was down this mornin' to Pine sthreet, and Misther Tapscott tould me that the finest ship that ever left Liverpool for Amerikay will sail the day afther to-morrow to New York, and that there is room left in her for twinty passengers, an' divil a sowl more," (by the way the destination of the poor creatures was Kingston in Canada, and it was a terrible outrage to send them by New York instead of by Quebec). "Now," he continued, "let yiz all go to bed airly, for yiz want yer rest, poor crathurs, after the hardships yiz cum across on the journey, and in the stheamer, and the men of yiz must be up airly, for we'll have a dale to do to-morrow."

Next morning after breakfast, Paddy brought the whole crowd to the Shipping Agents, where they paid four pounds and ten shillings each for twenty passengers, out of which he made a good haul by way of percentage. He then brought them to a cheap grocery, where he purchased plenty of everything for them, the grocer of course tucking Paddy's percentage on the regular price of the goods. The next place was a sort of marine store where he bought them water-cans, plates, mugs, knives, forks, spoons, &c., and had his percentage there.

"Now, boys," said he, "thar's only one more place which we must not forget, an' that's the *dollar office*. But yiz need not all come there, I can take yer money myself an' get it changed." On being asked what the dollar office meant, he replied—"You

see, your Irish money wud be no use in Amerikay, where nothing but dollars will pass ; so they all shelled out and gave him their money, and he returned in a short time with gold dollars, giving one dollar for five shillings sterling. After charging them a pretty fair profit on the beefsteaks, praties, an' tay, and their beds, he left them on the ship, and with many prayers for their future welfare (such as a south of Ireland man only can pray), and with crocodile tears in his eyes, he bade them adieu.

While in Monaghan I visited several scenes of youthful days, the woods, hills and glens of Rossmore park and Cornock, &c., where we rambled after school hours in search of birds' nests, wild fruits and flowers ; the lakes where we fished, the winding river, called "the Blackwater," in a rich valley, and sat on the bank of a wide deep part, called "the turn hole," where only those who could swim dared venture. While there I thought of the "rag eating heifer," that made free with our clothes. The banks had so fallen in that the once great swimming place had become about the size of a large Upper Canada whisky vat. I stood at a little well beneath the shade of a large hawthorn bush, in the centre of a little farm of three acres, within half a mile of the town, and which we once owned, and thought of our gambols and sports then, our kites, dogs, gardening, bird-nesting, fish ponds, harvesting and summer-house building there in years gone bye.

" And many a year elapsed, return to view,
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain."

And I thought of the exclamation—

" The friends of my youth—where are they?
And echo answered :—Where are they ?"

and I replied, "scattered over the world !" I looked away in the distance up a rising ground to the groves which skirt the green hills adjoining the said little farm, and thought of the once supercilious owner, who lived as if he were to own them for ever, and

of all the haughty landlords round the country, and of the owners of the farms around me. Then they were as anxious about this world as though it were their everlasting home; but now they are all numbered with the silent dead. I turned and left the spot with aching sensation. I passed the place where once stood a favorite orchard, now a bleak open field, and several houses where families of my intimate acquaintance had lived, and where once the sounds of mirth and industry were heard. Now many of them are dilapidated, or untenanted, and in some strangers reside. The occupants of my acquaintance are dead and gone. I returned to my hotel pondering on the words of Brooke:—"Men are even as their fellow insects; they rise to life, exert their lineaments, and flutter abroad during the summer of their little season; then droop, die away, and are succeeded and succeeded in insignificant rotation. Even the firmest human establishments, the best labored systems of policy can scarce boast a nobler fate, or a longer duration. The mightiest states and nations perish like individuals. In one leaf we read their history; we admire their achievements; we are interested in their successes; but, proceed to the next, and no more than a name is left. The Ninevehs and Babylons of Asia are fallen. The Sparta and Athens of Greece are no more, and the monuments that promised to endure to eternity are erased like the mount of sand which yesterday the children cast up on the shore."

"The scenes of my childhood, whose lov'd recollection
 Embitters the present compared with the past;
 Where science first dawned on the powers of reflection,
 And friendships were formed too romantic to last;
 Where fancy yet joys to trace the resemblance
 Of comrades in friendship and mischief allied;
 How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,
 Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied.
 Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
 The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought;
 The school, where loud warn'd by the bell we resorted
 To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught;
 The dreams of my boyhood how much I regret you!
 Unfaded, your memory dwells in my breast;

Though sad and deserted I ne'er can forget you,
Your pleasures may still be in fancy possessed."

My recollection of an elderly gentleman, who was a well known public officer in Monaghan, is as fresh as the events of yesterday. Of his ancestry, place of birth, early life, or where he received his education, I have not been informed; but from personal observation for many years, I feel satisfied that if he ever could have materially changed his intellect, person, countenance and manner, he would have grown intelligent, clean, manly, handsome and amiable. His name was Mr. Kelly, or, as he was familiarly styled, Bryan Kelly. The functions of his onerous office, which he discharged to the best of his ability and skill, were to expel itinerant mendicants from the town to any point beyond the precincts of civic authority—to coerce into a starvation park, called "The Pound," all pigs found wandering on the streets against the statute in that case made and provided, and to ring his bell for public meetings, auction sales, stray children, pigs, &c. His presence in the street premonished beggars in the distance to elude his vigilance, and prompted the warning inquiry, "There's Bryan! where's your pig?"—To some, it was most amusing to see him in contact with sturdy beggars, in which, during a protracted attack and defence, both parties were occasionally put *hors de combat*—and way-laying, hunting and impounding wayward pigs. When he had the good fortune to capture a pig, he fastened a long cord on its hind foot, and if it attempted a retrograde movement he repelled force by force by impulsions; or if it offered to go to the right or the left, he directed its straightforward course by a blow of his stick on the inclination side of the head. Such a course of action generally attracted the attention of a crowd of waggish boys, whose sympathies being always on the side of the pig, they irritated and obstructed him in the execution of his duty by their sarcastic conduct and naughty tricks. Some bawled out "bang-beggar" "pig-hunter," &c., others pelted him in the rear with soft balls,

and pinned long rags to his skirt. The pig not understanding such unusual and boisterous procedure and cudgelling, grunted, squealed, shook its tethered foot, and came to a dead halt, Bryan's belaboring to the contrary notwithstanding. One mischievous little rascal cried out, "Come, old muck, hit it on the tail and you'll not blind it;" another unpocketed his sharp knife, and while Bryan was looking behind him, severed the cord with one snig, and away scampered the pig, and away ran Bryan and the boys after it, the boys pretending to catch it for him, but in reality hunting it to its owner, leaving Bryan to look for some less fortunate pig. The fees which he received for liberating pigs which he succeeded in placing in *durance vile* increased his zeal for the service; but as his love for the liquor was his principal failing, he sometimes compromised his position and principle, and many a lucky pig obtained its freedom for a "horn of malt." One of those discharges I was witness to. "Come Bryan," said the owner of the incarcerated pig, as he gave him the glass, "like a decent, honest fellow as you were always, give me a token to the pound-keeper for the release of my pig." "Be the same token," said Bryan, coughing and smacking his lips as he swallowed the *hooker*, "there was a cow in the pound with a white back." .

Many an indentation was made in Bryan's perieranium by Mrs. Kelly for enlarging too many pigs on the score of liquor, and for wrangling and squabbling with beggars while half-seas over. But now, among other changing scenes of life in Monaghan, poor Bryan has long since shuffled off his mortal coil, and pigs have greatly decreased in number in consequence of the failure of the potato crop.

There is a workhouse for beggars, a well-appointed police, and a well bred town-sergeant with blue regulation tunic, cocked hat, broad sword, and such chivalrous bearing that the most supercilious pig in the town would not have the hardihood to encounter his

presence, and Mr. Gallagher is the well-known worthy who succeeds Bryan Kelly as bellman.

In several parts of Ireland I have been asked by aged parents and others for information about their sons, brothers, &c., who had long since emigrated to America, and whose letters and remittances had ceased for many months. The only advice I could give was to apply to the clergyman resident at the address of the last letter received, by sending him a copy or an extract from it. I feared to tell them that I strongly suspected their loved ones had been killed in the dreadful war; the more so, as I could see in their countenances and manner their dreadful suspense on the subject. Poor creatures, I fear their remittances have ceased for ever.

I attended divine service in the old Wesleyan chapel in Monaghan. The congregation was small. I once knew every member of it; now I recognized only two. The sermons by the Rev. Mr. Harper were excellent, and the singing very middling. They have a handsome new church in course of construction, the style gothic, the material limestone, with free cut stone facings. It will have a tower and a spacious basement. The building is superintended by the Rev. Mr. Harper, who is also the architect.

In the Primitive or Clonite chapel I heard a Mr. Woods preach a good sermon from Mark xi. 24. I attended divine service in the church of England, a commodious and modern gothic structure. The rector, Mr. Moffat, having been absent in Belfast, the services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bury, who preached excellent sermons. The organ is large and well-toned, and the singing very good, particularly that fine old anthem, "Denmark," "Before Jehovah's awful throne," &c., and "Frederick's" to

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare
And feed me with a shepherd's care."

I could not recognize a dozen out of that congregation, every one of whom I once knew. Having gone early to visit the graves

of my ancestors, I remarked that every one who came to church went directly in, and I thought of the reprehensible conduct of some church-goers in this country in collecting in groups about the church-doors before, and sometimes after the commencement of divine service, discoursing on worldly subjects, to the annoyance and obstruction of seriously-disposed people on entering, and thereby setting a bad example to the young. I visited the Sunday school, which is held from 10 until 11½ A.M., and was much pleased with the instruction given; the intelligence of the children, their reverence for the Sabbath and the sanctuary, and their respect for their teachers, to whom they paid the same attention as the members of a congregation do to their minister in church. I visited the gaol, which is on a hill. Mr. Temple, the governor, an old school-fellow, not being present, Mr. Farley, an intelligent and obliging turnkey, accompanied me through the building, and pointed out everything worthy of notice. It is a very extensive and substantial limestone structure, in a semi-circular form with spacious class-yards, church, and governor's residence in the centre, a large outside yard, and a handsome lodge in the front. It is one of the cleanest, best ventilated, best classified, best governed, and most commodious gaols in Ireland.

I visited the farm of Mr. Bradshaw and his son at a place called Tappa, and was much pleased with their fine crops of oats and flax, good roads, clipped hawthorn fences, and shady trees. After dinner, Mr. Bradshaw, jr., got his vehicle ready, and we drove to Ballibay, a thriving market town, which is much improved. An unsightly old market house, which stood in the centre of the best street, has been removed. A large Roman Catholic chapel has been recently built. The old fair green has been converted into a railroad station with fine buildings thereon, and the streets are clean and well macadamized. Not far from the town there is a district of country, comprising Bellamont Forest, Dawson's Grove, Rockcorry, and Cootehill, which has been well termed

"The Garden of Ireland," for its fertility of soil, and diversified scenery, of woods, lakes, hills and dales, orchards, gardens, splendid mansions and handsome farm-houses. We visited the handsome town of Castleblaney. The demesne, until lately the property of Lord Blayney, was purchased by Mr. Hope, of London, for two hundred thousand pounds, and greatly improved. The entrance (a very grand one) adjoins the town, and the castle, which stands but a short distance from the entrance, is a splendid edifice; and the demesne with its broad winding avenues, lawns, wooded hills and valleys, pleasure grounds and broad lakes, is one of the most magnificent and picturesque in Ireland. After walking several miles through it, and visiting the new court house, town hall, reading room, beautiful new Episcopal church, Wesleyan chapel, and other places of interest, I returned to Monaghan by car *via* Cremartin, a bleak country with late crops.

"After an absence of twenty years from Ireland, what changes did you observe in the general features of the country and in the customs of the people there?" To this question, which has been repeatedly asked since my return, I now reply:—

The first great change I noticed, especially in the south and west, was more grazing and meadow and fewer houses. This change is principally attributable to the decrease of population, the direct cause of which was the failure of the potato. It remains a mystery that an esculent which was the most healthy and easily produced failed all at once on both sides of the Atlantic, and that no cause or remedy for the disease has yet been discovered. Had Ireland increased in population during the last twenty years in proportion as it did the twenty years previous to 1841, and its inhabitants remained in the country, it would now contain at least double its present population (or about twelve millions); but the failure of the potato crop, which was followed by the terrible famine of 1846-7, and the great emigration caused a reduction of at least two millions inhabitants within a few years. Then there was

the Encumbered Estates Act, by which several English and Scotch capitalists were induced to purchase lands, the tenants of which had been dead and gone, and throw several small farms into one, level old, dilapidated cabins and ditches, plant hawthorn fences, make stock farms, and place one family in a small house to take care of the cattle on land where at least half a dozen houses formerly stood.

Another cause for decrease in the population is the fact that, for several years past, there have been comparatively few marriages among the peasantry of Ireland; the young men, having heard of or seen so much poverty and hardship, have been afraid to risk the responsibilities of families. Heretofore it was customary for light-hearted buxom country lasses to trot several miles into fair or market, sitting down at some rivulet when within a short distance of the town and wash their feet, put on their stockings and shoes, and tidy up their dress and hair, and after disposing of the fruit of their hard week's industry in the shape of a hank of yarn, a meskin of butter, poultry, eggs, &c., to take a fling through the town, "just to look about them." For this purpose each girl had her companion, who was equally interested.

It not unfrequently happened that in the course of their perigration through the market, a healthy honest homespun country swain, after selling his pig or heifer, or having come to the fair for the special purpose of looking out for a sweetheart, accosted them, and, after a chatting, smiling self-introduction, one was taken and the other left, and the pair repaired to a public house, where he called for a certain measure of whisky punch, and while they sipped and drank each other's health and told of their positions and tales of love, and after all her shyness and trying to look sour, and her "go lang out o' that wid ye," "keep yer han's off till yer betther acquent," "ye'll toss all my hair and spoil my new hanketcher and bruise my collar," the bashful blooming maiden yielded to his request, and away went the pair several miles to a

discarded clergyman called a bucklebeggar (who lived by such marriages), paid his fee, got a sort of marriage, and repaired to the house of a friend, where they remained until sent for by their parents, who had no alternative but to make the best bargain they could by giving what they were able to spare—his father one thing and her father another, to start the pair in life.

Such is a short account of what has been termed “runaway matches,” and which would now be as strange a spectacle as Benjamites lying in wait in the vineyards to catch the daughters of Shiloh. The comliest, sprucest, sleekest damsel in the country might now sing,

“Tow row, row, Paddy will ye now
Take me while I'm in the humour?”

until she would grow as old as Kate Kearney's cat without meeting with a manly response. Another cause for additional grazing is the fact that during the past six or seven years the seasons have unaccountably changed, the climate being constantly moist and the springs late and cold. When I left Canada on 1st of July last, the people were praying in the churches for rain, and when I arrived in Ireland they were praying in the churches for fair weather, it having rained almost incessantly up to that period from the preceding May. So it has been for years past, and the consequence has been that the crops partially perished and some did not ripen, fuel could not be winnowed, and coal had to be conveyed at great expense to many places in the interior where turbary abounds. With the exception of two or three seasons, there was no famine for hay, as there was generally as much fine weather as saved it so that the cattle could be fed. Such are the principal causes for more grazing and fewer houses; and the consequence is that Ireland has become a feeder for England in mutton, beef and butter.

The next change I saw was a large increase of asses, the multiplication of which is caused by the doing away of drays and car-

ters, by the railroads. Small farmers who heretofore could only keep horses by having them employed half time in making roads or carting, are now obliged to dispense with them and keep asses, which are cheap, hardy, easily fed and enduring.

Another noticeable change, was an almost total absence of drunkenness, especially in returning from fairs, markets, and all other gatherings. I am of opinion there are other causes besides moral principle for this salutary change. The enormous duty imposed on whisky, which makes it at least double the price it was a short time ago, good malt whisky being at present eighteen shillings sterling a gallon,—the absence of money to purchase it by those who would have little or no objection to get *tight* in fair, market, or any other place—and the removal of several tempting road-side and village public houses, which were not able to pay for licenses, having been bereft of their custom by the action of the railroads. As a substitute for whisky, all public houses are supplied with small bottles of porter and beer, which, while it is much cheaper and better than bad whisky, drugged and retailed by publicans, has not such a staggering effect.

Another great change is, that there is considerably less crime in Ireland than there was twenty years ago. The causes of this happy change are mainly attributed to railroads, the absence of drunkenness, the reduction of the population, the keeping down secret societies, and an improved system of education. It is true there have been lately in some places a few outbursts of vengeful crime, in which a few landlords and agents have been killed. It is well, however, there have not been more of such dreadful crimes, taking into consideration the harsh and unfeeling conduct of some agents and bailiffs towards uneducated people, who have not the patience that some expect to bear with real or imaginary wrongs. On the landlords themselves depend in a great measure the prevention of those aggrarian crimes, which have been mostly attributed to

party feeling. Such, however, has not always been the case, as two of the last landlords killed were Roman Catholics. They were murdered by men of their own persuasion. With these exceptions, the country is comparatively tranquil. In several places where the writer used to see above a score of prisoners marched by a strong guard of police, eight or ten miles, from a Quarter Sessions to a county gaol, now the gaoler takes only one or two on a car with a single policeman.

The gaols give unmistakeable evidence of a decrease of crime. They were never so denuded of tenants; the turnkey never had so little to do; nor were assize panels ever so light. Sheriff's grippers are out of practice.—There is no tar and feathers, no bowie knives—gougers, nor garrotting; no faction fights, pitched battles, highway robberies, nor burglaries; shillelahs are only used to beat asses, which in many places have taken the place of horses since the introduction of railroads.—Since drunken brawls and battles royal have ceased in public houses, liquor sellers have tough, up-hill, hand-to-mouth scrambling to squeeze out a subsistence. Country attornies are growing blue-moulded for want of practice, and scarce in number, size, and circulating medium, because the people are too *cute* to be caught in their meshes. Consequently their time is absorbed by petty disputes and wages' cases at magistrates' courts.

Another change I noticed: the revenue police, a large body of men who had been quartered in small parties in remote villages, to prevent illicit distillation, and derisively styled *poteen hussars*, were disbanded, and their duties merged with those of the constabulary, which have increased the unpopularity as well as the duties of the latter body.

The police, a fine body of well-disciplined men, numbering over ten thousand, and uniformed exactly as riflemen, never had so little to do in Ireland, for the reasons hereinbefore and hereinafter stated. Their time is principally occupied in attending to their

arms, accoutrements, and marching long distances for drill, or lounging about their barracks. It seems puzzling strange, however, that men whose duty it is to prevent outrage and arrest the perpetrators of crime by traversing the country over fields and fences by day and by night, should be so constantly drilled to batallion and other exercises, and obstructed by long sabres which get between their legs and often upset them while in the act of crossing ditches and drains by night, jeopardizing their limbs and lives. If a felon is sighted in the distance, the sabre must be thrown aside, as David did the armour when meeting Goliath, or else there is no capture.

The grand juries of several counties have during the past summer officially remonstrated against the action of the police authorities in diverting the time of the police from their more legitimate duties.

Ball playing, and all other invigorating and mirthful games and sports, have almost become extinct.

"Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more."

The wet seasons, the grinding exactions of landlords and agents, and the vulgar, harsh conduct of bailiffs, have dispelled all patriotism from a great portion of the peasantry of Ireland, who go about with gloomy countenances, submissive demeanour, and fear to look a superior straight in the face. Nor can farmers, in many places be they ever so respectable, speak their sentiments freely, lest their words be carried to the landlord or agent, and construed or exaggerated by the tale bearer with a view to some temporary favor at the expense of his unoffending victim. In many places where a tenant, with a view to emigration, wishes to sell his goodwill of a farm on which his fathers had lived and died, the landlord must be pleased in a purchaser, which is almost impossible, and sometimes the tenant is refused leave to sell to any person.

This may be with a view to get the tenant to remain, or the landlord himself may wish to obtain the farm at his price. It is lamentable to see strong men with big hearts, manly and hospitable dispositions, and rising families, dragging out an existence in miserable smoky huts, with cold, damp, earthen floors, and almost denuded of furniture and clothing, who might grow independent on the millions of acres of fertile land now covered with forest in this beautiful country.

"Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied."

From the information I have given to various classes in Ireland during the past autumn—the war in the United States—a willingness on the part of parents (farmers) to undergo the hardships of a new country for the sake of releasing their children from a country in which there is no prospect for them but that of menials, and an earnest desire to be free from landlords, agents, bailiffs, high taxation, wet summers, and poverty, I believe there will be a large emigration to Canada next season. And they need not be afraid—millions of acres of fertile forest land await their strong arms and willing hearts; the country is improved by towns, roads, churches and schools, such being the results of the industry of the hardy emigrants who came to this country with their families on slender means in years gone past, and who, after undergoing all the toils and hardships of the country, have left their children lords of the soil, who, had they remained in Ireland, would, in all probability, now be day laborers and servants, as those who have remained are, and as is the prospect of the children of present comparatively comfortable farmers who intend remaining. If the government of Canada would erect a log-house on every third or fourth free grant lot of one hundred acres, and clear about two acres thereon, so that a family can have shelter when they arrive, good farmers

with means would cheerfully come, and willingly and gladly pay the expense of such improvements, and they would in turn build and clear others for the government wages, for those who may follow them ; so that all would be incalculably benefited without a farthing of expense to the government. The resident agent could easily carry out such praiseworthy objects, and the country would be enriched with men and money, as was the United States within a very short period.

But I am digressing. I was writing about the changes I noticed in Ireland—the greatest of which has been effected by the railroads, in doing away with turnpikes, and coach and dray road making, county cess paying for such roads, and rendering it necessary for the sessions of magistrates and cess payers at several times and places to levy a rate therefor. The time of the road makers has also been and is now diverted to agricultural purposes. They have likewise suspended stage coaches, post cars and dray-carts ; and consequently their makers, as well as harness-makers, horse-shoers, hostlers, carmen's inns, roadside public houses, miserable old villages which were the resort of the idle and dissolute, &c. They have also prevented cruelty to animals ; that is to say, the yearly murder by slow torture of hundreds of horses, by bleeding shoulders and backs, broken knees, wind and heart in stage coaches, post-cars, drays, &c., and they have facilitated business in various ways. The merchant, the butcher, the cattle and other dealers, now go to distant markets and return the same day with their purchases, thereby saving the time and expense heretofore occupied in going to and returning from business, and stopping overnight, through fatigue and inclemency of the weather, at roadside public houses ; and the country people take advantage of cheap excursions (which frequently occur) to purchase their household wants in the largest and cheapest places, and to visit their distant friends whom they heretofore met only once or twice in a life-time. The journey was considered so formidable that

people used to make their wills and set their houses in order before starting. Distance now is almost annihilated. They also prevent crime, by the shutting up of those roadside public houses before alluded to, which were the indirect cause of half the crime of the country. Some were obliged to stop there in returning from markets, others by fatigue or inclemency of the weather during their journey, and some resorted there from the pure love of liquor, but none with malice aforethought, to raise rows. However, the liquor invariably did its work ; drunken brawls, assaults, robberies, and sometimes murder ensued, and fearful have been the consequences. Farmers and others making sales in markets now return to their homes in safety in the trains, thereby disappointing ruffians disposed to wayláy and rob them, and avoid the expense, loss of time, and temptations to drink liquor in roadside inns. Drunkenness, as a consequence, is removed, and the people have become wiser and better.

Should riots take place, or any serious disturbance be apprehended, large forces of troops (in reply to telegram) can be conveyed in a few hours to the most distant parts of Ireland ; and large parties who collect at given points for political demonstrations are conveyed with speed to their homes, by the railway, thereby avoiding a delay which would bring them in contact with opposite parties. In furthering the ends of justice railroads effect a great saving to the country by expeditiously sending criminals to their destination without exposure to rescue ; by saving road making, in the reduction of the police force, &c. They benefit the country in various other ways, by causing idle and dissolute loungers about markets, inns, stables, hackney men, and various others, to find more honorable employment, in raising produce from the ground, &c., and by the introduction of hundreds of tourists and others to visit, without fear of outrage, the beautiful scenery, salmon fisheries, grouse shooting, and remarkable places in Ireland, who heretofore would never have thought

of travelling in Ireland by slow coaches and jaunting cars. By this means a large amount of money is expended and knowledge diffused. Large sums are paid from time to time to corporations and private parties for right of way for railroads, and employment given to thousands of people in connection with their construction, rolling stock and traffic. "Valleys are being filled, mountains and hills brought low, crooked places made straight, and rough places plain;" by means of the railroad and telegraph, many go to and fro, and knowledge is increased.

We went by train from Monaghan to Enniskillen, passing through Newbliss, Clones (a thriving market town on the top of a hill), Newtownbutler, where a terrible battle was fought in 1689, between generals McCarthy and Hamilton, in command of the Irish brigade, on the one side, and Wolsely and Perry, in command of the Enniskilleners, on the other, in which the Irish were routed and put to great slaughter, and some of them having retreated to Crom demesne, ran into Lough Erne followed by their pursuers. The place is called "The Bloody Pass" until this day. Lisnaskea was taken in the way. It is a thriving village owned by the Earl of Erne, who resides three miles distant in Crom Castle, a magnificent structure and picturesque demesne on the borders of Lough Erne, and to which the writer paid a day's visit. Maguire's Bridge was once a thriving village, but is now fast going to decay. Enniskillen, in the county of Fermanagh, is well built on an island in Lough Erne; it has a court-house, prison, and town-hall, in which is preserved the colors born by the Enniskilleners at the battle of the Boyne; Portora school, a large infantry and artillery barracks, county infirmary, workhouse, a handsome new Episcopal church, a lofty column to the memory of General Cole, &c. A neat steamboat plys on Lough Erne between Enniskillen and Belleek (twenty miles), in connection with the Dundalk railroad. The surrounding country is notable for its picturesque scenery, the castles and demesnes of the Mar-

quis of Ely, the Earls of Bellmore, Enniskillen, and Erne, Sir Arthur Brooke and D'Arcy Irvine being contiguous. The inhabitants supported the Protestant cause in 1689, successfully defended the town against King James's forces, and afterwards distinguished themselves at the battle of the Boyne. The celebrated Doctor and Mrs. Palmer visited that place a short time ago, and were instrumental in turning many wayward Enniskilleners to the wisdom of the Just.

Irvinestown, seven miles from Enniskillen, and convenient to Necarn Castle, the residence of Mr. D'Arcy, is a handsome village bordering on the county of Tyrone. While there I visited a petty sessions court where a variety of cases were set down for hearing, viz:—non-payment of wages; Loan Fund defaulters; wandering pigs; unlogged dogs; obstructions to thoroughfares by vehicles, mud, stones, &c.; breaches of the liquor laws; drunkenness, assaults, threatenings, &c. Fines varying from five shillings to sixpence were inflicted in almost all cases brought by the police.

In the hearing of wages and assault cases, the magistrates listened patiently to those poor people manifesting a spirit of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, by abusing each other in rude and reproachful language; in reply I was informed that such squabbles were allowed for the purpose of inducing people to settle their disputes by the dread and fear of such exposure—to obtain a knowledge of their manners, habits and secrets, and in view of the maxim “when rogues fall out, honest people come to their own.” Part of this policy appeared reasonable, if I might judge by the number of wages and assault cases which were called and entered “No appearance.”

In the case of Foster *versus* Fagan, the plaintiff was a tailor, about forty years old, five feet four inches high, slender make, with a closely buttoned up thread-bare brown frock coat, dark colored pantaloons, and listen shoes, pale, care-worn, lank visage,

dry red hair, small squinting eyes with red selvages, thin nose, small mouth, and long, pointed chin, to which was appended a small, red goatee; he spoke in a snivelling, Tyrone accent, and looking like one who had unfortunately missed the pathway to a reasonable share of the good things of this life, he stood before the court and audience the beau ideal of anything but a hero; his woe-begone figure betokening something like a sorrowful recollection of the past, a gloomy foreboding of the future, and dissatisfaction with the present that would have touched a cord of sympathy in the heart of a cynic.

The defendant was about thirty years old, over six feet high, with broad, square shoulders. He wore an old tweed shooting coat with capacious pockets, into which he stuffed his big, unwashed hands, and drew them out occasionally to feel his chin, scratch his head, or throw his arms a-kimbo; his long legs were partially covered with corduroy trowsers, the bottoms of which were wraggled by wear and tear, and on the knees of which were two broad patches of new stuff differing in color from the original; his uncombed hair was jet black, and curly; his eyes grey, large and penetrating; his nose, of Cromwellian shape, was inclined to the left; his cheeks were ruddy, with no whiskers; a sarcastic smile played on his extensive mouth, which exposed to view a well arranged set of *ivories*; his whole contour and manner indicated a very slight acquaintance with Chesterfield, and were calculated to excite risibility in the most gloomy audience; he stood before the court with one shoulder inclined downwards and a twist in the other, as if he had naturally or by accident been deformed. The whole scene was befitting the pencil of a Cruikshank, and the pen of a Lever. I have neither time nor space to give a detail of the trial. The action was brought to recover seven shillings for making a dress coat. The defence set up was, that the plaintiff made a mis-fit, by which the cloth was lost to the defendant. The plaintiff proved the making and delivery of the coat, and non-

payment of his wages. On the defendant being asked why a decree should not issue, he stated that the plaintiff *spoilt* his cloth, for which he would take an action against him as sure as his name was Fagan, if he was worth it; that he would prove to the satisfaction of the court that the coat was *botched*, by then and there putting it on. To this the magistrates assented, and the coat having been taken out of a handkerchief, the little tailor assisted in putting it on the defendant, who contorted his person so much that the operation was a very trying one, and while the tailor was plucking, pulling, patting, and trying to button the coat, the defendant fidgetted, twisted his one shoulder, then the other, went to the right, left, and right-about-face, and while the audience were indulging in suppressed laughter, a wag bawled out, "Well to wear, Fagan," and the magistrates declared they never saw a worse fit. The tailor remonstratingly said, "Plaze yer honors, the coat is a gude fet, but Fagan's twustin hisself a purpose to mak it a bad yen; it's not the first time he thried to chate folks. Chathery chin, 'll niver win. A hope yer honors will do me justice; he wants to rogue me out o' my hard airnens, it's neither fair nor just, and me hevin' a wife an six childher luckin' till me for support." While the tailor was speaking, the defendant kept wriggling into various shapes pretending to make the coat fit, to the amusement of the audience and at the expense of the little tailor, whose case, in my judgment, was wrongfully dismissed.

From Enniskillen I went to Florence Court, the residence of the Earl of Enniskillen, a beautiful house and demesne at the foot of a range of barren hills, from thence to Derrylin *via* the miserable old village of Kinawley. We attended divine service in Derrylin church. The service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Rowe, in the absence of the rector, the Rev. Mr. Fox. Mr. Rowe preached a good sermon from Heb. ii. 4, to an attentive congregation. The singing was meagre, there being a very

defective and inharmonious treble by four females without leader or accompaniment.

As the shades of evening were falling, I was wending my way by a circuitous path in an extensive wood at the bottom of which there is a narrow deep part of Lough Erne, and on the opposite side a splendid hilly park rises from the water's edge, contiguous to the magnificent Crom Castle. I had not walked far when I met a fine old Irish gentleman, with silver locks, and ruddy, pleasant countenance. After a little conversation, I accepted his invitation to spend a few hours in his little gothic cottage in the woods. The family comprised the old man, his wife, a handsome young niece, and a man and maid servant. A fire of sticks burned brightly in the grate, the curtain was drawn, and the old man and his wife took their seats, one at each side of the table in the little parlor, and with spectacles adjusted they read their Bibles, while I conversed with the young lady in the corner. Presently the wind rose and blew a hurricane, which made a rushing sound among the trees in the woods; the rain fell in torrents and pattered against the windows, and the night was very dark. The old couple soon put off their spectacles, and we all entered into conversation on storms and high winds. After a while the old man stood up and went to a little corner glass-door cupboard, from which he took a large black bottle, about half full of malt whisky, and putting it on the table with glasses, called for hot water and sugar, and made some nice whisky punch. While he sipped, he told us that the night with its storm and darkness reminded him of a terrible dark stormy night some years ago. While sitting in the same position, just before retiring, at ten o'clock, he heard one of his cows roaring; he went to the bottom of the hill, on the water's edge, to examine his cow shed, which he feared the wind had blown down. Finding all right, he was about to return when he heard the sound of human voices and splashing in the water, and drawing nearer the edge, he cried out,

"boat ahoy!" was replied to, and he shouted to pull near him. Reaching out a pitchfork, a hand grasped it, and after great trouble and placing himself in imminent danger in the dark night on the edge of the deep water, amid the roaring of the storm in the trees and water, he succeeded in pulling to shore two men greatly exhausted, with their clothes wet through. They had lost one oar, and had been struggling with all their might for several hours to get to land, which the strength of the stream, the storm, and darkness prevented. He lost no time in bringing them to the little parlor, got them dry, warm clothing, bathed their feet, gave each a couple of smoking hot tumblers of punch, and a comfortable bed. Next morning he was up early, and overheard them praising him, and thanking Providence for their timely escape from a watery grave. Their clothes were dry and clean, and a good breakfast awaited them. When they were going away, after the most grateful acknowledgments, he saw one of them putting a piece of paper into his little niece's hand, which on examining he found to be a five pound note; the old man immediately returned it, telling them that he did nothing but an act of common humanity, and would not under any circumstances allow remuneration to be taken, whereupon they would not leave until the old couple promised to call on them on their first visit to their market town, Belturbet. "And who were they?" said I; to which he replied, "The major and captain of the cavalry troops quartered at Belturbet, who had been on a fishing excursion when the storm overtook them."

Accordingly, the next week they visited the barracks at Belturbet just at mess hour, and were received with joyful acclamations by all the officers, their healths drank, speeches made, &c., and after a pleasant refreshment and a cordial good evening, they came home.

Next day a livery servant was seen tying his horse to a post, and coming along the winding path to the cottage with a large

bundle on his back; which, when he came in and threw on the table, he said was for the "Mistress." When the old man got thus far, he and his wife stood up and went to several drawers, from which they took out for my inspection the presents contained in the bundle, viz :—Two splendid shawls and two or three rich dresses, part of a web of superfine linen, lots of silk handkerchiefs, a silver snuff box, and various other valuable articles. "Now, Mr. M.," said the old man, "are not all these better than a medal from the Humane Society?"

At about ten P.M., the storm subsided, the moon arose, and I bade them adieu, never to see them again in this world, and found my way along the winding path and to my hotel (four miles). After remaining three days at Derrylin, I crossed Lough Erne at Fox's Ferry, and came to Lisnaskea, where I remained during the day and night at a comfortable hotel. On coming into the town, I was aware that a gentleman resided there to whom I had been warmly attached twenty years previously. When I entered the hotel, I addressed to him an open note, of which the following is a copy, and directed the porter to wait for a reply :—

"A highwayman just returned from a term of transportation, wishes an interview at Foster's Hotel with his old friend and intimate companion."

Presently the porter returned with my friend, who soon recognized me, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, at the same time expressing astonishment at my presence. Mr. Scholes, a worthy gentleman, conducted me to the reading-room, library, bank, lace-factory, &c.

Next day I came to Newtownbutler, where after visiting a new Wesleyan chapel and several places of note, I returned to Monaghan. For several years past the weather was not so fine as while I was in Ireland. Having seen it to the best advantage, and in the most charming season of the year, I was agreeably disappointed with my visit, having heard such gloomy accounts of

it, and been told that everything would appear poor and contracted in comparison with this great country. Admitting our superiority as a whole, they have many advantages over us. I would that we had a few leaves out of their book. There is not that constant carking care and anxiety to grow rich, and emulate richer neighbors in furniture, dress, and various other extravagancies, as in this country. Go to a church and you will not see groups of individuals lounging about the door before and after the commencement of service, conversing on worldly matters as they do in some places in this country. Young people are more docile and respectable to parents, schoolmasters, and especially Sunday school teachers, than they are in many places in Canada.

In the most respectable circles, married and single ladies dress very plain and neat, and have such taste for minding their own business, and the interests of their husbands and families at home, and for reading excellent standard works, that they have little time for novel reading, or show and superficials.

Speaking of the novel writers of his day, Dr. Clarke says in one of his sermons:—"Their plans are sickly abortions of paralyzed intellect; the execution is fantastic and preposterous, and their issue is often dangerous and destructive. Several instances might be adduced of such as have poisoned the youth, and corrupted the manners, not only of this, but of all the countries in Europe. They are begettors of vain imaginations, of extravagant projects, and of calamitous issues."

The climate in Ireland is milder,—they have singing birds, well macadamized roads, and clean streets. As a general thing, their groceries, dry goods and meat are better than ours. They are very hospitable and familiar, are exceedingly affectionate towards each other; and if they have less money than we have, they have comparatively less outlay.

This reminds me of an Irishman selling fish one day in Toronto. Passing along Yonge street with his four-wheeled fish box, which

he drew along the broad side-walk, he took out a big one and held it up by the gills, saying to a gentleman who was standing at his door, "Do you want any white fish, yer honor?" "What's the price?" said the gent. "A quarther, sir," said the man (meaning fifteen pence). At these words an Irishman who was just then passing said, "Arrah, don't be talkin', if I was in Cork I could get that fish for tuppence." "Git out you blather," said the fishman, "if you wur in Cork where wud you get the tuppence?"

Another advantage they have in Ireland is that the people go to rest every night without the least fear or alarm of fire, consequently insurances are low. Though I have pointed out some of their advantages, I am well aware of all their drawbacks; so well, that no consideration could induce me to bring up a family there in preference to this country.

Although the educated portion of the inhabitants of Ireland (especially of the South) are famed for purity of language, pleasing accent and oratory, the peasantry have as diversified a dialect as any country on the face of the earth, England with its cockneyism, Yorkshire, Lancashire, &c., and Scotland with its highland and lowland vernaculars, not excepted. The difference of style, pronounciation, idiom, and accent being noticeable in every county, after several years of familiar acquaintance, I decidedly prefer the manly, sonorous, rough brogue of the South to the small, verbose, mongrel twaddle of a great many parts of the North. Of many examples two may suffice. When one of the "finest pisanthry" in the County of Cork took a creel of potatoes off his back in the shop of a public house, Tom Dalton said, "I say, Moike, my hayro, what do you call those?" "Faix if it's the puaties ye mane," replied Mike, in a mellow tone that would cure the night-mare, "we never calls 'em at all, for when we wants 'em we goes and we fetches 'em."

A Tyrone man, not far from Fintona, was struggling to keep some leaning sacks of oats from falling on the street. In his dilemma, he called for assistance thus :—"Am sayin' wee boy, wul ye run an ax Mickey Mucduffy till come an help me to houl up these secks—luck thondher he's we the settoo coat an' the praskin, wi his han's in his pocket britches stannin' at the tother en o' Ketty McClatchy's ass." When Mickey arrived and looked at the position of the sacks, he said, "Al hev no call til them at al, they'll al fal, bekase ye didn't put them up agin the wal."

After a few days' rest in Monaghan I went by train to Belfast, where I remained for a day and went by the steamer *Giraffe* to Glasgow. After visiting several places worthy of note, called at the office of the "Anchor Line" of steamships, and found that my ship was detained by running aground and would not sail for several days after the advertised date. So I returned to Ireland, and as the time drew nigh that I should leave for Canada, I wrote the agents of the ship for which I had a return ticket, that I would be obliged to proceed against them under the seventy-third Section of the Passenger Act for any damages I might sustain by delay. In reply they sent me a ticket for the *Anglo-Saxon*. In half an hour after I received the ticket from the post office, I was off for Londonderry *via* Enniskillen, and next day was in good time for the tender.

In the morning early, I found a gentleman, a resident of Londonderry, who accompanied me round the walls in the Diamond, through the principal streets, and along the quay. He pointed out, as we proceeded, every place and building worthy of notice.

Londonderry, on the left bank of the Foyle, is built on an oval shaped hill. The old part of the city is surrounded by a high thick wall, in which there are several gateways, and which forms a pleasant promenade. On the opposite bank of the Foyle is a suburb called Waterside, connected with the city by a fine wooden bridge. There is also a splendid metal bridge in course of con-

struction. Some of the streets are steep narrow and winding, like those of Quebec. The Diamond and streets adjoining are spacious and handsome. The principal public buildings are the corporation-hall, court-house, gaol, custom-house, Foyle college, Linen Hall, new barracks, theatre, &c. There are several fine churches, educational, scientific and charitable institutions, two mills for spinning flax, and several factories, &c.; there is also a splendid doric column surmounted with a statue to the memory of the Rev. George Walker, governor of the city during the memorable siege of 1689.

A great deal of shipping comes into this handsome harbour. On the arrival of the mails each Friday, a tender takes goods, passengers and mails sixteen miles down Lough Foyle, to meet the steamship for Quebec. The most memorable event in the history of Londonderry is the successful resistance it made in 1689, during the siege of one hundred and five days, to the force of James II. The population is 19,000.

While waiting for the tender I met a Kings county man named Bill Kavanagh, who, with his brother, had come by train from Dublin. Bill had been a naturalized citizen of the United States, but had recently returned, as did many others, to avoid the war and the dreaded conscription. Both had tickets for Quebec by the *Anglo-Saxon*. After some conversation, I said, "Well, Bill, I presume you are glad to get under the British flag once more?" "In throth I am, yer honor," he replied. "The Lord be praised for a pacable counthry, where a man can take his sate at his aise afther his hard day's work, an' ate his mails an sleep in comfort, instid of livin' in a state of thraymors night an' day among a mane set of snakes that wud chate, stale and desave ye to yer face as fast as luk at ye."

"But they are not all deceivers in the United States," said I, "are there not plenty of honest Irishmen there?" "O there's plenty, sure enough," he replied, "but a great many of 'em soon

gots as bad as the rest. Isn't it a haynious thing, yer honor, for christians of the same flesh and blood to be murdherin' and shkv-erin' one another like a set of ravin' mad haythens wid guns and soords and bagnets, and big Armsthrong guns that'll carry tin miles; and doesn't it bate banagher to think of their big iron shteamers that a ball the size o' the Hillo' Houth couldn't pini-thrate. I think it's worse than the ould barbarious times, when people used sich butcherin' waypons to masscray each other." "I do not think so, Bill," said I. "In the barbarous times, before gunpowder was invented, when armies went to war for what would now be considered trifles, they had nothing but swords and other weapons with which they could not fight without coming into close contact, and then the carnage and slaughter was dreadful. There was no chance of moving from one place to another or re-treating; but now that nations have become enlightened and in-vented destructive instruments of war, they have not to go to war until all means of negotiation are exhausted; and war is terminated more speedily and with less destruction of life now than in ancient times. Except in cases of great emergency, nations keep neutral from those at war."

"Can you tell me, sir," said he, "what's the raison of the present war in Amerikay?"

"Well, indeed, Bill," I replied, "I can hardly tell you. I believe the origin of the war to be slavery. If there had been no slavery there would have been no war. I do not believe that the people of the North, generally, are opposed to slavery, for although they are at war with the South, and detest the name of a Secessionist, they rail and swear against Abolitionists for being, as they say, the cause of the war. My own opinion is, that the North and the South would be better separate, even for the abolishing of slavery; and that the North is now fighting for dominion and the South for independence."

"Well," said he, "small blame to the English to keep newthral and to let them fight it out among themselves, for the way they do be runnin' them down and blustherin' and blatherin' half their time agin' England and about their free counthry. It's a quare free counthry where they sell men, women and childher; and thrate them like bastes, and where a man dar'nt vote as he chooses for fraid of the daylight been knocked through him, or shtuck wud a knife, or a thraiterous villian come behind and throttle him."

"What do you think of their army, Bill," said I.

"Purshuin' to sich a rag-tag and bobtail set of rapscallions ever you did see," he replied; "some list for three years, some for two, and more for one, and when they expect a battle some gets a furlough, some gets sick, and more runs away; it's purty dhrillin' sich sojers as them gets, an' signs on it a purty kettle of fish they made of it at Bull's Run. They're gettin' shot everywhere, and dyin' wud could, sickness and hardship, and when they return from the war when their time is up, an' a crowd of them gets in the park in New York, you'd think they were a set of thransports that escaped from Botany Bay." "Well, Bill," said I, "I hope you have learned a lesson from your residence in the United States that will serve you in Canada—good bye."

At 2 P.M., I embarked on the tender, which was so crowded with cabin and steerage passengers and their baggage, that there was scarcely standing room, and sailed sixteen miles down the Foyle to Moville, in the County of Donegal, where we beat about on the look-out for the *Anglo-Saxon* until it got dark. We distinctly heard the ship's guns, but the master of the tender told us they were fired in Derry; so we were obliged to moor for the night, and had neither refreshment nor sleep from 2 P.M., until 10 A.M., next day, when the *Anglo-Saxon* came and took us on board. A more uncomfortable, miserable night I never spent. Some of the emigrant steerage passengers being rather refractory,

went ashore during the night, and finding a public house about half a mile off, returned in a noisy, half drunken state, using language which was anything but profound, and for which they suffered afterwards in the ship by sickness. On that miserable tender we remained for twenty hours, although the *Anglo-Saxon* was only three miles off. I am not prepared to say on whom the blame rested; one thing is certain: there is room for improvement in ferrying passengers from Londonderry to the Canadian steamships, and I have no doubt the company will see to it after that miserable night. At Moville, we weighed anchor at noon on the 20th, and arrived in Quebec at 8 A.M., on the 30th September—making the passage in ten days, less four hours. On leaving the Foyle, we passed the mountains of Innishowen (once famous for “poteen” whisky)—and as we passed a large light house, and the last hills of Ireland faded away in the distance, I thought of the beautiful lines of “the Exile of Erin:”

“Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion—
Erin mavourneen—Erin go bragh?”

We had sixty-five cabin and about one hundred and sixty steerage passengers. We took our seats at table, formed our companions, and beguiled the time, as is usual on such voyages, pacing the deck and gazing at the sky and ocean, at the untiring machinery and various parts of the ship—the busiest part of which was the cooking galley, with all its attendants. Anything seen out of the ordinary way was looked at, and talked of, as a wonder—such as meeting with a ship or the jumping of porpoises, of which we saw plenty at Newfoundland. And there is such longing to disembark, no matter how short the voyage. If we embark on a ship which we expect will be five or six weeks on the voyage, we are pleased and contented if we land in less than five weeks, and if we embark in a ship which we expect to make the same passage in ten days, we are unhappy and miserable if it

takes twelve days ; and so it is all through life : if we have not great evils to trouble us, imaginary or little ones take their place. A sea life, especially that of the doctor, purser, or mail officer, &c., may be pleasant and exciting to some people, but I am free to confess that it appears to me the most monotonous imaginable ; so much so, that I would willingly perform the most laborious work in preference to it. There is something awfully grand in the appearance of the ocean from the deck of a large ship in full sail, by moonlight, while the wind is blowing hard. Once, when half way across the Atlantic on a winter voyage, in the midst of a terrific storm, and just when we had, at imminent peril, took the last of the crew and passengers from a foundering ship as night was falling, I thought of the following lines :—

“ Great ocean ! too, that morning thou the call
Of restitution heard'st, and reverently
To the last trumpet's voice, in silence listened.
Great ocean ! strongest of Creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass,
In nature's anthem, and made music such
As pleased the ear of God ! Original,
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity,
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill—
From age to age enduring, and unchanged,
Majestical, inimitable, vast.
Loud uttering satire, day and night. On each
Succeeding race, and little pompous work
Of man,—unfallen, religious, holy sea !
Thou low'r'dst thy glorious head to none, fearedst none,
Heard'st none, to none did'st h nor, but to God
Thy Maker. Only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance ! Undiscovered sea !
Into thy dark, unknown, mysterious caves,
And secret haunts, unfathomable deep,
Beneath all visible retired, none went,
And came up again, to tell the wonders there.
Tremendous sea ! what time thou lifted up
Thy waves on high, and with thy winds and storms
Strange pastime took, and shook thy mighty sides
Indignantly,—the pride of navies fell ;
Beyond the arm of help, unheard, unseen,
Sink friend and foe, with all their wealth and war.”

At daylight on the morning of the 30th September last, the river St. Lawrence was as smooth as glass, and the sun shone

brightly at we stood on deck, about forty miles below Quebec admiring the grandeur of the scenery on both sides and ahead of us. I cannot attempt to describe the scenery of the St. Lawrence and landing in Quebec as well as in the words of McGregor. Here they are:—

“The river St. Lawrence, and the whole country, unfold scenery the magnificence of which, in combination with the most delightful physical beauty, is unequalled in America, and perhaps in the world. From both land and water there are frequently prospects which open a view of from fifty to one hundred miles of river, from ten to twenty miles in breadth. The imposing features of these vast landscapes consist of lofty mountains, wide valleys, bold headlands, luxuriant forests, cultivated fields, pretty villages and settlements—some of them stretching up among the mountains—fertile islands with neat white cottages, rich pastures and well tended flocks, rocky islets and tributary rivers, some rolling over precipices, and one of them, ‘the Saguenay,’ like an inland mountain lake bursting through a perpendicular chasm in the granite chain; while on the bosom of the St. Lawrence majestic ships, large brigs and schooners, with innumerable pilot boats and river craft, charm the mind of the immigrant or traveller.

“The river at Quebec is only one thousand three hundred and fourteen yards wide, but the junction of the river St. Charles, below the city, forms a basin of nearly four miles long and two broad, with the greatest depth of water at twenty-eight fathoms, and a tide rising eighteen feet at neap and twenty-four at spring tides. The scenery approaching Quebec is truly magnificent. On the left, Point Levi with its romantic churches and cottages; on the right, the western shore of the Isle d’Orléans, said to resemble so much the Devonshire coast; beyond the lofty mainland opens to view, and the spectator’s attention is rivetted by the magnificent falls of Montmorenci, a river as large as the Thames at Richmond, and which precipitates its volume of water over a

perpendicular precipice of two hundred and twenty feet in height. The eye then runs along a richly cultivated country for miles, terminating in a ridge of mountains, with the city and battlements of Quebec rising amphitheatrically, cresting as it were the ridge of Cape Diamond, and majestically towering over the surrounding country, as if destined to be the capital of an empire; the whole panorama being one of the most striking views in the Old or New World."

At 8 A. M., I landed at Point Levi, passed the civil custom officer, got on board the ferry, and set foot once more on *terra firma*, in Old Quebec again.

And now, Mr. Editor, having brought my "Recollections" to a close, I will for the present take leave of your readers, most of whom I presume have already come to the conclusion that I am neither a preacher of the gospel, a professor of *belles lettres*, nor such a very profound philosopher as to be competent to produce a narrative of adventures acceptable throughout to their diversified tastes. Some think, no doubt, I am too discursive and farcical; others that I am too prosey and descriptive; but however we may differ in some particulars, there is one point on which we all agree, viz:—that in this free country and enlightened age, people, however humble or illiterate, have a perfect right to express their opinions, not only on published adventures, but on morals, science, politics, divinity and every other topic, as a legal rate of interest—the education of the nation—the utility of the proposed Atlantic Telegraph and Intercolonial Railroad—the American Revolution—Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch, &c., and the questions, who shall be King of Greece? Shall we have a British American King? And who, or where is he, who dare hinder them? This reminds me (although not very appropriately), of a freedom of speech dialogue which took place between a debtor through his prison window, a porter who laid down his burden to rest, and a soldier on sentry, in England, during a

threatened invasion by France. "If the French should conquer us," said the prisoner, looking through the iron bars of the window, "what would become of our liberty, Englishmen's most cherished privilege? It is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom." "Ay, slaves!" said the porter, "they are slaves fit only to carry burdens, every one of them; sooner than stoop to their slavery, I would join the army." "It is not so much our liberties," said the soldier, "as our religion that would suffer. If the French should vanquish us, our religion would all go to the devil."

To attempt such an absurdity as to please all your readers would be as asinine as the conduct of the man with his ass in the fable. I would require such a pure, sweet flow of language, beauty of style, power of imagination, and such a wonderful talent for description and dialogue, as would make the narrative of an old blacksmith who was tumbled on his back by a kicking ass while attempting to shoe it, affecting to tears, and others stand aghast with clenched hands and awe-stricken, upturned countenances at the depravity of human nature as evidenced by lovely women, the centre and charm of the social circle, selling goat's milk and whisky at Killarney—eloping with their future husbands and exchanging prayers for alms while sitting against a wall in Roscrea; at Bryan Kelly's tipsy adventures with pigs and beggars in Monaghan, and an acquaintance of mine who was crushed out of existence by a metal boiler tumbling off his waggon when he was longing to get to the next tavern. What an interesting picture, too, might be drawn in view of the inspired maxim, "For the love of money is the root of all evil," of the grasping propensities of human nature, and man's unfeeling conduct in taking advantage of his neighbour's straits, as illustrated by the cupidity of Paddy Murphy, the land shark. But my design was not to usurp the functions of a pilgrim, or an itinerant missionary, by producing sermonizing adventures, fit

only for "the unlearned and the unstable," but for the amusement of my friends and your cheerful readers, by descriptions of places, productions, and human nature in some of its phases, passing incidents, changes of scene, peculiarities of language, garb, manners, and customs in the various places I visited; and by calling up old recollections, to remind them of the flight of time. And here I will conclude with the last words of Maccabees:—"And if I have done well, and as is befitting the story, it is that which I desired; but if slanderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto * * * and here shall be an end."

J. M.

QUEBEC, December, 1862.





NED FENTON'S

PORTFOLIO.

~~~~~  
BY J. MORPHY. *of Quebec*  
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NED FENTON'S PORTFOLIO.

"IRON SHARPENETH IRON; SO A MAN SHARPENETH THE COUN-
TENANCE OF HIS FRIEND."

TOM TURNER'S FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the snow had been drifting so that the roads were almost impassible, one evening in the beginning of February, 186—, as Tom Turner, after taking his smoke, sat in his dining room, reading the History of the French Revolution. Mrs. Turner had just lighted the gas and commenced her sewing, when a knock was heard at the door: "Who in the name of wonder can this be such a stormy evening?" said Mrs. Turner. "I guess it's Ned Fenton," replied Tom, "coming with his portfolio, and my dulcimer; he promised to be here this evening, and he is a man of his word and no mistake." "If it's Ned," said Mrs. Turner, "I rather guess our Sally is the burden of his message; he is over head and ears in love with her, and I have good reason to believe there is no love lost between them."

As soon as the door was opened, in walked Ned sure enough, and after the usual salutations, remarks on the storm, shaking off the snow, and hanging up his cap and overcoat, Ned drew a chair near the bright coal fire and sat down. Tom and Ned were teetotalers, near neighbors, and had been on the most intimate terms of friendship for many years. Ned was a tall, handsome young man, about twenty-seven years of age, with pleasing accent, manly features, dark complexion and large bushy whiskers, and so warm hearted and lively in all his actions, that he was welcomed everywhere; as he was fond of music and a good singer, he took a lead-

ing part in the church choir. His business was that of a book-keeper in an extensive dry goods establishment.

Tom had been in the liquor trade for many years, but from conscientious principles he abandoned it at a great sacrifice, and embarked in the hardware trade, at which he soon became very clever. He was about forty years of age, of a kind and generous disposition, free and open in his manners, and a useful, energetic man in all benevolent enterprises. Mrs. Turner was a comely plump little woman, about thirty-five years old, of fair complexion, and pleasing countenance, and mild, gentle temper, well acquainted with domestic economy, and gifted with a more than ordinary degree of general intelligence. I need hardly say that Tom loved her as dearly as husband could love the partner of his life and fortunes. As they had no children, they adopted Mrs. Turner's niece, a tall, graceful, pretty girl, fascinating and attractive. She was possessed of superior attainments and every acquirement to make her an excellent wife; her name was Sally Lamb,

"For Sally Lamb was tall and fair,
With dark blue eyes and chestnut hair."

On the stormy evening alluded to, she had completed her nineteenth year. She had many admirers, but Ned became the centre of her love and affection. As both belonged to the same choir, many an evening Ned accompanied her home after singing practice; the result of such singing and loving attentions was, that after a short smooth run of true love she became his excellent wife, and of course he became her loving husband. And now you have the whole group that sat in a semi-circle at the pleasant coalfire which burned in the grate in Tom Turner's cosy little dining room on the evening in question.

CRUELTY TO HORSES.

"What a stormy evening?" said Ned. "As I was passing Bennick's, the police were taking a cabman into custody for un-

mercifully beating his horse. The man, being nearly drunk, did not take proper means to get the horse past Rennick's stable, where his former owner had been in the habit of putting him when he came to market."

"The gentleness and instinct of the horse," said Tom, "are astonishing. I have seen a horse feel with his foot and tremble before putting it on the ground where a little brother of mine, about three years old, had tumbled amongst his feet on the street. I was acquainted with a carter who, when returning from a seaport with his load of deals, was in the habit of giving his horse half a pint of whisky at the foot of a long hill. Long afterwards, when the horse passed to other owners, and came to the foot of the same hill, he would not ascend it without half a pint of whisky, or a most unmerciful beating. Mr. Snooks, of Fivemiletown, owned a horse which, although gentle and willing in other respects, would always stop at the foot of a long hill near that town, and could not be induced to ascend it until the passengers alighted from the vehicle. On one occasion there was only one gentleman in the chaise, when the horse stopped as usual; the driver at once alighted and made a great noise and bustle in opening the chaise door and pulling down the steps. 'What do you mean, sir?' said the gentleman in an angry tone. 'Whisht! whisht! yer honor,' replied the driver, in a whisper, 'you need not stir; the horse thinks you are getting out to walk up the hill; if he didn't I might as well thry to move the hill o' Houth as get him to budge one inch.'"

"Of all brutes of the creation," said Tom, "none should be treated so well, and with such kind and tender regard, as the noble and willing horse, and yet none suffers and endures more hardship. It is terrible to reflect on the cruelties and sufferings many of them undergo, and especially by the effects of strong liquors on their owners and drivers: by drawing grain and liquors

to and from distilleries and breweries, and whipped around circles blindfolded while grinding malt;—after having been heated by violent driving, left standing shivering in the cold opposite tavern and other doors, waiting while their owners and passengers murdered time inside by chattering like magpies over their liquor; by standing idle on cabstands in cold, frosty weather until their blood is almost congealed for want of exercise in consequence of the penchant of their drivers for liquor;—by being furiously driven to, and especially from excursions, pic-nics, &c., with *elated* visiting friends of both sexes, and all ages, to see the lions and e'phants;—by running for the bottle at Irish weddings; by liquorising young gentlemen at hunts and other places to show their bold chivalry and skill in horsemanship, especially in the presence of the ladies;—by being coerced beyond their natural strength in racing to gratify the gambling propensities of their owners and admirers, many of whom enter into foolish and extravagant bets while under the influence of liquor, and by which means the fortunes of one or the other of the betting parties are injured or ruined, and the noble animals have been subjected to great affliction and 'groaned and travailed in pain' by broken wind and other diseases, and sold into slavery in hackney vehicles, where many of them die in the harness, or have a period put to their existence by shooting;—by being overloaded, and beaten by their intoxicated owners and others, who, while returning in their carts from markets, are often guilty of *horse-slaughter*, and *vice versa*, the horses too have often been guilty of manslaughter, in trying to save themselves from dangerous positions into which they were about to be stupidly driven, and, without malice aforethought, crushing their drivers out of existence by upsetting them into sloughs, deep ravines, &c.;—by unfeeling passengers giving drivers a few extra glasses of strong liquors with a view of getting early to their destination, by which the poor half-starved, over-worked, and too willing animals,

with bleeding shoulders, knees, and backs, were most cruelly and unmercifully whipped, until many of them fell on the road, and with their last dying groans called for vengeance on their inhuman and barbarous hired drivers, and bewailed the remissness of the Humane Society."

CORONER'S INQUEST AND WHISKY.

"Have you seen the *Herald* of yesterday?" said Ned. "No indeed," replied Tom, "I would have gone down street for one to-day, had it not been so dreadful stormy. Is there anything special in it?" "There are," replied Ned, "accounts of two coroners' inquests. One was that of a man who was found dead in the snow about a mile beyond Roy's tavern, on the Brentwood road, and within two miles of his own house. It was proved on the inquest that he left the tavern at ten o'clock the night previously, in a state of intoxication, and a bottle of whisky was found lying beside him. The verdict was (as is usual in such cases) 'died from exposure and the excessive use of intoxicating liquors.' The other case is that of a poor man who was found dead in his house last Thursday evening. The facts, as proved on the inquest, are shortly as follow: A cooper and his wife named Wiggins lived for several years in a small shanty near Dartford; they were each apparently between fifty and sixty years old, had no children nor any known relatives in the neighborhood. Being much addicted to liquor, they were, as a consequence, poor, and lived in wretchedness and misery, often quarrelling so much that the neighbors were obliged to separate them on several occasions. Neither of them were seen during two days previous to the inquest, and when the door was broken in to see what was the matter, poor Wiggins was found on the floor dead, with several marks on his body and cuts on his head, and blood lying on the floor. From the evidence adduced the jury found a verdict of wilful murder against his wife, and the

wretched remnant of humanity has been arrested, and lodged in gaol."

AN EXECUTION PREVENTED BY SUICIDE.

"Such dreadful scenes call loudly for a prohibitory liquor law," said Tom. "While you were speaking," Tom continued, "I was reminded of a scene I was eye witness to. Several years ago, I was present at a trial in the court-house of Enniskillen, when a woman named Lucy Keefe was found guilty, on circumstantial evidence, and sentenced to be hanged for the murder of her husband. Keefe and his wife resided alone in a small cabin within about four miles of Enniskillen. His business was that of a heath broom-maker, for which purpose he kept an ass to carry the heath from the mountains, and the brooms to market. During several days it was remarked by the neighbors that no smoke issued from the chimney of Keefe's cabin; that neither he nor his wife were seen about the premises, and that the ass wandered about uncared for. Whereupon an anonymous letter was sent to the authorities, by whose directions the police of Enniskillen proceeded to the premises, and found the emaciated body of Keefe stowed away under a bed, covered with turf peat, and much disfigured by rats. At the coroner's inquest it was proved that they had no family, and were much addicted to liquor drinking and quarrelling, and that the woman Keefe was in the habit of beating her husband, and had often been heard using violent threats to kill him. A description of Lucy was inserted in the *Hue and Cry*, and she was arrested in the south of Ireland. Her manner and appearance were not calculated to make a favorable impression on the minds of the jury. She was about fifty years old, of middle size, with black hair, sallow complexion, low forehead, small sunken eyes, high cheek bones, pug nose, prominent mouth and projecting teeth. She wore a thread-bare patched cloak, and a straw bonnet much the worse with wear, and stood careless and unmoved in the

dock. When the Judge pronounced the awful sentence of death on her, she called on the Almighty to damn his soul, and kept cursing and swearing as she was removed from the dock to the gaol. On the morning of the day on which she was to have been executed, as the police were preparing in large numbers for gaol guard, and people flocking in from the country to see her hanged. The news that she had hanged herself soon spread over the town, whereupon I went to the gaol and was admitted to her cell, where I saw her lying on her bed a corpse. There was a strong iron pin in the wall of her cell for the purpose of hanging her clothes on during the night; to this she fastened a handkerchief, and then standing on her cell bucket, she fastened the handkerchief round her neck, and *kicked the bucket* from under her feet, and was found hanging against the wall quite dead, her feet within a few inches of the floor." "It is more than probable," said Ned, "that had they been teetotalers, they would not have entered on an eternal state of existence in such a dreadful manner."

MUSIC AND ITS EFFECTS.

"By the by, Ned," said Tom, "I wish you would call at Harper's on your way here to-morrow evening for my flute. I left it there to get a ferule and key on it some time ago." "With pleasure," said Ned.

"What an amiable family those Harpers are," said Mrs. Turner; "there are three sons and four daughters, all musicians, and they are such an acquisition to our choir! Ben plays the organ, and Ellen and Harriet sing alto,—in fact they form a little orchestra themselves. You will seldom pass their house without hearing the sounds of vocal and instrumental music." "I fear" replied Tom, "they absorb too much of their time at music, which no doubt is a delightful accomplishment and has 'charms to soothe the savage breast,' and David's performance on the harp drove the evil spirit from King Saul, and Solomon 'got him men singers'

and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, such as musical instruments,' and although I have no doubt music will be a sublime enjoyment and progress throughout eternity, yet it is so infatuating and requires so much time, it draws the attention of many from their legitimate business. I have scarcely ever known a person devoted to music to be expert in business or to grow rich or very useful in the church. It is the same with families and nations; while the Italians are the best musicians in the world, they are, without doubt, behind the age in commerce, &c. Doctor Clarke in his note on 'singing with the spirit, and with the understanding' says, 'There is no doubt that it was exceedingly edifying—but I rather suppose that their singing consisted in solemn well-measured recitative than in the jingling and often foolish sounds which we use, when a single monosyllable is sometimes shivered into a multitude of semi-quavers.'! But I am so glad you are come, Ned," said Tom, "I have been telling Mrs. Turner about your portfolio; have you brought it?" "I have," replied Ned, "but I fear I shall wear out your patience, it is so long." "Oh! not at all," said Mrs. Turner, "I am sure we will be much amused and instructed, especially as you told us you were conversant with the incidents and characters you alluded to. If you don't get through this evening, you can finish to-morrow night, if you are not otherwise engaged." "Peggy," said she, addressing the maid, "bring some coal." When the fire was renewed, Ned drew out his portfolio and commenced as follows:—

TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATIONS.

In all civilized ages and nations, social, friendly intercourse has been the prevailing aim of mankind under the various phases of the family; religious assemblies, literature from the infant school to the university; politics, from the village Council to the House of Lords; the army and navy, from the privates and marines to

the generals and admirals; trades and professions; pleasure parties, clubs, balls, bacchanalian and other amusements; national, secret, temperance, and other societies; on voyages and excursions; by necessities, afflictions, self-defence, &c., and it is said "there is honor among thieves."

Among all those phases of friendship and social intercourse, none is so evanescent as those formed under the influence of strong liquors, which can only be continued by mutual swiping. If a man wishes to test the friendship of his liquorising friends, let him become a teetotaler, and they will desert him as they would an enemy; on the other hand, no friendship is so enduring as that formed on temperance principles, and there is no society so well constructed, and so conducive to its developement, as properly organized and well conducted Divisions of Sons of Temperance, where thousands of individuals have been rescued from temptation and impending destruction, and made good and useful members of society.

Crowds have congregated once or twice in a year to hear a popular temperance lecturer, where many have been induced by the eloquence and powerful appeals of the speaker—from the excitement of the moment—for self-preservation—from right principles and other causes, to sign the temperance pledge; but with the great majority it was like the seed sown in stony places: not having much root in time of temptation, and for lack of true friends and mutual encouragement in a well organized society, their temperance principles withered away.

It requires no small amount of moral courage to abandon old formed liquor-drinking habits and companions. The man who does so deserves the right hand of fellowship and the most hearty encouragement, which he never could obtain by the mere signing of a temperance pledge. To benefit and cheer such parties, to save young men from the snares laid for them by the agents of alcohol, and to advance the cause of total abstinence generally, were the

laudable designs of the noble minded philanthropists, who from time to time established the various orders of temperance, as the Washingtonians, Rechabites, Sons, Daughters, Knights, and Cadets of Temperance, Good Templars, Bands of Hope, Dashaways, Temperance leagues, &c., &c., which have all done a vast amount of good in their day, by saving thousands of the human family from falling victims to intoxicating liquors; but from various causes, some of which will be hereinafter alluded to, they have signally failed to exert that influence on all classes and persuasions for which they were organized. Yet they have brought public opinion to bear so far on the subject, that it has become disreputable to be seen tipsy on the street or tippling in taverns, or to have a breath tainted with liquor.

BEN HARE'S MORNING OF LIFE.

Ben Hare had the misfortune to be born and brought up in a country where whisky was the luxury of the rich and the poor, and looked upon as the panacea for all the ills of life, from the cradle to the grave. There was plenty of whisky drank at his birth, and a thundering blow-out at his baptism. His parents would have been industrious and respectable, were it not for their penchant for the liquor, as was the case with the neighbours generally, especially on the evenings of their weekly market days, when, after the hurry and bustle of the day, they indulged in a "jolly good spree," which had such a prostrating effect on them next morning, that they were obliged to get a *horn* to enable them to dress for breakfast; in short they only ceased to imbibe when time and means to procure the *ardent* could not be spared. Ben's father never was so cheerful as when with a black bottle of whisky in his right hand and a wine-glass in his left, he was treating a few of his jovial neighbours, and spinning long yarns about the scenes of his early days. Many a cold morning after market day poor Ben was sent barefooted for a naggin of whisky for his

parents; it is therefore not to be wondered at if at an early age he entertained very unfavorable ideas of the whisky-drinking propensities of his parents and friends, and that he vainly endeavoured by all his arguments to dissuade them from such a course. As it was, his parents gave him a tolerable education; he was the most active and intelligent boy in the school, and very soon gave signs of a bright future for himself. Being fond of rhyming, one of his first efforts was the following composition:—

“ One Thursday morning, bleak and cold,
A little boy, just twelve years old,
Whose parents grumbled in their bed
As each complained of aching head,
They sent him on a hateful task,
His jacket bulging with a flask.
When going out upon the street,
“ O, Pa,” said he, “ it’s cold ’o feet.”
“ Go on, you rascal,” roared his pa;
“ Make haste, you dog,” squealed out mamma.
Then down the street away he goes,
The clawber bursting through his toes,
When into Barney Quinn’s he went :
Said he “ I’m for a naggin sent
To cure dear pa and ma you see,
Who late last night were on the spree.”
Then trembling paid the fourpence down,
With drop at nose, on brow a frown ;
O curse the liquor, sigh’d poor Ben,
It must be from the devil’s den,
We brothers by darn’d sprees, he mus’d,
Without a doubt are badly used.
“ Is that you Ben ? ” shouts out papa ;
“ What keeps my boy ? ” croaks out mamma.
“ O Pa,” cried Ben, “ what will I do ?
I did my best for both of you,
When I made scaltheen nice and hot,
It tumbled in the ch—b—r pot.”

The following, on “ The House that Jack built,” is another of his early effusions:—

ANOTHER EDIFICE CONSTRUCTED BY JOHN.

This is the rooster, that with sonorous notes at dawn of day, put a finale to the slumber, and opened the auricular and visionary organs of the reverend gentleman with his eeritoire, who

united in matrimonial bonds the Tatterdemalion who imprinted a tender expression of devoted attachment on the ruby lips of the solitary young lady, who drew the white fluid from the animal with the crooked appendages, that was so infuriated as to fling away over a granary the Scotch terrier, that committed a barbarous assault with his teeth on the poor little feline animal, that put an end to the existence by wilful murder from malice aforethought with teeth and claws the rat, that severed with his grinders the band that secured the intoxicating material that was stored in the domicile erected by John.

"Ben, my son," said his mother one day when he was about sixteen years old, "why did you join those temperance people? You will not only lose your position in society, and deny yourself of all social pleasure, but you will turn your friends against you and make yourself a town's talk."

"Never fear, mother," said Ben, "I will come out at the right end yet. I am determined that I shall never be seen tipsy on the street, as I saw my father and Frank Trainor yesterday, when Frank staggered up against me and told me he was as blind as a cat in a hat; or like Joe Latimer who sits on his window stool, talking nonsense to every passer by, or like old Dick Jackson, Nat Greacen, Jemmy Doogan, and others of our neighbors, who expose themselves so often in the streets by being tipsy. No, mother, I shall never drink liquor."

"Well, my son," replied his mother, "I hope you shall never disgrace yourself by staggering drunk in the street, or in any other way, but I think it does not require you to take a pledge, and join a set of unsocial misanthropes so circumscribed in their opinions that they look upon all who do not pronounce their shibboleth as miserable sinners." "Dear mother," said Ben, "I am exceedingly sorry to say you are egregiously mistaken. Temperance people enjoy all the good things of this life better than intemperate people do, and, their cause being one of humanity, must

flourish. How many of our neighbors have gone to the bad through liquor; on the other hand, look at the respectable positions of Tom Turner, Ned Hill and Jack Boyland, who have always been temperance people."

"But, my son, we ought to take for our example our minister—the gentlemen, farmers, and merchants, who take their liquor in comfort and moderation, as you might yet do like a man, and denounce those innovating drones, most of whom will probably die with the cholic or some other sort of spasms for want of an occasional glass of good liquor."

"There is," replied Ben "a broad line of demarcation, or gulf, between a life of sobriety which leads to success, and a life of drunkenness which leads to destruction, and the only stepping stone which leads to the wrong side is the moderation you speak of."

A few weeks after this conversation, in reply to an advertisement for a strong healthy boy who could read and write, to act as light porter in a wholesale grocery, Ben applied, and on being asked for testimonials as to character, he produced a certificate from the temperance society, which, when the merchant looked at, he was much amused, and told Ben that he had already had several applications of boys with very good certificates of character, but that he would employ him as he was so much pleased with his recommendation, which he considered superior to any of the others, which are generally obtained as a matter of course. In that store Ben remained for many years, during which he strictly adhered to his temperance principles, and improved his mind during his leisure hours in books and accounts, the laws and progress of commerce, &c. The result was that he became a salesman, then a partner, and finally owner of the whole establishment. A few years after he joined the temperance society, he introduced the total abstinence pledge, which at first was looked upon as a sort of fanaticism, and caused many *privateering* members to re-

sign ; but let us give his own words as he gave them in a lecture a great many years afterwards :

AN EXTRACT FROM BEN HARE'S LECTURE.

"A man does not now lose his social status by joining a temperance society. It is looked upon as a praiseworthy act, because he sets a noble example to all around him, and especially in his own family. In this enlightened age, people have higher aims than squandering their time and money in social liquor drinking, card playing and dancing. It was not so in my early days. In my native town, a teetotaller would have been as rare a sight as a confirmed drunkard would be at present. Of the many incidents connected with liquor drinking which came under my observation I shall give a few—the first shall be of

PAT AND MATTY NOWLAN.

When I was a boy there lived in my native town a journeyman coachmaker named Pat Nowlan, ycleped "Drogheda Pat." He was about sixty years old, of middle stature, meagre person, and fair complexion ; he was rather intelligent for a person of his class, and I have no doubt would have been a kind good man had he been a teetotaller, but, unfortunately, he entertained such a tender regard for the liquor, that if he ever went to bed sober, it was because he could not procure the means to get drunk. His wife Matty, being a native of Belfast, had rather a Scottish accent. If I said she was an old *bungy*, some people would not understand me, but it is better for me to say she was stout, fat and plump, which I suppose everybody will understand. She had dumpy cheeks, sallow complexion, and small reddish eyes ; people used to say they were like two burnt holes in a blanket. She was about the age of Pat, and not a whit behind him in her admiration of the whisky, to obtain which they often reduced themselves to great pecuniary straits. As they had no family, they lived quite alone. One even-

ing, while they were discussing a bottle of malt, the proceeds of Matty's pawned shawl, a knock was heard at the door, and quickly hiding the bottle and glass, Matty opened it. "Good evening, Mrs. Nowlan," said Miss Minnett, a pious lady who lived in the neighbourhood, "I just called to see if you will come to preaching with me; I am sure Mr. Nowlan will not hinder you." "O the divil a hindher," said Pat, "she may go if she likes." "But you know, Pat dear," said Matty, "I have sent my shawl to be dyed." "Sure," said Pat, "you can throw your old grey cloak about ye." So Matty got ready and went to a Methodist preaching with Miss Minnett, who returned with her and took a seat, while Matty clasping her hands and piously turning up her eyes, with her head a little to the one side, said, "O Pat, jewell, but I was in the heavenly place,—surely the people must be all saints,—and there was such beautiful prayin' and singin', and there was two praichers in the pulpit; the one that praiched was a revivaller, and the other looked like an angel." "By the hole o' my coat, Matty," said Pat, "if you had got another glass you would have sworn there was four praichers in it." About an hour afterwards when, Miss Minnett had left, and Matty thought she had Pat's ear alone, while they had a "love moll honey" glass together, and Pat had finished his favorite song, in which were the lines

"I travelled along with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew,"

"Well, Pat, darlin'," she began, "I never did see sich a gruntin' set of swaddlers as these Methodies. I was glad to get out of that praichin' house this night, for I think it was the divil I saw in the pulpit with the praicher." "That I may never sin, Matty," replied Pat, "but you are a graceless ould hypocrite. Give us another glass and no more of your blathers." In the course of that night Matty got sick, and Pat got up to get her a glass, but in his hurry he unfortunately fell down the stairs and broke his collar bone, and otherwise injured himself; and while Matty was

running to his assistance, she stood on a broken bottle, got an awful gash in her foot, and tumbled over Pat. They were each confined to their bed during two months, and attended by kind neighbours; and when they recovered, Matty resumed the liquor with such a relish, that poor Pat had no alternative but to buy her a cloak and a bonnet, and raise her a pound note, and banish her one early morning to her relations. Thus this old couple, after having spent thirty-five years together, and when they most required each other's assistance and sympathy in their declining years, were separated in consequence of indulging in whisky. How different would it have been with them had they been teetotallers from the beginning! Of the degraded position to which men sink by indulging in intoxicating liquors, I give one or two instances.

SAM WALTON.

Sam was a manly, fine looking fellow, and a saddler by trade; but unfortunately he became, through the mistaken hospitality of friends, addicted to liquor, drank out his establishment, and was obliged to go *on tramp* as a journeyman. One bleak evening in December he arrived in Athlone, cold and miserable, and without a penny in his pocket or a friend in the town. Many a one under such forlorn and woe-begone circumstances would have sunk to despair, but it was not so with Sam: the liquor had left him void of shame, principle, honesty and discretion, and with a "faint heart never won fair lady" sort of determination, he entered a second rate hotel at about eight o'clock P.M., called for a tumbler of punch and his supper, after which he had a couple of tumblers more and a smoke, read the papers and ordered a bed. In the middle of the night, when all the inmates were fast asleep, he arose and very quietly carried his old corduroy breeches down to the kitchen, where he raked out the turf fire from under the large grate, and placing the breeches in the bottom, built the burning

embers on them, and covering all up with the ashes, returned to bed, where he lay until a late hour, and rung the bell. On a servant entering, Sam inquired for his *small clothes*, which he said he had been searching for all over the room. The servant was surprised, searched the room over again, knew nothing about them of course, and informed the landlord, who came speedily into the room, and every place was searched over again, but no breeches could be found. The landlord was confounded with amazement, and declared that such a thing never happened in his house before. Poor Sam looked dumbfounded and crestfallen as he sat on the bed, and ventured to say he was exceedingly sorry, not for the sake of the breeches, which was of very little value, nor for the sake of the trifle of travelling charges which was in the pocket of them, which, however, would be a serious inconvenience to him under present circumstances, but for his being the innocent cause of any discredit being brought on the house. "Well, honest man," said the landlord, "as it is evident nothing can be gained by prosecuting the search further, I would much rather you said not another word on the matter, as the circumstance would hurt the reputation of my house. How much was in the pocket of your breeches?" "I assure you, sir," replied Sam, "I shall never open my lips on the subject. The trifle of change is hardly worth talking about,—it was only thirty-seven and sixpence." Whereupon the landlord went out of the room and returned presently with the money and a nice pair of dark cassimere breeches, nearly new, which just fitted Sam as he and the landlord were of the same size, and after a good breakfast and a hearty good-bye from the landlord, he went on his way chuckling with delight at being not only free of hotel charges, but plus thirty-seven shillings and sixpence in the pocket of a pair of good breeches, in lieu of his empty pocketed *cords*. And thus went poor Sam, a drunken and degraded swindler, who was, and would have continued, a respectable citizen, had he avoided the first attempt at moderate drinking.

READY TO BE KICKED OUT.

In an American paper I lately read of a comparatively young man, who had been in an honorable position, with bright prospects, but by intemperance and the company of vicious and unprincipled companions, had been reduced to forlorn and degraded circumstances. One day he entered a tavern and called for a glass of brandy, and after puffing a while at a cigar, he finished a second glass, both of which were, in bar-room phrase, *pretty stiff horns*, and then, buttoning up his thread-bare coat, said to the bar-keeper, in a confident tone, "I'm ready." "If it's to pay for the liquor," said the barman, "the price is twenty cents." "That's not what I'm ready for," he replied. "Then, what the d—l are you ready for?" said the barman. "As I couldn't do without the liquor," he replied, "and as I ha'ent got a darned cent to pay for it, I'm ready to be kicked out." So saying he skedaddled before the bar-keeper had time to give him a satisfactory "kicking out."

TRUNKS FOR SALE.

I think I told you before of a comfortable mechanic who commenced to tamper with liquors, and how his desire for them grew so strong that he went down step by step until he was almost naked by poverty. Coming down the street one day where trunks were exposed for sale, he was asked to buy one. "Is it a thrunk ye mane?" said he. "Yes," said the man. "Arrah what for, honey?" said he. "To put your clothes in," said the man. "Arrah be aisy," said Pat, "what a gomerall you take me for. Go an' ask yer ould mother does she want a thrunk? Would you have me go naked."

A SUICIDE, AND LOVE FOR LIQUOR.

I shall give only one illustration of love for liquor which came under my own observation. In the town of Ballibay, there lived a man called Sam Gray, a celebrated Orangeman, who kept the

"York Inn." On the approach of each twelfth of July, the government sent strong detachments of military and police there to prevent any disturbance which might arise in consequence of Orange processions. On one of these occasions I was in the market of Ballibay, when there were a company of Highland soldiers and a troop of dragoons. One of the Highlanders, a young Scotchman, who had been on a spree for two or three days, and depressed in spirits by liquor, late hours, and confinement, shot himself while with his comrades in the old market-house. Being convenient I heard the shot, and on going to the place I saw the poor fellow lying on the floor writhing in agony, and bleeding profusely from the wound. Having put a cartridge into his musket, he took off his boot, leaned the muzzle against his left breast, put his toe to the trigger, and sent the ball through himself under the right shoulder. Two doctors were soon on the spot, and while probing the wound they dipped their fingers occasionally in a bowl of whisky which was held by a dragoon, and which soon became red with the blood; when the soldier died, which was about ten minutes after he shot himself, the dragoon said, "Gentlemen, are you done with this?" meaning the bloody whisky. "Yes," replied one of the doctors. Whereupon I saw the dragoon drink every drop of it while he stood over the corpse. The people looked at him with amazement, and declared they never saw a stronger illustration of love for strong liquor.

BRITISH SOLDIERS AND STRONG LIQUORS.

The soldiers of the British army have been proverbial for being addicted to strong liquors, and it is not much wonder, taking into consideration the various grades of character brought together in large bodies, the little means heretofore established for their intellectual enjoyment during leisure hours, the social infatuation produced by those liquors, and the temptations strewn in their path by canteens, and by persons of heartless cupidity,

who, in the vicinity of barracks, keep low grogeries where liquors are specially prepared by narcotic and poisonous drugs to suit the circumscribed means of the soldier, by causing drunkenness on the cheapest terms. Hence we hear bad liquors termed "soldier's liquor;" and when we see a person taking an inordinate glass, we say he took "a soldier's bumper." The wonder, therefore, is, that so few soldiers have been driven to acts of violence. However, among the salutary improvements in the army lately, it is well to mention that excellent libraries and various harmless and invigorating exercises for recreation have been introduced; with these advantages, and the mild, wise and dignified conduct of the colonel and officers, and especially their discountenancing liquor drinking, a regiment will be welcomed with pleasure as a great acquisition by the inhabitants of every town where they may be quartered, and few complaints will be made.

A PRAYING SOLDIER.

Of the numerous praiseworthy exceptions to those who yield to the influence of intoxicating liquors in the army, I quote one illustration:—

"During the rebellion in Ireland, a private soldier in the army of Lord Cornwallis was daily observed to be absent from his quarters, and from the company of his fellow soldiers: he was therefore suspected of holding intercourse with the rebels, and on this suspicion—probably increased by the malice of his wicked comrades—he was tried by a court-martial and condemned to die. The marquis hearing of the case, wished to examine the minutes of the trial, and not being satisfied, sent for the man to converse with him. Upon being interrogated, the prisoner solemnly disavowed every treasonable practice or intention, declared his sincere attachment to his Sovereign, and his readiness to live and die in his service. He affirmed that the real cause of his absence was, that he might obtain a place of retirement for the purpose of pri-

vate prayer, for which his lordship knew he had no opportunity among his profane comrades, who had become his enemies merely on account of his profession of religion. He said he had made this defence on the trial, but the officers thought it so improbable that they paid no attention to it. The marquis, in order to satisfy himself of the truth of his defence, observed, that if so, he must have acquired some considerable aptness in this exercise. The poor man replied, that as to ability he had nothing to boast of. The marquis then insisted on his kneeling down and praying aloud before him, which he did, and poured forth his soul before God with such copiousness, fluency and ardor, that the marquis took him by the hand, and said he was satisfied that no man could pray in that manner who did not live in the habit of intercourse with his God. He then not only revoked the sentence, but received him into his peculiar favor, and placed him among his personal attendants, in the way to promotion."

It need hardly be said that many of the brightest ornaments of christianity have been found in all ranks of the British army, and never were there so many as at the present time.

A COLONEL'S ADDRESS TO HIS OFFICERS.

On the conduct of the officers toward the men, I take the following extract from the address of a commanding officer, delivered in presence of the officers of the regiment to a young lieutenant who had acted harshly toward a young private soldier for alleged insubordinate conduct while on drill:—"Lieutenant —, I think it my duty to deliver my sentiments to you before these gentlemen on a subject that ought to be well understood by every officer, but of which, it appears by your conduct, you have formed very erroneous opinions. Strict discipline is essentially necessary for the well-being of an army, without which it would degenerate into a lawless mob, more formidable to their friends than their enemies—the ravagers, not the defenders of their country. But

it is equally essential that discipline be exercised with temper and with justice. A capricious and cruel exertion of power in officers depresses the spirits of the private men, and extinguishes that daring ardor which glows in the breast of a real soldier. Is it possible that a man of a generous mind can treat with wanton cruelty those who are not permitted to resist, or even to expostulate, however brave they may be? I believe, sir, you have not as yet served in time of war, but I will inform you, that in the course of my service, I have seen common soldiers gallantly face the enemy, when some officers who had been in the habit of treating them with insult and cruelty shrank from the danger. You are sufficiently acquainted with the condition of private soldiers to know that even when they are treated with all the lenity consistent with proper discipline, still their condition is surrounded with such a variety of hardships, that every person of humanity must wish it were possible to alleviate it. Only reflect, sir, on the smallness of their pay; how inadequate to the duty required of them. Yet this grievance remains unremedied in some of the wealthiest countries in Europe. But weak as the impression may be which the soldier's hardship makes on the cold heart of the politician, one would naturally expect they should meet with sympathy in the breasts of their own officers, the men best acquainted with their situation, whom they are constantly serving and obeying, who are acting in the same cause and exposed to the same dangers, though not to the same hardships as themselves. It is natural to imagine that, independent of more generous motives, their own interest, and the idea of self-preservation would prompt officers to behave with mildness, at least with equity to the soldiers under their command. How many brave fellows who have been once respectable and well bred, but who, from reverse of fortune, are private soldiers in the army! How many officers have been rescued from death or captivity by the grateful attachment and intrepidity of soldiers! I myself, sir, once lay on the field

severely wounded, when, in the midst of general confusion, officers and men flying promiscuously, I was carried to a place of security by two soldiers at the hazard of their own lives. From one of those, indeed, I might naturally have expected some exertion in my favor—he was born on my estate; but I had no claim on the other, except as an officer who had always behaved equitably to him in common with the rest of his company. He was an Irishman. Had I treated him with caprice or ill nature, would he, or even would my own countryman have made such generous exertion to preserve my life? No, sir; if they had refrained from giving me a fresh wound as they fled past me, which soldiers are not unapt to do to cruel officers, they certainly would at least have consulted their own safety by continuing their flight, and left me to be trampled to death by the enemy's cavalry, as I certainly would have been, had not these two soldiers removed me from the spot on which I lay. But waiving every consideration derived from the idea of personal safety, there is another kind of selfishness which might induce officers to behave well to soldiers: that is, the pleasure of alleviating in many respects the unavoidable hardships of our fellow creatures, and the consciousness of being loved by those around us. It is true, sir, I assure you: next to the approbation of his own conscience, nothing is so grateful to the heart of man as the love and esteem of mankind. In my mind he is an object of compassion in whatever situation in life he may be placed, who is not sensible of this from his own experience; and surely no man can be tolerably happy who thinks himself the object of their hatred. We all know, gentlemen, that the love of soldiers, important as it is to those who command them, may be acquired on easier terms than that of any other set of men, because the habit of obedience in which they are bred inclines them to respect their officers; unbiassed equity in the midst of the strictest discipline commands their esteem, and the smallest act of kindness secures their gratitude and attachment.

I have always endeavored to preserve a steady and regular discipline among the troops under my command, yet I have the happiness to believe that I am more loved than feared by those among them who have the best opportunity of knowing me. One of the greatest pleasures I ever enjoyed (I see some here who were with me on that occasion), was in overhearing the advanced guard talk affectionately of me when they knew not I was near them. I will own to you, sir, it came over my heart like the sweetest music, and if I thought myself the object of the secret excretions of the men under my command, it would spoil the harmony of my life, and jar my whole soul out of tune. Lieutenant ———, what I have heard of your behavior to the soldiers I am willing to impute to a misplaced zeal for the service. It is difficult to believe that a man of birth and education could have been prompted to the severities you have exercised by other motives. This consideration has weighed with me in not subjecting part of your conduct to the judgment of a court martial. With respect to the soldier whom you have confined so long, you certainly treated him from the first with too much severity. The natural awkwardness of a recruit is to be corrected gradually, and with gentleness: severity confounds him, and increases the evil to be remedied. To give way to anger and passion on such an occasion is inconsistent with the dignity which an officer ought to preserve before the men. As for the soldier's answer to your very intemperate menace, although a soldier under arms ought not to make any reply to an officer, yet all the circumstances being weighed, what he said was excusable; to endeavor to torture it into mutiny would be absurd. You ought to remember, gentlemen, that, as military discipline looks to the general tendency and remote consequences of things, more than to their intrinsic criminality, many actions are treated as crimes by the military laws which in themselves are innocent or friivolous, and when a soldier, irritated by undeserved insult, overleaps subordination, and repels the wan-

ton tyranny of an officer, however he may be condemned by the unrelenting laws of discipline, he will be absolved by the natural feelings of the human heart which revolts at oppression, nor will he appear, even in the eyes of those who think his punishment expedient an object of either contempt or aversion; but when an officer armed with the power and intrenched within the lines of discipline indulges unmanly passion or private hatred against an unprotected and unresisting soldier, in what light can this officer appear either in his own eyes or in those of others?"

THE EFFECT OF PARDON.

In the garrison town of Woolwich, a few years ago, a soldier was about to be brought before the commanding officer of the regiment for some misdemeanour. The officer entering the soldier's name said, "Here is—— again; what can we do with him? He has gone through almost every ordeal." The sergeant-major apologised for intruding, and said, "There is one thing that has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that, sergeant-major?" "Well, sir, he has never yet been forgiven." "Forgiven!" said the colonel, "here is his case entered." "Yes, but the man is not before you yet, and you can cancel it." After the colonel had reflected a few minutes, he ordered the man to be brought before him. When he was asked what he had to say relating to the charges brought against him,—“Nothing sir,” was the reply, “only that I am sorry for what I have done.” After making some suitable remarks, the colonel said, “Well, we are resolved to forgive you now.” The soldier was struck with astonishment, the tears started from his eyes—he wept. The colonel, with the adjutant and the others present, felt deeply when they saw the man so humbled. The soldier thanked the colonel for his kindness and retired. The narrator had the soldier under his notice for two and a-half years after this time, and never during that time was there a charge brought against him or fault found with him—Mercy triumphed—kindness conquered, the man was won.

AN ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF A PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW.

The following incident is one of my strongest arguments in favor of a prohibitory liquor law:—

A coroner's inquest was held in the city of Toronto, the facts connected with which are shortly as follows:

A few years ago I was acquainted with Mr. V., a healthy, handsome English gentleman, about thirty years of age, of ruddy complexion, good address, and pleasing manners. His father, who held a high military position in India, supplied him liberally with money—sometimes as much as five hundred pounds in one draft. He had travelled over the continents of Europe and America, and was at the time of my acquaintance with him in the fur trade; he was a noble fine fellow, liberal and tender-hearted to a fault. Of his many acts of beneficence, I have seen him bring two poor boys and a poor man, who were perfect strangers to him, into a tailor's shop, and order and pay for a comfortable suit of clothes for each. I was perfectly astonished one evening, shortly after he had received a remittance of five hundred pounds, to see him coming into my house in a state bordering on intoxication. I kept him during the night, and next morning he was so prostrate I was obliged to give him a strong glass of brandy which brightened him up, when conversed freely with me. He said the very taste of strong liquors under any pretence led him to the excessive use of them, and that he was obliged to be a teetotalter; that in the course of his travelling and business, he was often exposed to strong temptation to drink liquor at hotels, with companions, and when fatigued, and especially as the liquor caused him to converse with ease and fluency, it made his heart light and happy, but in trying to keep up the delightful sensation, he was obliged to increase his draughts of the liquor, until it resulted in low spirits, prostration, and remorseful feelings of self-impeachment; that he was astonished that his acquaintances could drink liquors without

being prostrated as he was, and that by imagining his constitution had altered, he was on an average overcome with liquor about once a year,—and with feelings of bitter anguish he exclaimed, “Oh! that I had never tasted strong liquor! After agonizing struggles to resist the temptation, I have been again and again drawn into the serpent’s mouth. Would to heaven there was not a tavern in the world.”

I advised him to go to an extensive hydropathic establishment, or to some quiet retreat on the sea shore, far from the allurements of liquors, and to remain bathing, fishing, and reading useful and interesting books during the summer. He said he would go to the sea shore as I advised. Several months passed away, the Indian summer made its appearance, and the scene was delightful. One morning as I walked past the parliament buildings in Toronto, I met a gentleman who asked me the name of the steamer just then sailing into port. “Why, Mr. V.,” said I, “is it possible you have returned?” “Yes;” said he, “I have been, ever since you saw me, at Saratoga Springs, and have kept from company and from liquor while there, which was a severe task of self-denial.” He said that although his resolution was stronger than it had been for some time past, he felt occasional cravings, and feared that in some ungarded hour he would yet be drawn into the vortex of drunkenness and lose his life by it. He attributed his strong inclination to drink liquor to early indulgence, too much confidence in his own strength, and to the example of moderate drinkers. “I do not mean to convey to you” said he, “that I have ever been a drunkard; on the contrary, I have never been seen tipsy on the streets, and with the exception of being overcome, as I told you once in a year, I have been obliged to be a strict teetotaler; but by the effects of fascinating liquor, I have been reduced to such a wretched state of mind while appearing to men to be sober, that I could have wished myself out of the world. From my very soul I wish there was not a tavern in the world.” One evening a few

weeks afterwards, I met him on the street tipsey; the big tears rolled down his manly cheeks as I said, "O dear! Mr. V., this is painful!" Advice, warnings, and entreaties were then lost; the monster had seized him in his iron grasp; day and night he went from tavern to tavern drinking, and squandering, and losing his money and property. Who would be a tavern-keeper? Who would be his customer? Alas! poor V. was now one of their customers—he took little food or rest, and was not easy but in a state of stupefaction. A few weeks after my last interview, as above stated, knowing that V. had no relative in the city, I went to look for him, and after a long search, I knocked at the door of a mean-looking house in an obscure part of the city, to which I was directed. A care-worn looking woman, in wretched dishabillé, and whose whole appearance indicated the little pleasure she had in this world, made her appearance. "Does Mr. V. stop here?" said I. "Yes, sir," said she, "but he is very unwell. Step this way, sir." I entered a small room, almost denuded of furniture, and there was poor V. lying on a wretched bed, in a state of partial insanity, far away from the soothing and affectionate sympathy of relatives; he spoke incoherently, and did not know me; a bottle of wine stood on a small table beside the bed, of which he drank a little every few minutes. I asked the woman why she gave him strong liquors. She said it was impossible to keep them from him as long as he was able to get them, and since he was not able to leave his bed (during the past two days) the doctor ordered him wine. That night, while in a fit of delirium, he jumped out of bed, and through the window sash, undressed, and fell down on the street and was dead! Had that promising young man guarded against the example of old moderate drinkers; had a prohibitory liquor law been in force in this country when he made his last struggle to get free, his ignominious and untimely fate would have been averted. It is melancholy to remark that the man and his wife in whose house he had his last drinking scene, and where he died,

who, although perfect strangers to him, were the recipients of his kindness in clothes and provisions for themselves and their children, and who, in return, encouraged him in his liquor drinking for the sake of the liquor they drank themselves, were both dead in a few weeks afterwards—one of cholera, and the other of *delirium tremens*.

There is no doubt there are many who suffer from the effects of strong liquors, as Mr. V. did, whose sufferings, and in some instances their deaths, are cloaked, or attributed by their friends to other causes; such persons would gladly avail themselves of inebriate asylums, the founders of which or the originators of any antidote for confirmed drunkenness will be hailed by thousands as the greatest benefactors of mankind. Who, or where is he who would have the temerity to tamper with strong liquors in his youth in view of such examples as that of Mr. V. and others like him.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

I read of a person who was cured of his inordinate love for strong liquors in the following manner:—Advice, warnings, and threatening were lost on a gentleman who was so completely overcome by drinking strong liquors, that he was obliged to be carried to bed while in a state of drunkenness every night. He was hastening to beggary and destruction. Everything that could be thought of was done to avert the impending calamity, but to no purpose, and his poor wife and three young children, and kind and sympathising friends looked on the unfortunate inebriate as though he were staggering on the brink of an awful precipice, not knowing the moment he would be hurled into destruction for ever. Sorrow and anguish were pictured in the countenances of his wife and family and friends, as he had been a most amiable and excellent man, his love for the liquor alone excepted.

The doctor who attended the family most fortunately hit on an expedient one evening, which had the desired effect. While he sat

and talked cheerfully and had a glass of punch with him, he secretly conveyed some drops of laudanum into his liquor, and in a short time he was carried to bed drunk as usual, when the doctor spliced and bandaged up his leg with long strips of calico as though it had been broken, and after giving directions how to act, took his leave. Early on the following morning, when the poor fellow awoke he exclaimed, "Why, what can be the matter with my leg?" "O, William, William! what a mercy you were not killed!" said his wife. "What has happened to me?" he inquired with astonishment. "O William!" replied his wife, "is it possible you are not conscious of having fallen down stairs last night and broken your leg, and of the doctor bandaging it and helping to put you in bed?" "I really do not remember anything about it," said he, whereupon she reasoned and talked with him, reverting to their courtship and marriage, and the happy days they spent during the first three or four years after marriage, and how they covenanted together to live for everlasting happiness, and how he went down step by step to his present awful position, and was thankful that she was not without hope for him, that the only thing the doctor feared was fever, and that she would spare no exertion for him. About breakfast hour the doctor entered, and with grave countenance and solemn tone congratulated him that it was his leg and not his neck that was broken, and gave directions that he must avoid taking anything that would have the slightest tendency to cause fever; and so matters continued for several days, the doctor paying his regular daily visit. At last the doctor said he might walk about the room with the use of a staff, which he did for several days, and then the bandage was removed, but for a long time the leg was stiff; at the end of six or seven weeks, the leg was recovered, and his love for liquor so far removed that it was with feelings of shame and remorse he talked of his conduct, rejoiced at his recovery, and made a most solemn vow never again to

taste strong liquors. In about three months afterwards, and when there was no apprehension of his integrity, he was entrusted with the secret at which he laughed heartily, and expressed his sincere thanks that under any circumstance he was reclaimed from perdition, and ever afterwards continued firm to his pledge. Indulgence in strong liquors does not always result in such a melancholy catastrophe as that of poor Mr. V., as the following incident will show.

MURTY KENNEDY AND HIS WIFE.

Murty was an active man of business, except when under the influence of liquor, which was very often. He kept a grocery in a square opposite the gaol. One day, while a criminal was being executed, and Murty gazing at the dreadful scene from his own door, a bystander remarked that such an awful sight ought to deter the most hardened villain from ever committing another crime; and then addressing Murty, he said, "Honest man, will you be kind enough to help this bag of meal on my back?" "In welcome," said Murty, as he assisted the man to put the bag on his back. It was one of Murty's bags of oatmeal which were exposed for sale on the broad sidewalk in front of his store, but Murty had been imbibing so freely all the morning that he had a bewildered notion of what he was about. A few minutes after the rogue had disappeared in the crowd, Mrs. Kennedy, who was attending in the store, asked Murty if the man on whose back he helped the bag of meal had paid him for it. "Is it pay *me* you mane," said Murty, "the divil a penny did he pay me for it, did'nt he buy the bag from you and pay yourself for it?" he continued. "The curse o' Cromwell light on you, Murty Kennedy," replied Mrs. Kennedy; "get out o' my sight this minnet you durty drunken sot; you'll never quit your vagabone liquor till we are all beggared and robbed out of house and home."—"I'll run after the thief," said Murty.—"You may run to Jerusalem if you like," replied his

wife; so saying, she made a charge at him with the broom, which caused him to beat a hasty retreat. When he got sober he was so much ashamed of his conduct in helping his own bag of meal on a rogue's back, that he joined the teetotallers, and shortly afterwards his wife joined also, and they have remained firm to the pledge for the last twenty-five years. They are now independent, and often revert with pleasure to the fortunate bag of meal, which the owner assisted the robber to steal, while both were looking at a criminal being executed.—Now I will give you two or three examples of

HOW TOPERS RAISED THE WIND.

Paddy McBride, a farmer, whose business operations did not succeed in the country, came into town and started a tavern. He had not been long established in his intoxicating vocation, when by doing liberal justice to fresh bread, meat and beer, he became as distended and capacious as his corpulent neighbour Paddy Sherry. One day Dick M'Cabe, Davy Creed, Tom McCardel, and three or four other hurlers met in a spacious room in his house, without any apparently preconceived arrangement, and called for round after round of whisky, until each had his round; the landlord fancying he had made a hit in his business and locality, joined them, and treated, and then each offered to pay the whole score, to which the others objected. So after a great deal of friendly squabbling, it was agreed to play blind man's buff, and the first caught was to pay for all; accordingly, the landlord was blindfolded, and the *boys* after hemming him all round with forms and chairs, and keeping up noisy talking and walking in the room, slipped out one by one, leaving poor Paddy groping round the walls and knocking his legs against forms trying to find some luckless wight who he thought was silently poked up in a corner. At last, Mrs. McBride hearing the noise of forms and chairs falling, and wondering what was keeping her husband, entered the

room, and to her amazement found him blindfolded and *glawming* round the walls with extended arms, and nobody in the room with him. Fortunately he had not been on the spree for some time, or she would have believed him to be under the influence of *delirium tremens*. It is needless to say he never played blind man's buff for the reckoning again.

John Hollins went into the store of Mr. Milles with two bottles of water in his over-coat pockets. The bottles were the same size and labelled exactly as those which were full of whisky and for sale on Mr. Milles's shelf. John asked for and obtained two bottles of whisky, which he stowed in two capacious pockets, and after searching his pocket for money to pay for them, "Dear me," said he to the shopman with an air of dissapointment, "what a stupid fellow I am to forget my purse." "O, it does not signify," said the man, "you should be most welcome to the bottles, but we keep no books and give credit to no person; but you can leave them until you return with the money." Whereupon John, who had known well that no credit was given, slowly drew out the two water bottles which the man took and placed on the shelf, and John went off chuckling over his trick, and of course did not return with the money. Once upon a time two troops of dragoons came to be quartered in the town, and John, well knowing that hay would be the first article required, brought the quarter-master into an extensive meadow, and sold him twelve cocks of prime hay, receiving one pound five shillings as earnest money, which renewed the hurling spree. The officers, of course, found out their mistake when they would not be allowed to remove the hay, but John was *non est inventus*.

Jim Robinson, ycleped "Orson," in consequence of his big bushy black whiskers, kept a tavern in a round house which was a rendezvous for a hurling club, where rules were made and plans concocted to raise the wind. Con Molloy, a handsome, smart young fellow, joined them; on the evening of his initiation, he had a

pretty fair suit of clothes on, and not being able to liquor with old *guzzlers*, he got so *tight* early in the evening that he was obliged to be carried to bed, where he lay in a profound sleep, while some of his *hard-cased* companions carried his clothes to the pawnbrokers and raised ten shillings on them. When Con awoke, at about 9 P.M., and missed his clothes, he rolled the blankets and quilt around him like a cloak, and marched off to the same pawnbroker, to whom he explained matters, pawned the bed clothes, released his own, and having a few shillings to spare, procured a couple of bottles of whisky, and coolly and deliberately walked back to the club, every one of whom thought he saw Con's ghost; but when he explained, they all gave him the right hand of fellowship, as being one of their best members.

A PEDAGOGUE IN LOVE—LIQUOR AND LAW.

I shall now wind up by reading a short report of a case tried before the magistrates at Toronto, a few years ago.

O'SULLIVAN *vs.* WHITESIDE.

Mr Collins appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Dempsey for the defendant.

It appeared from Mr. Collins's statement that the defendant (who is a widow lady), employed the plaintiff (who is a school-master), to instruct her children in the usual branches of a polite education, but by reason of his misconduct and dissipated habits, had to dispense with his services before the termination of his engagement, and refused to remunerate him for his services while in her employment.

Mr. Dempsey contended that the plaintiff's misconduct, by presuming to make love to his fair and lovely client, while engaged in the instruction of her children, disentitled him to his salary.

Mr. Collins.—It is the first time I heard that love making was considered an offence. If lovers were deemed criminals, the largest portion of our countrymen would now be criminals in a

penal colony ; probably Mr. Dempsey among the rest. The fact is, the plaintiff has been very badly treated ; he was unceremoniously *ejected* from the house of the defendant, as also from *her affections* without getting the usual *notice to quit*. It is very true, that when strongly encouraged by the defendant, the plaintiff, like the generality of Irishmen, *drafted a declaration* of his affections.

Mr. Dempsey.—Yes, but my facinating client had the good taste to *demur* to his declaration.

Magistrate.—And Mr. Collins's client was *non-suited*.

Mr. Collins.—Shakspeare has observed that “ the course of true love never did run smooth,” and it has been verified in the present instance.

The learned dominie having entered the witness box, made a graceful bow to his worship, which would have done credit to Lord Chesterfield, or to a French dancing master. No pen less gifted than that of a Dickens, or a Lever, could adequately describe the grotesque appearance of the amorous pedagogue. An ample quantum of buttermilk and whisky was the distinguishing characteristic of his physiognomy, which bore all the inflammatory appearance of a lantern in a lighthouse. The nasal organ of this “gay Lotharia” prominently protruded, and its longitude threatened to come into hostile collision with his chin. It was gemmed over with a profusion of rubies, which afforded ample evidence that he sacrificed freely at the shrine of the “jolly god.” At the same time, his whole contour was indicative of fun, frolic, and inexhaustible drollery. Being sworn and examined, he gave his evidence as follows :—

I am a preceptor by profession. The defendant agreed to pay me at the rate of twenty pounds a year, with board, washing, and lodging, for “teaching the young ideas of her children how to shoot.” I accordingly magnified their intellects, exalted their ideas, extended their faculties, elevated their minds ; and they

made such astounding and prodigious progress under my preceptorship, in Greek and Latin, as to be able to demonstrate, with mathematical precision, the age of the Grecian Helen the day she eloped with the Trojan Paris.

Magistrate.—You are a very learned man, Mr. O'Sullivan.

Witness.—That is not all, your worship. I have also illuminated their sentiments, clarified their brains, irradiated their understandings, and crystalized their conceptions—(roars of laughter); and as for geometry, I taught them to construct an equilateral triangle on the point of a needle. The fact is, your worship, my lamented mother—rest her soul in glory, and may the heavens be her bed, and the clouds her blankets—told me that the first day I was ushered into this world of care and trouble, Apollo and the nine Muses descended from mount Parnassus, and smiled on my cradle, and ever since I have been a genius. (Renewed laughter.) After all this, the defendant told me to *amputate my cane*, or in vulgar phraseology, to “cut my stick,” and never again to let my ugly phiz be seen within her domicile; and all this too, your worship, when *Lola Montes* could dance an Irish reel in my pocket, without the slightest fear of stumbling on a bank note, or knocking her toe against an old tenpenny bit. You know, your worship, that the perfidious sex have been doing mischief from the commencement of the world. Eve brought woe and misery on mankind; the faithless Helen caused a ten years' war, which laid old Troy in ashes; Cleopatra ruined Mark Anthony; and even the holy Bible tells us that Herodias's daughter induced King Herod to behead John the Baptist.

Magistrate.—It appears, Mr. O'Sullivan, that you entertained a different opinion of the sex when you were making love to the defendant.

Witness.—Yes; but after pulverizing my heart, she jilted and exterminated me. The poet was right when he said

"Woman! that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her."

Cross-examined by Mr. Dempsey.—I never courted Mrs. White-side till I saw she was anxious for the sport herself; shure I would be no Irishman if I did not reciprocate that celestial feeling. I have a love token here that she gave me, and a remarkable one it is too. (At this stage of the proceedings, the witness produced a handkerchief, having on one side a representation of Cardinal Wiseman and Lola Montez waltzing together at Drury Lane theatre; while the other side represented Bishop McHale and Parson Gregg dancing a hornpipe at Donnybrook fair, for a wager. The production of this strange article in open court caused great laughter.)

I never refused to augment the capacity of my pupils in Greek and Latin, but I would not descend so low as to demonstrate vulgar fractions. Oh, no! Mr Dempsey, that would be *infra dig*, quite beneath me; *paulo majora canamus*, I soar higher. It was not for that I read Horace and Virgil, Homer and Lucian. I must support the dignity of my profession, and leave common cyphering to hedge schoolmasters, who are ignorant of the sublime beauties of the Meonian bard. I was never to say drunk, but was a little mellow on St. Patrick's day; shure I would be no true Milesian unless I sprinkled the shamrock with a little "mountain dew" on Paddy's own day. Every flower and plant requires to be moistened in spring—it promotes vegetation. Was it not with whisky St. Patrick banished all the serpents from the country? Everybody—even my countryman Squire Lewis, at the sign of the big lock, on King-street—knows the saint's mother kept a *shebeen* in the county of Tipperary; and all the poets, from Hesiod down to Robby Burns were loud in their laudations of the "barley bree." Tom Moore tells us to

"Fill the bumper fair, every drop we sprinkle
On the brow of care, smooths away a wrinkle."

(Loud laughter.)

Mr. Dempsey having handed witness a letter, asked him if it was not his production. Mr. O'Sullivan having answered in the affirmative, Mr. Dempsey read its contents as follows:—

"Most adored idol of my soul:—

"Whene'er I view those lips of thine,
Their ruby hue invites my fervent mine.

"The sparkling brilliancy and fiery lustre of your eyes, have turned my melting heart to a cinder; your jet black ringlets have bewildered my seven senses! I wish you would throw off that widow's cap and emancipate your coal black locks from the bondage of its narrow borders.

"How altered your air
With that close cap you wear,
'Tis destroying your hair
Which should be flowing free;
Be no longer a churl
Of your black silken curl,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

"Most peerless divinity of my inmost heart, whose beauty super-exceeds the Juno's and Dido's, the Helen's and Venus' of antiquity, in the same geometrical proportion as the moon out-splendours the minor constellations, take pity on me, and allow me to ease my bleeding heart, by reclining on your snow white bosom. 'Tis true my head is bleached with the frost of fifty winters, but cupid has kindled such a fire in my heart, that like mount Ætna, whose top is constantly covered with snow, at the same time that it discharges burning lava from its centre, so my poor heart, red as the cinders from the bowels of Hecla, is now sending forth its heaving sighs, to pay the homage of my white locks to those charming black curls of thine.

"I have the super-adoring joy to subscribe myself your burning-hearted, worshipping lover,

"PATRICK MCCARTHY O'SULLIVAN."

(Roars of laughter.)

Mr. Dempsey.—Are you not ashamed for having written such an insulting letter to the mother of your pupils?

Witness.—No! What should I be ashamed of? I can truly say with my poetical friend Horace,

Vixi nuper idoneus puellis
Et militavi non sine gloria;

which, if you wish translated, I will do so to oblige you, as you know Irishmen are always good-natured. In the dirty Saxon tongue, then, it means

I was lately called upon duty,
And bravely fought as the champion of beauty.

Here the witness turned to the bench, made three most obsequious bows, and retired from the box amid roars of laughter.

Mr. Dempsey.—I am prepared to prove, your worship, by the testimony of the defendant's servants, that the plaintiff was repeatedly drunk while engaged in teaching Mrs. Whiteside's children, and otherwise misconducting himself in such a manner as to disentitle him to his salary.

Court.—Very well, Mr. Dempsey, bring forward your witnesses.

Kitty Doherty, sworn and examined by Mr. Dempsey:—I am living in the service of Mrs. Whiteside. I know Paddy O'Sullivan, the schoolmaster, and shure good right I have! many's the time I had a scalded heart from him, sthrivin' to put him to bed when he was dhrunk. If the big bay furninst the city there was whisky, Paddy would dhrink it in a week. On Patrick's day he went to Poll Kelly's *sheebeen* shop, at the corner of Nelson sthreet, where he got lots of the native from Poll, as he lets on to be courtin' her. Paddy was dhrunk all the live long day from mornin' to night St. Patrick's Day, and for two days afther. The misthress sent me an' Biddy Burke to Poll Kelly's to bring him home. We found him stretched along the side of the hearth dead dhrunk, with the side of his hat and one of his whiskers burned clane off; an' he was snorin' so loud that you'd think it was Tim Canty the huntsman, who had come over all the way from ould

Ireland, and was blowin' the horn to gather the hounds. (Roars of laughter.)

Mr. Dempsey.—Did you disturb his repose?

Witness.—Yes; we put him into a wheelbarrow, but he was mighty cross intirely; he kicked at us, and cursed like a Throjan, so that I had to leave Biddy Burke wud him to keep him engaged, while I whipped out to the back yard and made a *seagarun* to tie him to the wheelbarrow. When I got back, Biddy got her shawl and fastened one of his hands wud it; I tied the other with Poll Kelly's garther, an we rowled the sot home to the mistress's in the dead of the night, in that way. When we got home, he was mighty wake intirely, an as pale as a sheet, an as cowl'd as a stone. The mistress thought he was dyin', an' sent off for Docthor King. When the Docthor cum, he put some long pipe down his throath, an the whisky kem gallopin' up for all the world like the pump in the yard. He used to be always thrubblin' the mistress wud talk, an vexin' her wud love letthers. One day he axed her to let him kindle his *dhoodheen* wud the fire iv her eyes.

Cross-examined by Mr. Collins.—'Tisn't that I say it meself, I kem ov a dacent shtock ov people—my grandfather was cousin-garman to ould Father Tim Loftus, parish priest of Doonbeg; an' from me mother's side, who kem across the broad Shannon from Kerry, there was not an O'Sullivan or an O'Connell from Thralee to Derrynane, that were not her blood relations. You'd like to look at me mother, your worships, when she was dhressed off on a Sunday, goin' to Bawnogue chapel; she wore a speck and span new gown wud five flounces to it—a muslin cap wud four dimmity bordhers to it—a pair ov illigant calf-skhin pumps, which she never soiled till she got within half a mile ov the chapel, an' her arms were purtier than an Indian's face. Many's the time she was taken for a proddissen. That durty attorney who wanted to throw a slur on my karacthur, what had his mother? the durty-mouthed unmannerly spalpeen! She hadn't as much baffity in

her cap as wud make a pair of breeches for the knave o' spades. Me father, too (may the heavens be his bed), was the largest an' finest lookin' man in the parish; he was six feet six inches, wudth-out shtockin's, an' if he only had a pair he would be half an inch higher; his showldhers were so broad that Murty Delany, the lame tailor, and Poll Kelly, could dance a *mooneen* jig on them, an' leave room for the fiddler. That ugly attorney need not think that my misthress would marry him or his ould schoolmaster. I won't answer any more of his ugly questions. (Roars of laughter.)

Mr. Collins.—I won't ask the witness any more questions—she is a regular Tartar, who has brass enough in her face to make a knocker for a hall-door. I thank my stars that I have been saved from matrimony, and with it the violent intrigues of the opposite sex.

The magistrates dismissed the complaint, by reason of the plaintiff's misconduct. Poor Dominick left the court much crest-fallen, and vowing eternal vengeance against womankind in general.

BEN'S RESOLUTION.

There were temperance societies in my native country, but they were few and far between. The members were treated as a pusillanimous set of demure Methodists. They did not, however, deny themselves the use of beer, wine, and other mild liquors, which had not such a staggering effect as whisky; they often reminded me of sergeants' guards of light infantry with fusees attempting to silence whole parks of artillery. When I joined, I was obliged to abandon my most intimate companions; and when we introduced the teetotal pledge, I became the subject for the taunts and sneers not only of my old friends but of tale-bearers, back-biters, lying prophets, and haters of teetotallers, who, without giving a thought to the subject, or investigating its merits, set me down as a sort of fanatic, or a pilgrim, fit for nothing but a cloister, and our

society as a dernier resort for people out of whose heads common sense and discretion had been driven by liquor, and for those who had gone so far in the enemy's service as to fear they would become confirmed drunkards if they did not place themselves under public restraint. But I counted the cost; I knew that our cause was a good one, not only sanctioned but enjoined by the wisest and best men in all ages of the world; that the most shining examples of all that is excellent in this world are those who have neither touched, tasted, nor handled that which has destroyed thousands of millions of the human family. I was well aware that I must not expect perfection in any society of men—that in ours, as in all other societies composed of various ranks, grades, intelligence and tempers, there would be occasional difference of opinion resulting in unpleasant grumbling and vituperation bearing so hard on the equanimity of some sensitive and squeamish members, who, forgetting all their pleasant associations in the society, the benefits of the past, and reckless of the future, would ground their arms and desert, taking with them a petulant temper, which, in all probability, they would lose on their way home while indulging in sensible reflection. Such conduct lies somewhere between the noble and the pusillanimous; but none of these things moved me from my purpose of sticking to the society through good and evil report. I determined to bear with patience the wayward, impetuous, and crooked proclivities of members whose tempers and dispositions I could not mould to suit my views; to exercise that charity which "beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things;" in short, to huff at nothing in our meetings short of being knocked down, and even that would be preferable to being put *hors de combat* under the smile and blarney and guise of friendship among tippling companions by intoxicating liquor.

FAULT-FINDING.

Recrimination or fault-finding in society meetings form one questionable trait of minor importance in the character or conduct of a member, while perhaps nine good qualities are overlooked, and is subversive of the broad principles of charity which should characterize every member. Some lament their failings under a little excitement, for want of patience and proper words to express their ideas; others for their impetuosity and unguarded expressions, and some for their inability to give vent to their ideas, having frittered away their precious time in their youth, and not having taken advantage of young men's debating societies, grow up into such mumchances that they can say nothing at all. In every rank of life people are too much disposed to find fault with the expressions and conduct of others, and to pass unkind and severe remarks on the minor faults of their neighbors, while they are slow in bestowing praise on their well-merited and laudable actions. An eminent writer says: "There is one very general characteristic of civilized, and even of Christian society, that bears the stamp of malignity, which may particularly be noticed; and that is, the pleasure with which men expatiate on the faults and delinquencies of their neighbors, and the eagerness with which they circulate scandalous reports through every portion of the community. Almost the one-half of the conversation of *civilized* men, when strictly analysed, will be found to consist of malignant insinuations, and of tales of scandal and detraction, the greater part of which is destitute of any solid foundation. How comes it to pass that the slightest deviation from propriety or rectitude, in the case of one of a generally respectable character, is dwelt upon with a fiendish pleasure, and aggravated beyond measure, while all his good qualities are overlooked, and thrown completely into the shade? What is the reason why we are not as anxious to bring forward the good qualities and actions of our fellow-men, and to bestow upon them their due tribute of praise, as we are to

blaze abroad their errors and infirmities? How often does it happen that a single evil action committed by an individual, contrary to the general tenor of his life, will be trumpeted about by the tongue of malice, even to the end of his life, while all his virtuous deeds and praiseworthy actions will be overlooked and forgotten? If benevolence were the prevailing characteristic of mankind, such dispositions would seldom be displayed in the intercourses of human beings. If benevolence prevailed every heart, we would rejoice to expatiate on the excellence of others—these would form the chief topics of conversation in our personal remarks on them; we would also throw a veil over the infirmities of our brethren, and always be disposed to exercise that candor and charity “which cover a multitude of sins.” Notwithstanding the truth of the foregoing remarks, we are all the better for having fault-finders.

There are two classes only in the community; *i. e.*, the few who do good through motives of love to God and man, disregarding of fault-finders; and the many who are restrained from evil through fear of fault-finders. How many members of families and of congregations would do and say things far from being commendable, and stray away step after step far from the path of rectitude were it not for fear of censors!

Until we all answer the end of our creation by doing good from the purest of motives, we are all the better for watchful fault-finders, to keep us within comparatively proper bounds. In a certain town in Massachusetts, there was a man, several years since, who seemed to be a bold leader of all opposition to religion, and always ready to publish abroad any delinquencies which might be discovered in any professor of religion. At length he made up his mind to remove from the place to another part of the country. Meeting the pastor of the Congregational Church one day, he said, after passing the usual salutation: “Well, I suppose you know that I am going to leave town soon, and *you* will

probably be glad of it." "Glad of it! why no," said the minister, "you are one of our most useful men, and I think I shall hardly know how to spare you." Taken aback somewhat by such a reply, he immediately asked, "How is that?" "Why," rejoined the minister, "there can't be a sheep that gets a foot out of this fold but what you will bark from one end of the town to the other. I think you have really been one of the most useful watchdogs that I ever knew."

Fault-finders, however, are not always free from blame. A short time since, a leader in a church complained to his minister and official brethren in committee, assembled in Quebec, of the irreverent conduct of some members of the congregation who were in the habit of gazing around them while on their knees in the prayer-meetings. "Brother," said the minister, "we are aware of the reprehensibleness of such conduct by the practice of which, on your part, we are indebted for your information."

As our conduct and proceedings are narrowly watched and scrutinized by an unfriendly community, and especially by the agents of our treacherous enemy, who has entrapped and murdered men of genius and bright talents, affectionate fathers of amiable families, ministers of the gospel, &c., and who is still on the look out plying all his arts and stratagems by his sharp shooters, pickets, and detectives to pick up every one of our members who may be found off his guard, let us act together as one man, use every artifice within our power to frustrate his designs by vigilant skirmishes, by turning his flanks, breaking his centre, and by well directed charges "push the battle to the gates," spike his cannon, and demolish all his fortifications; let us extend from right, left, and centre, make prisoners in every direction, and never go into winter quarters nor ground our arms until we have gained a complete victory by the annihilation of the last remnant of his army. As we are a small company when compared with the brigades of Alcohol, let us use the armour recommended by a

distinguished general, one of the greatest heroes ever the world produced, and it will not only render us invulnerable, but give us a complete victory over all our enemies. (See Ephesians vi., 14 to 17.) We should keep all petty differences in our society rooms, and not allow them to interfere with our every day social and business intercourse. As we have plenty of the ills of life to contend with in our business and domestic relations, let us by kindness and benevolent attentions gain the affections of every class of our fellow men, in order to alleviate their sorrows, and cheer them on their passage through the short journey of life; let us forgive, "not until seven times, but until seventy times seven." "While we have time let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of" *temperance*. As our march shall terminate where drunkards shall not enter, let us not fall out by the way. Some of our members are yet struggling to combat old habits and inclinations to return to the "flesh pots" of Bacchus; deserted companions, who are hastening in the broad path

"Where yonder faithless phantom lies
To 'lure them to their doom;"

they must be encouraged and strengthened in the principles of temperance, not by shewing a spirit of apathy and negligence of duty, but by activity and zeal, by incitement to action, and by unity of purpose and sentiment; by reminding them of the bondage they have escaped, the benefits they daily enjoy by health and reputation, and the approving smiles and confidence of their families and friends; the good example they are setting to those around them, especially the youth committed to their charge; the bright prospects of the future; the calm and pleasing retrospect, when arriving at the isthmus which separates the future from the past of a life spent in sobriety and usefulness.

FRIVOLOUS DEBATES.

Lengthy debates on minor matters should be avoided. They are often provoked and carried on by ambitious movers or opposers of trifling resolutions, who being possessed of more vanity and sound than brains or discretion, and more from an over anxious desire to display their skill and dexterity in obtaining a victory over their adversary, than to advance the cause of temperance, are often the cause of empty benches. The proceedings become interesting to the speakers only, some of whom will not stop after exhausting their subject by everything but sound logic; while others monopolize the time by a sort of whining tautology and periphrase, thereby depriving diffident young members of any chance of taking part in the debate; and others, weary of the subject, yawn, fidget, whisper to each other, or to the chairman, walk softly across the room—go out and come in—get called to order—move the previous question—get out of order, and refuse to stand corrected. Sometimes the subject in debate becomes so intricate and entangled into such a confounded maze of tortuosity, by the warping in of extraneous matter, and so puzzling to all present, that the chairman, after several calls to order, and several attempts of members to obtain the floor, directs the question to stand over for unravelling at a future meeting; when, after several appeals against the decision of the chair, and notices of appeal, and a great deal of squabbling, rodomontade and balderdash, and patience and temper at the extremity of endurance, the business in debate shrivel into thin air, and a motion for adjournment carry, *nem. con.*, without anything having been done to extend the boundaries, lengthen the cords, or strengthen the stakes of temperance.

• FREQUENCY OF MEETINGS, &c.

After much experience, I have come to the conclusion that our meetings have been too frequent to ensure a regular attendance.

Our families demand our prior claims. We have business, religious, and other appointments to attend to, and it would be much better to have a full and regular attendance, with unity of purpose, once a fortnight, than an irregular attendance once a week. If other societies meet regularly and transact their business properly once a month, surely wise teetotallers who lose no time in charging their glasses and drinking toasts in full bumpers, and talking *by steam*, ought to be able to do a large amount of business once a fortnight, by sweeping away the greater part of their inexpedient ceremony and puerile paraphernalia, which is only calculated to make men grow weary of it, as children do of their toys. It must be clear to the comprehension of every body that such things are neither rational nor permanent. We should beware of degenerating into class societies by frequency of meetings. As our design is to embrace all classes, societies and persuasions, we should scrupulously guard against giving offence by words or actions—or interfering in any way with the religious or political opinions of any member, be they what they may. Man who is connected with the highest order of intelligences, “made a little lower than the angels,” requires something more intellectual than frivolous amusements, ceremonies and gew-gaws, especially in this enlightened age, when knowledge is beginning to diffuse its benign influence among all ranks and conditions of men.

BENEFITS AND FINES.

As there are many excellent institutions for investing money for future contingencies, temperance organizations should never have been benefit societies. Such has caused much loss of time, and interrupted the legitimate business of the meetings by payments of money, keeping accounts, investments, &c., and by delicate and acrimonious debates as to eligibility of applicants for relief. I once visited a sick member (officially) who was an applicant for benefits, and found him not so nigh unto death as to

delirium tremens. They have also, for many years, been the cause of the dues being too high for many members, who never would have accepted benefits; they have retarded the progress of the societies which have introduced them, and ought to be swept away.

Fines for non-attendance should be totally abolished; those who subject themselves to fines and come with flimsy excuses to be exempted from them, evince a laodicean zeal for the cause, and are not worthy of being members; if they hold offices, they should be deprived of them at the earliest opportunity. A society might as well collapse at once as to attempt to coerce a regular attendance by the imposition of fines.

IRREGULAR ATTENDANCE.

To irregular attendance may be attributed our drawbacks, embarrassments, misunderstandings, expulsions, and everything opposed to our welfare. No organised body, whether civil, political, or military, can exist by irregular attendance. Taking into consideration that our society is conducive to health, wealth, and morals, a safeguard against the most alluring snare of the devil—a stronghold for all who are struggling to fly for refuge from a barbarous enemy who gives no quarter, who demands our united efforts to suppress, it ought to be held in high estimation, and receive the cordial co-operation of all right-thinking men; how much more by its own members, many of whom might have been miserable misanthropes were it not for the good Samaritans who brought them within its pale! Our society seems to be taken advantage of for its very name. “I belong to the temperance society” acts like a talisman against the strongest invitations to liquor, and prevents collisions with tavern bars, side boards, and *portable liquor barrels*, and is one of the strongest credentials for offices of trust and emolument. Apart from his personal benefit, a member should be possessed of higher and more benevolent aims than going through an initiation ceremony, for the mere purpose of using the

name of the society to shield him from temptation. He should remember what happened the man who rolled up his pound in a napkin. His ingratitude in irregularly attending the meetings of his society, leaving a few "good men and true" to work for and transact the business of the society, of which he is as much a member as any of them, is sure to recoil on himself. A little reflection must shew him that such conduct hedges in the field of temperance—that if all members were like him, the cause of temperance must fall to the ground.

"He who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

The man who is negligent in his attendance can take no interest in his society; he not only loses the benefit of what talented members may bring forward, and deprives them of the benefit of his services, but by his ignorance of the business of previous evenings, he causes loss of time by explanations, and leaves himself open to the temptation of his old craving desire for stimulants and inebriating associations, and loses zeal for the cause which he solemnly promised to sustain. It is to be regretted that the campaign should be protracted by being left to such forlorn hopes as those who work for the present temperance organizations, while those who should be reserves and supports keep at such a distance that they might as well be within the enemy's lines.

SUBSCRIPTION LISTS

Should not be encouraged in business meetings. Members have numerous calls on them outside of them, and many see a retrieving necessity for money for their families and other indispensable objects, as rent, taxes, fuel, the baker, the butcher, the grocer, the milkman, the vegetable man, the laundress, the servants' wages, the draper, the tailor, the shoemaker, the cabinet maker, the schoolmaster, the doctor, the clergyman, subscriptions to charitable institutions, and many other contingencies. No wonder therefore, that poor men feel a delicacy in giving their reasons for

declining to subscribe to objects which may be very good for the time being, but which, for various reasons, very generally turn out worthless, or evanescent temperance enterprises. Judging from past experience, and the negligence evinced in the payment of dues, it is obvious that members will be inclined to desert meetings where they are beset and importuned by whining duns for subscriptions. Everything having a tendency to discourage the attendance of members ought to be discountenanced, especially subscriptions. It has been tritely remarked that if you make a man a teetotaler you shut up his pocket—a strong proof of the excellence of temperance societies in leading a man to see the value of his money, especially when he is bored by canvassing agents who doubtless made the trite remark, and who were in the habit of getting initiated into our societies more for the sake of their business operations than zeal for the spread of temperance.

[Here Ben's lecture was abruptly brought to a close, in consequence of an important note from Mrs. Hare, requiring his immediate presence.]

The next sketch in my *Portfolio* relates to

MR. AND MRS. JENKINS.

Isaac Jenkins was a person of influence and respectability, jovial, kind, and popular among his class,—a kind husband and affectionate parent, and so mild and even-tempered and so upright in his business dealings, that he did not know of a single enemy he had. There was scarcely a party given in the neighbourhood to which Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins were not invited. By his own good nature, however, and the mistaken friendship and hospitality of his acquaintances, at their side-boards and other places he was almost ruined with the best of liquors. He saw this, and feared the consequences, but for a long time he had not the moral courage to break off, and after intervals of teetotalism and tippling, and suffering acutely from the effects of liquor, without ever having

been seen tipsy by his neighbours, who, knowing nothing of the pain he inwardly felt, judged him rather harshly by the taint of his breath. Hearing this he plucked up courage, and joined one of the orders of temperance, and in all probability (if properly encouraged) he would have drawn scores after him. He attended several meetings, but instead of mutual friendship, unity of purpose and sentiment, and plans laid to win others to join them, the evenings passed away in ceremony and frivolous debates—hence his discouragement, which led to irregular attendance and the weakening of his temperance principles. One evening after he returned from business, tea over, and the little ones retired, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins sat alone, and after some general conversation, she said, "Isaac, does your society meet to-morrow evening?" "I believe it will," he replied, "but I guess they are not going to catch me in their meetings once a week to sit there in listless supineness, or take part in discussions about funds, fines, benefits, offices, regalia, by-laws, ceremonies, and various other petty points of discipline, or pic-nics, the expediency of which, in view of the temptation there to breach of pledge by weak members, is very questionable—or to be forcing me on committees, or into some ceremonial sinecure. They may be very well satisfied with having my name on their muster roll, and getting my dues promptly, without losing my time and denying myself social enjoyment or a good library, by attending a place where little or nothing is done for the cause of temperance." It must be admitted that Mr. Jenkins displayed a great deal of apathy and indifference for his society in the foregoing reply to his wife, by refusing and neglecting to attend and aid in removing the objectionable parts of which he complained, and by using the word "they" instead of "we" in speaking of his society, of which he was as much a member as any of them.

CHARACTERS INVITED TO A PARTY.

"Besides," continued Mr. Jenkins, "we are invited to spend the evening at Mr. Jolly's." "O yes," replied Mrs. Jenkins, "we must not, under any circumstances, miss that. I understand it will be a brilliant affair; the Jollys have gone to great expense during the past week in making preparations for it; they have got a splendid new carpet, and have taken down a partition and removed a great deal of the furniture, and Dorathy and Clara have got beautiful dresses and various other valuable articles for the occasion." "Have you heard who are invited?" said Mr. Jenkins. "I have," replied Mrs. Jenkins. "Miss Clatterbuck called on me to-day; she was to see Mrs. Trotter, who had just returned from Jolly's, where she got a list of those who have been invited. Let me see: there are Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Beveridge, Miss Crookshanks and Miss Silverthorn, Doctor Tipple and his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Soaker and their son Phill."—"I am sorry," interrupted Mr. Jenkins, "that they invited those Soakers; they are perfectly endless. You remember how they staid so late at our party, and wearied our patience, until long after every guest had gone away." "O let them rip," replied Mrs. Jenkins, "they will do us no harm. Well, to resume my list, there are Mr. Singer and his three daughters, Jim Bounce and his mother,—how many's that?" "I'm not counting," said Jenkins. "Well, no matter," said Mrs. Jenkins, "we'll count them up when we get through the list;—there is Lawyer Winder and his mother, Jeremiah and Sally Croaker, the Bakers, the Cooks, and the Foxes, and young Mr. Primrose."

A S N O B.

"What a handsome, gentlemanly young man he is, and so neat in his person, and so attentive to the ladies, and he has such a delightful name, Ernest Edwin Lee Alphonzo! Do you know, I'm told he is in love with our Mary; I wish she had him." "I wish

nothing of the kind," said Jenkins. "He is not the polished, profound luminary you take him to be, I assure you. I have on several occasions observed his vacant countenance, poverty of intellect, and inattention when the subject was not congenial to his puerile fancy, as sentimental poetry, and the ladies' companion to the flower garden—which seem to be his hobbies. He is in the habit of interrupting the conversation of others, which not only displays his vacancy, and shallow-brained conceit, but exposes a rudeness and vulgarity which he would avoid as he would a pestilence were the eyes of his understanding not darkened by his vanity. He is nothing but a feather-headed snob, who loses too much of his precious time with his hair, his kids, his rings, trinkets, and pomatum, by which, and his mincing and dandy airs in the streets, and trying to do the amiable, he gets sneered at by sensible people. What is his profession?" "He is a clerk in the *Ways and Means* Department," replied Mrs. Jenkins, "and has a salary of two hundred pounds per annum, on which, with a little economy, he and Mary could keep up a very respectable appearance until their family would increase, when he would get promoted, and have a large increase to his salary." "I repeat it," replied Mr. Jenkins, "Mary shant have him. I admit that his salary is very good, and more than he could procure elsewhere; and that there are excellent men employed as clerks by the government. Yet many of them are young men who have neither energy nor intelligence to make a living by professions, commerce or agriculture, and men who abandoned their trades and professions because they had neither means nor tact to succeed in them. I have known young men who were grievously disappointed because their political interest was not strong enough to get them into government situations, and it was most fortunate for them that they failed in their object, as they turned their energies and talents to other pursuits, and are now independent. After leading sedentary lives, and living up

to, and sometimes beyond their means in trying to emulate each other in dress, housekeeping, party giving, &c., several clerks get worn out in the service, and become dependent on their friends during the evening of life. A government clerk who is in the habit of obtaining credit for the necessities of life, is either in a very reckless or a very unprosperous position. A system of credit is necessary to enable parties engaged in trade and commerce to carry on their business; but those who are obliged to depend solely on moderate salaries for their living, should, for their own comfort and the well-being of their families, make it a fixed rule to pay cash on delivery for every article they require, which is the cheapest and best method of household economy. The government acts wisely in giving liberal salaries, as rents, fuel, provisions, &c., are higher at the seat of government than in other places. While clerks in commercial and other departments are in positions in which they may aspire, and rise to partnerships and independence, government clerks are excluded from all chance of rising to wealthy positions, and have no prospect of pensions. Besides, having fewer office hours than mercantile clerks, they are exposed to temptations which may lead to errors, for which, after many years' service, they would be dismissed, when, from the very nature of their positions, they would be rendered almost as unfit for mercantile service as soldiers leaving the army, and which errors might have little or no injurious effects on clerks in mercantile business. A government that pays its servants liberally gets its work done well, and cheapest in the end, not by a horde of incompetent clerks politically pitch-forked into office, but by men of the highest order of talent. I believe the principal reason why the British government stands pre-eminently high among the nations is, that its servants are more intelligent and better paid than those of any other nation. Instead of frittering away their time in frivolous amusements, and trying to imitate young army officers and others in extravagant trines,

and mincing on the streets, young men who are clerks in the government should act wisely by improving their time in moral and scientific subjects, by making themselves useful in benevolent and religious societies, and in economising their salaries, putting what they can spare into profitable investments. By such a course of action they would, in a few years, become good and useful citizens; and with prudent wives, living within their means, keeping in view sickness and other unforeseen circumstances, and, above all, living for a heavenly inheritance, they would enjoy every blessing designed for them by the Almighty. Nevertheless, I would not consent to a son of mine taking a clerkship in the government, neither will I consent to Mary taking young Primrose. Is she much attached to him?"

"I do not think she is in love with him," replied Mrs. Jenkins, "nor do I think she hates him; neither do I think she would be much disappointed if the acquaintance ceased; but I think he must be very fond of her, as he comes here very often." "Well, then," said Jenkins, "every time he comes, let Mary be engaged, or out, or unwell—do you understand?" "Would you believe it, Isaac," said Mrs. Jenkins, "I declare Jim Bounce had the assurance to come here after Mary last Thursday, and actually asked me to allow her to take a drive with him." "Who is he?" inquired Jenkins. "He is the son of old Bryan Bounce, yoleped 'Paddy Bad Luck,' who keeps the liquor store on Newgate street, and is just a shopman for his father. I declare I fancied he had the smell of liquor. Of course I said Mary had an engagement for the evening." "If," replied Jenkins, "he had asked me to allow her to have a drive with him, I would have given him a drive that would have upset his assurance; I would rather have Frank Workman for Mary than a shipload of Primrose. Frank is a manly fine fellow, who, if he sticks to his teetotalism, will turn out a wealthy, respectable man. I would cheerfully give him half what I possess for Mary's sake. Do you think she likes him?" "I can't

say," replied Mrs. Jenkins, "but never mind, I think I can use a little generalship in that quarter with the old people. I wish you had seen Mary to-day when she tried on her new dress; she looked really beautiful. But about the list for the party,—there will be Henry Fiddler and his sister, Miss Honeyman, Jemima and Lucy Lovelace, old Sam Porter and his two cousins, Eli and Caleb Sherry, Charley Leech and Emma Clegg, the Glasses, the Dancers, the Kettyles, Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Piper, and the whole of the Walkers, the Hookers, the Crooks, the Potts, and the Light-foots, Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Doolittle, Nancy Stinson and Kate Sheals, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, Ben Fish, old Davy Horner and his cousin, Tom Swallow, and Peter Flint, the grocer,—now I think that's all."

OLD TOM AND OLD HORNER.

"Oh! there's another, an old acquaintance of yours. I had almost forgotten him; he is an intimate acquaintance at Mr. Jolly's. I think he is a Dutchman; he was a constant companion of yours: now guess who he is." "Why, I really cannot," replied Mr. Jenkins. "Now, that is strange," said Mrs. Jenkins; "you often sought his aid in your troubles. Many a morning you consulted him before breakfast, and several times in the course of the day, and you have often introduced him as a jovial companion to your friends, in the course of business, at parties, and in our house in the evenings, but at last you found out that he deceived you and caused you to lose much of your valuable time, and still you would not quit his company until he picked your pockets, knocked you down on several occasions, and left you on a bed of sickness, where he nearly knocked the brains out of you, and yet you cannot guess who he is." "Why, who in the name of wonder can he be!" said Mr. Jenkins. "You might as well try to row up the falls of Niagara in a camp kettle with a crow bar for an oar, as get me to go to Jolly's to-morrow evening, if such a scoundrel is ad-

mitted. Who is he?" "Why," said Mrs. Jenkins, "don't you remember *Old Tom*?" "Ah! now I have you," said Mr. Jenkins. "I guarantee I shall not renew acquaintance with that treacherous old miscreant to-morrow evening. I can now look him straight in the face and hurl defiance at him; but who is old Horner? I have not heard of him before," continued Mr. Jenkins. "Don't you remember?" replied Mrs. Jenkins. "When Mr. Simple was telling us how long the Antideluvians lived because they drank no liquors, it was old Horner who said that if Methuselah had taken an occasional 'horn,' he might have been alive yet, and then repeated the poem:

'A g'ass in the morning is good for the sight,
And he that drinks well all day, sleeps well all night.'

THE MISSES WALKER.

"I do pity those Walker girls," said Mr. Jenkins, "because they give themselves a great deal of unnecessary pain and solicitude in struggling to emulate their richer neighbors. Any article of furniture or dress which they see at a party or any other place, they worry their poor father, irrespective of his position or means, until they obtain one as good if not better; they are always late in going to church, for the purpose of letting the congregation see them, and are guilty of the reprehensible conduct of whispering and looking about them there, to the annoyance of seriously disposed Christians, who, although they are too delicate to reprimand them personally, feel no qualms of conscience in animadverting on such conduct, not only to the minister but to all their acquaintances. And they do assume such airs and pretensions in the street, and in church, passing, with disdainful affectation, young women in as good positions as respects their father's avocation as themselves, but who, by living within their means, have a little less dress and furniture; and they go mincing about as if they were but a short degree removed from nobility, and cannot

bear to hear their father's occupation named, feeling ashamed of the very business to which they are indebted for their food, raiment, education and comforts. And in their stretch to get husbands higher in position than themselves, they will miss their equals and their aim, and probably die old maids. Such a course of action keeps their poor father in constant anxiety to keep the sheriff out, and absorbs their time, which should be usefully employed in household affairs, in show and superficials on the streets. They should be aware that young men understand everything connected with their father's position and their circumstances, and will not marry them unless they would be placed in the unenviable position in which, by a penchant for dress and show off, they have placed their father." "I am sorry to say there are plenty like them," said Mrs. Jenkins; "they will not be satisfied with plain, comfortable dress, and furniture, and nice cottages suitable to their positions, and that is the reason we have so many old maids. I can hardly help thinking that such conduct is in a great measure attributable to the mistaken indulgence of parents. I fear we have a great many *Eli* parents now-a-days. There is a description of the training of young misses in Brooke's *Fool of Quality*, an extract of which I will read:—'Again, my dear,' said the mother, 'I warn you that you must not be so fond of the Miss Colosses, who used to visit you in the nursery; for though they are good sort of girls, their parents are people in but middling life, and we never admit them when there's company in the house. And then there's the Miss Sinclairs; how low you curtsied to them yesterday, and what a rout you made about welcoming and entertaining them; but let me have no more of that, for though they are rich, they are cits, and people of business, and a nod of your head or inclination towards a curtsey, with some yeses and noes, when they ask you a question, will be matter enough of salute and discourse from you to them. * * * *

I was talking awhile ago of young Jane Quirp—there's a pat-

tern for you, Harriet, one who never likes, or dislikes, or says or does anything a hair's breadth beyond the pink of the mode; she is ugly, it is true, and very ill-natured, but then she is finely bred, and has all the becoming airs of a miss of distinction. Her you must love my child, and to her you must pay your court, for you must learn to love, and prefer such matters and persons alone as will serve in the *beau monde* to render you noted and respected for the accomplishments in vogue. These lessons and efforts in time have their influence. Miss comes to accommodate her taste and relish of things to the taste and relish of those whom she is proud to resemble; she now is ashamed of nothing, but in proportion as it is below the top of the mode, and she blushes at no indecency that fashion is pleased to adopt. Her whole soul and essence is utilised, and extracted into show and superficials; she learns that friendship in high life is nothing but compliment and visits, intimacies, and connections, the polite grimace of people of distinction; that to talk elegantly upon nothing is the sum of conversation; that beauty and dress are the constituents of female perfection; and that the more we depreciate and detract from others, the more eminently we ourselves shall shine forth and be exalted. She is followed by fops, she is mounted aloft on the wings of flattery, and is hardened against public opinion by self-conceit, while she beholds a circling group of the tailor's creation admiring the harmony of her motions, the fineness of her complexion, and the lustre of her ornaments. The same vanity that bids her to be desirous of conquest, bids her also to despise them; but for the vulgar world, she regards it as the dust beneath her feet, created to no end save to be looked down upon and trodden underfoot.' "

SENSIBLE YOUNG LADIES.

"I am so glad Mary is so sensible," continued Mrs. Jenkins. "I declare, Isaac, you would have been delighted to see how she

did work to-day. She cooked our dinner while Kitty was washing, and did up all the rooms neatly, and she is so handy with her needle, and keeps things so orderly, I am sure she will make an excellent wife. And there are Nancy Stinson and Kate Sheals, amiable, industrious, and intelligent girls. They are never absent from church; they are members of several benevolent societies, and the best collectors in town, and although they are good musicians, and dress well, they find plenty of time for improving their minds by reading excellent books, and are not ashamed to be caught in the performance of any act of household employment, which they are competent to perform, and by which they can promote the interests of their family. Everything is in apple pie order in their house. All I can say is, they will make excellent wives, and I hope they will get husbands worthy of them, and that very soon."

MR. SKINNER—A SHAVER.

"Do you know anything of those Skinners?" said Mr. Jenkins. "I don't know anything of Mrs. Skinner," said Mrs. Jenkins, "but Mr. Skinner is from a place called 'Beggar's Bush,' somewhere in the Highlands of Scotland; he invests his money in the purchase of mortgages and promissory notes, by which he obtains a large percentage; he has the name of being avaricious and unfeeling, and taking advantage of the necessities of poor people. When appealed to on several occasions lately by kind friends for industrious, hard working people with large families, for a reduction of exorbitant interest, and for time to pay, he said he was obliged to press for payment, as he could not keep his money idle; that by giving way to such maudlin sympathy he got well bitten, and he was determined not to be caught again. Besides it was an unwarrantable interference with his business; he did not ask people to borrow his money; if they could better themselves they would not apply to him; that he had a perfect

right to dispose of his money as he thought proper, and to the best advantage, as any other commodity—keeping in view the risk and nature of the security. He would be most impertinent if he made such freedom with people in the disposal of their dry goods or groceries, &c. Many a man he relieved and kept out of the sheriff's hands by lending him money. In fact, he considered himself a philanthropist. He is a nasty old miser (a word the origin of which means a miserable wretch). Mrs. Skinner cannot get a pin's worth of dress or anything without his knowledge; he keeps the key of the tea caddy, and interferes with everything about the kitchen. I am told he carries a calliper in his pocket to measure eggs when he goes to market, and that in consequence of their miserable table no girl will live with them longer than one month. When a military band was passing his house one morning, Peggy, the cook, attracted by the music, ran from her apology for a breakfast to look at them, when she held a slice of a loaf as thin as a wafer before her eyes, and which old Skinner cut for the breakfast. 'Why do you hold that bread before your eyes?' said he. 'I am looking at the band through it,' replied Peggy; whereupon he ordered her off to finish her breakfast, which, when she had done she gave notice to quit, as she could not afford to buy a small loaf every day out of her wages." While on the subject of old Skinner, Mr. Jenkins read for Mrs. Jenkins the following extracts:—"Diligence and activity in business is the duty of every man, but the keenness and unwearied exertion so frequently displayed in the accumulation of wealth are very different, and ought to be distinguished from that dutiful attention which every man ought to exercise in procuring the means of comfortable subsistence. When we look around us in the world, and even on the conduct of many Christians, one would be almost apt to conclude, that the acquisition of riches and honors is the great object of pursuit, and the ultimate end of human existence. For men will make sacrifices, and expose themselves

to inconvenience and dangers to acquire money which they would refuse to do in order to supply the wants of a poor and afflicted family. A man who is under a griping influence will sometimes exhibit an apparent decency and respectability of conduct to general society; he will seldom be distinguished for gluttony, drunkenness or debauchery, for such indulgences run counter to his love of gain and his hoarding propensities; he will even attend with punctuality on the public ordinances of religion, and for the sake of character will give his penny collections for the poor. Among his neighbours he may enjoy the reputation of being a sober, industrious, frugal character, and be set in contrast with the profligate and the profane, but all the while his heart is set upon his covetousness. To acquire money by every means that will not subject him to the criminal laws, is the great and ultimate object of his pursuits. His whole affections are absorbed in the accumulation of wealth, and whatever semblance he may assume, he worships and serves the creature more than the creator. He is hard and griping in every bargain he makes; he grinds the faces of the poor, and refuses to relieve the wants of the needy; he envies the man who is richer or more prosperous than himself; he thinks he has a right to be rich, and he murmurs against the dispensations of Providence when his schemes are frustrated; he is dissatisfied with what he has acquired; he denies himself those sensitive comforts which Providence has put within his reach, and almost starves himself in the midst of riches and plenty; he stint the comforts of his family and dependents, imparting to them the necessities of life in shreds and crumbs, and stooping to the meanest and most debasing expedients in order to save a shilling; he is determined to hold fast his treasure to the last moment, in spite of every remonstrance, until at length his soul takes its downward flight to that world for which it was prepared. If a man had been intended to live the life of a miser, he would rather have been formed into the shape of an ant to dig

among mud and sand and putrefaction, to burrow in crevices of the earth and to heap up seeds and grains, against the storms of winter, in which state he would live according to the order of nature, and be incapable of degrading his mental and moral powers. There cannot be a more absurd and preposterous exhibition than that of a man furnished with powers capable of holding a sublime intercourse with his Almighty Maker, and of perpetual progression in knowledge and felicity throughout an interminable round of existence, yet prostrating those noble powers by concentrating them on one sole object of amassing a number of bank notes which are never intended to be applied to any rational or benevolent purpose, as if a man were raised no higher in the scale of intellect than the worms of the dust. In many cases you might as well expect to cut through the Alpine rocks with a stroke of a razor, as cut a passage through the adamantine hearts of the covetous by any arguments or denunciations which the reason of man or the word of God suggest. Were it not for avarice, we should have our towns and cities divested of every nuisance, our streets broad and spacious, the light of heaven, and the refreshing breeze visiting every dwelling, our highways clean and smooth, and adorned with refreshing bowers, asylums for the industrious poor, seminaries for the instruction of all ranks and ages in useful knowledge, and innumerable other improvements for promoting the happiness of the social state."

BAILIFFS.

"I wonder very much," said Mrs. Jenkins, "that the Foxes were invited. I always considered them a purse-proud, vulgar, forward family. Do you know anything of them?" "They are a set of upstarts," said Jenkins; "Old Fox was nothing but a landlord's bailiff in Ireland." "What is a bailiff?" inquired Mrs. Jenkins. "A bailiff in Scotland," replied Jenkins, "is a magistrate: thus, you have heard of *Baile Nichol Jarvie* in the

play of Rob Roy, which means that he was a magistrate ; so, also, in Italy, a bailiff means a magistrate. In Hebrew and Syriac, it means a lord or chief. In England, sheriffs have been styled king's bailiffs ; so far, you will say, all those are first class bailiffs. In England and Ireland, men appointed to act as messengers to sheriffs, and serve summonses and other papers on jurors and others, and execute ejectment, seizure, arrest, and other writs, are called sheriffs' bailiffs.

" In Ireland there are bailiffs called process-servers, whose duty is confined to the service of processes or summonses on debtors for quarter sessions ; they receive from government a salary of about £20, and a fee of 6d. for each summons they receive. They are exceedingly unpopular, especially with honest debtors, who are pressed by rapacious creditors and subjected to costs, seizures, loss, anxiety, and sometimes arrest and gaol. Landlords and their agents employ men for collecting rents, in Ireland, from small tenants, and empower them to seize crop, stock and furniture, and drive cattle to the pound for rent ; they are called bailiffs and sometimes drivers, and have generally been looked upon by tenants as insidious, double dealing and dangerous, and are therefore, unwelcome visitors, be their business what it may. I believe old Fox was one of this class of bailiffs. There are also bailiffs appointed by magistrates in Ireland for serving summonses and executing decrees for petty and quarter sessions ; they arrest and put people in gaol for debt, and are sometimes called *grippers*, *shoulder-slappers*, *watching-toms*, &c. In most parts of Ireland, those who take the office, must be uncouth, low bullies, reckless of life and limb. The people have such a strong feeling of sympathy for each other in distress, that when a process-server is seen coming into a townland, he is telegraphed from hill to hill ; and it is not much wonder they don't like to see a man whose presence terrorizes them with impending calamity and gaol ; But bold and daring as bailiffs are, they have been on many oc-

casions severely treated in defiance of law. In some places, when the process-server came in, strangers were in the house, and took from him the process he intended to serve, dipped it in water, then spread it on a thin slice of bread, and buttered it all over and made him eat it. One was seen coming to a house to serve a process; the doors of country houses are plain, each having a small round hole high breast for the finger to enter from the outside to lift a wooden latch and effect an entrance without knocking; the bailiff knocked and tried the latch, but there was no admittance. 'Holloa in there!' said he, 'if yez don't open the door, al brak it in!' In reply, a person imitating a child's voice, said, 'Me can't ope e door, put in e finge e an lift e latch!' Whereupon the bailiff thrust in his finger, which was immediately snigged off with something like a carving knife, and on his roaring out 'Murther!' the voice from within said 'Put in e oddy one.' Where a personal service was required, or an arrest to be made, strangers were generally placed in the house, who played some outlandish tricks on the bailiff, such as blindfolding, confinement, ducking, or making him march in grotesque form for the amusement of the neighbours. People, however, have become wiser, and there is not so much resistance to law as formerly."

GUAGERS AND POTEEN.

"Do you know the Lightfoots?" said Mrs. Jenkins. "Yes," said Jenkins, "they are a respectable family. Mr. Lightfoot was a guager in Ireland and Scotland for many years, a post which he could not have held were he not a gentleman." "What are guagers?" inquired Mrs. Jenkins. "They are," replied Jenkins, "excise officers appointed by government to make periodical returns of all liquors and other articles subject to duty made and sold in their respective districts, and formerly it was their duty to prevent people from making or selling strong liquors without a license. Some of the peasantry in Ireland have been in the habit

of making whisky called *poteen*, in miserable huts in hidden places, and so constructed and guarded as to elude the vigilance of the guagers. They did the principal part of their work at night, and always kept a look out, who, when he saw a guager or a suspicious-looking stranger, gave the alarm by shouting "Mad dog," whereupon they hid their stock and apparatus, if possible, and took to their heels; and no wonder, as every person found in the distilling house was liable to be arrested and confined in gaol for six months, and all their grain and liquor seized and destroyed. Many a time they have been put to great loss and consternation by false alarms. Sometimes gentlemen on fowling or hunting excursions have been taken for guagers and put in dread and fear of rough treatment until they proved that they were not guagers. Once they caught a real guager, and after all sorts of rude and frolicsome gestures and merriment without inflicting any injury, they blindfolded and carried him by the legs and arms a considerable distance, singing a merry tune all the way, to a shallow bog-hole where they pitched him in and kept him floundering about until they hid all their distilling material and apparatus,—hence the well known tune, 'Paddy was up to the guager.' Although they often escaped and made great profits of their grain, by the high price of the liquor, it was at great risk and hardship, and was at best a reckless, ruinous traffic, they were in continual terror while robbing the government of the revenue, and when caught they were fined, imprisoned, their implements and stock-in-trade destroyed, and their families suffered great privation in consequence, and they often drank of the liquor they made to such excess that they were easily caught, and neglected their legitimate business. Where any part of their distilling apparatus was found by the guager and soldiers when 'still hunting,' the whole townland was heavily fined, and half the fine given to the informer, and the other half to the guager; this, however, was discontinued, as dishonest guagers and informers were in the habit

of getting distilling apparatus conveyed to places under cover of night and getting the fines. The police are now the only body authorised to prevent illicit distillation, which I am glad to learn is becoming a hopeless enterprise."

LAWYERS.

"I was not aware that young Winder had been admitted to the bar," continued Mr. Jenkins.

"He has been practising above six months," replied Mrs. Jenkins; "he has a very influential connection of friends, and is very likely to take a prominent place in his profession; he is very clever, tolerably handsome, good tempered, and thinks a good deal of Mary. Don't you think he would be an advantageous match for her?"

"Although the law profession is almost the only one that leads to posts of honor and distinction," replied Jenkins, "and although there are excellent men in it, I am no great admirer of it. If a young man entering on the profession is clever, there are great temptations strewn in his path to induce him to step aside, or beyond the bounds of purely honest principles, and which will, if indulged in, most assuredly prevent his safe passage through the valley of the shadow of death. I have known lawyers to become rich by taking advantage of the straits and embarrassments of their clients—one especially, with whom I was particularly acquainted, who held a high position in his church, and who, although he had medical advice that his disease was hurrying him to the tomb, pushed his client debtors with a grinding exaction up to a very short time before his death, first by lending them money to relieve them of their creditors' suits, which he defended, and for which he charged exorbitant sums as interest, or by way of bonus, taking their notes therefor, on which he sued on the very day they fell due, took confessions of judgement, and added costs and interest on principal interest and costs, half-yearly, un-

til in a short time the original debts became nearly doubled, and then, in some instances, took mortgages on the client's property, which when due were foreclosed, and all this while the poor client was using every effort to discharge the debt by occasional small payments.

“From the day on which a young man enters the profession in a popular law office, where there is good practice, he daily witnesses scenes of distress and anguish, in the signing of cognovits, notes, mortgages, &c., and listens to heartrending tales of woe; rapacious and unfeeling money-lenders and revengeful people sue poverty-stricken people and others in straits who, dreading enormous costs, would pay at once if they could; they come with bitter tales of lamentation and recrimination, begging for time, or to stay proceedings, or for some sort of compromise, either of which, if acceded to, would curtail the lawyer's bill of costs; the poor people are, therefore, in most cases unsuccessful,—a *fieri facias* is issued, sheriff's bailiffs go to the house, (the farther off the worse, as mileage is charged for every service, and lastly the execution); the poor mother and children are put in dread and consternation at seeing their furniture and stock removed, which, after years of toil to acquire, and many sleepless nights planning to avert the execution, are sold for very little, to satisfy comparatively small debts, which might have been taken in small instalments at long periods, and enormous costs of lawyers, courts, sheriffs, bailiffs, &c., which might by prudence and patience have been avoided, and a helpless family saved from poverty. Though I speak in this way, I am well aware that the law is an honorable profession, and indispensable for the protection of person and property;—that there are honest creditors and incorrigible debtors, and that lawyers, bailiffs, &c., are necessary evils. If a lawyer is a true Christian, he is not likely to grow rich, as he will do what he can to alleviate the sufferings of those who plead with him for relief, and he will not be identified with any case that is not per-

fectly honest in all its bearings; and he will have few honest cases—the spirit of Christianity ('Love your enemies,' 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you,' &c.) is diametrically opposed to going to law. How could he feel at ease if he thought his gains were wrung from the most straitened and poorest classes of the community? It is said 'Too much study is a weariness of the flesh.' The study of the law is an illustration of this maxim; let any one who questions it go round the courts of assize in Great Britain or Ireland, let him look at the thin, meagre, and in many instances haggard appearance of the learned counsellors there—and it is no wonder they are so; their whole lifetime, night and day, is one continued scene of study, in getting particularly acquainted with the most intricate and conflicting claims to large estates, criminal matters, &c., searching acts of parliament, precedents, text books, &c., and arguing on the most abstruse and difficult points against forensic eloquence. It is true there are exceptions. I have seen burley and corpulent lawyers, and it is said of a *Canadian celebrity* that he 'possesses a portly and commanding figure'; let such be critically reviewed, and it will be found that the majority of them are mere copyists, and *possess* more sound and surface than originality of thought or genuine ability. Now, just allow me to give you an outline of the business of the law student who is faithful to his office, and who intends to make a living by his profession: he must be possessed of an excellent memory, a taste for perfect order, and a good knowledge of book-keeping, mathematics, classics and general science, as he will be professionally brought in contact with all sorts of professions, trades, and callings. There may be changes of partnership where he is articulated, which will cause new sets of books, and cross entries respecting suits and debts, and to which daily reference must be had; he will have charge of ledgers, journals, cash books and blotters,—receipt, memorandum, instruction, letter, and petty cash books; Chancery, Queen's bench,

county court and agency dockets, or books; he will have daily reference to an accumulation of deeds and papers of clients, and proceedings papers of the various courts, orderly and alphabetically arranged, and the copying, endorsing and posting of innumerable letters; preparing summonses, declarations, bills, answers, replications, rejoinders, sur-rejoinders, demurrers, briefs, judgment rolls, notices of motion, rules nisi and absolute, and various writs, &c., attending courts, sheriff, law, and other offices; to take out writs and other papers; to swear, serve, and file papers; and to search records in registry and other offices as to property titles; receiving and paying money of clients; taking instructions to sue and make conveyance of property, &c.; winding up partnership and other estates, sifting for information, watching the business proceedings of doubtful debtors; examining witnesses; guarding against informalities and exceptions, and taking advantage of them to throw opponents over for a term to gain time for clients; drafting and engrossing all sorts of conveyancing and judgment papers, entering judgments, making up bills of costs; dunning and suing for costs; keeping his eyes wide open and his brain clear to detect errors, and peruse papers sent by opponents as to property titles, memorandum of agreement; advising clients at a distance as to solvency of debtors; arguing with impatient and vulgar opponents; keeping good temper; recollecting everything and finding every requisite paper at once; studying acts of parliament, text books, precedents, and all sorts of law books, and attending law lectures, as well as the little amenities of life; and when the time of articles is expired, he must pass a critical examination before the benchers, pay large law fees, and about two thousand dollars for a law library, and then the young lawyer is only entered upon his life of laborious study. Surely, one would think that for his time, study and expense the government ought to allow a remunerative tariff of costs. Then with all his knowledge, if he is clever, and not scrupulously honest, he will

doubtless grow rich, and woe to the litigious clients who get into his meshes.

'When their cause is first beginning,
They are only thinking of winning;
Attornies slyly grinning,
Just when their cash they draw.
And when their cause is ending,
Their case is no ways mending,
Expenses always attending,
Win or lose a suit at law.'

MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

"Under all circumstances, I would rather have a minister of the gospel for Mary than a lawyer." "Well, indeed, Isaac," replied Mrs. Jenkins, "Mary shan't have a minister with my consent; so you may make your mind easy on that point. Minister indeed! are you not aware that very few of them are in positions to support wives, and most of those who have large families have a gloomy prospect for them, especially if they are daughters; there's no class of men so badly paid and it is a burning shame in a Christian community. Our Lord said: 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' A minister ought to be placed in a position to command the respect due to his dignity, and far beyond the carking cares and poverty of this world, so that his time, energy and talents might be fully given to his sacred calling. We shall never be right until we have a respectable well, furnished manse or parsonage adjoining each church in the country, and liberal salaries given to our ministers; and to provide for them and their helpless families, when they retire from the ministry, an insurance should be effected on each married minister's life for at least £500, or on some sliding scale according to circumstances, and on the death of a minister the insurance money should be put into the worn out ministers' fund, and profitably invested for their benefit. This would keep up a respectable fund, and might be effected with very little more than the present contributions. The debt on churches is a terrible draw-back to the support of active and superannuated

ministers and their families, and in some places to the progress of the church in general. As the great burthen falls on the most faithful of the church members, many will be deterred from becoming members, and some driven to backslide in view of constant and heavy demands made on their hard-earned money which their families are obliged to economise with much care to make ends meet, while most of the pew-holders get off with paying pew rent only, which rent in many places is absorbed in paying debts on church edifices. What a pity that in such places as Quebec, over £60 a-year must be paid for rent for a minister's house! Why does not some noble-minded lover of the church, with the example of the centurion before him, of whom it was said: 'He loveth our nation and built us a synagogue,' advance the price of a house for the minister, and take it back in small instalments, without interest? and we would soon have a free parsonage, and £60 a-year for all time to come which might be added to that of our poor superannuated ministers' fund. Should not this subject be agitated everywhere where rent is paid for parsonages? It is a great pity to see excellent young ministers who would make the best of husbands, afraid to risk the responsibilities of families, because of the pittance of salaries doled out to them; it is like muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn. The apostle says: 'They that preach the gospel should live by the gospel,' but we don't let them live, we only give them as much as keeps them studying half their time how they can squeeze and screw out a scanty subsistence, and keep the fair side to London. It is said 'the liberal soul deviseth liberal things,' but illiberal souls devise a tough, up-hill, scrambling way of living for their ministers. From a well written article in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for Canada* on this subject, I make the following extracts:—'A minister should be placed above want; his support should enable him to be honest, hospitable, charitable—to educate his children, and to make some provision for old age, so that when voice, and energy, and

strength fail him, he may not go forth penniless, dependent on the cold charities of even good men. Two pious young men were clerks in the same store. One, by far the most gifted, entered the ministry; the other kept on measuring tape and calico. The minister is useful, beloved, but a poor and obscure man; the other is a good man, and useful in his way, and a millionaire. A young minister, at the age of seventeen, gave up a salary of five hundred dollars a year to study for the ministry. He went through a regular academic and theological course, and was then settled on four hundred dollars a-year. And his miserly congregation, that could better afford to double that sum than to starve him, think that they gave him too much! Of what use can a minister of the gospel be to such people? Their souls are not large enough to receive the truth. A Jesuit priest would do them as well. In looking over the church, we note men of the finest character, education and talents, serving large and wealthy congregations, and with salaries miserably inadequate to their support. As judges, lawyers, merchants, they might rise to eminence, but as ministers they are subjected to obscurity and poverty. The faith and devotedness of a minister do not pay his bills, nor clothe his family, nor feed his children, and yet in the proportion of the penuriousness of a people, do they wish their ministers to live by faith. If God would send ravens to feed him, they would like it all the better, for two reasons: they would be fully satisfied that he would be quite a saving to them.' To a minister who has a large family and a small salary, it must be a solemn thought to be called to his reward suddenly, leaving them unprovided for. I wish our congregations would take the whole matter up at once. Only let them carry out my views in a prompt and energetic spirit, and we, ladies, especially those of us who have daughters, will form Ladies' Aid Societies, and canvassing agencies over the length and breadth of the land, and guarantee to build, repair and furnish all our churches and parsonages, and pay the sextons."

“Well, I declare you are a great woman,” replied Mr. Jenkins, “and it is not my intention to argue the point with you, seeing you are not far astray; however, as it regards parsonages, your plan is being carried out in all places where circumstances will permit; the remainder of your plans will require time and patience to develope, and when good times return and church debts are paid off, I have no doubt, we will have well furnished parsonages, and our married ministers will be placed in a better position with respect to salary. We have lost little or nothing yet, however, by the poverty of our ministers, and if we had no daughters to give them in marriage, perhaps we would not be such friendly advocates for them. You know the church in all ages grew laodicean and retrograded just in proportion as its ministers grew rich. Our Lord, who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and all the universe, was so poor at one time (as said by a certain preacher at Brantford) ‘that he had not as much as a York sixpence in his pocket to pay his taxes, until he sent Peter to get it out of a fish’s mouth.’ By the way, I have often thought of Peter going to catch that fish, getting the rod and line ready, looking for the worm, placing it on the hook, casting in the line, and what his thoughts were while he may have tried several places, and watched the cork patiently for a long time without getting a bite, and when he got the first nibble how his heart fluttered as the cork bobbed, sailed, stood on end, and was pulled down, and then how he did pull while the top of the rod bent, the line tightened, and up came the fish dangling on the hook, and was slung out, and how he did run and catch it while it wriggled on the bank, took out the hook, and with his penknife opened its belly, and found therein the ‘piece of money,’ equal in value to one dollar, which he carefully put in his pocket and hurried home to pay the taxman for Jesus and himself. Not that he was afraid of a seizure, as neither of them had much real or personal property beyond Peter’s fishing tackle. I fancy that while sitting on the

bank of Genazareth, watching the cork, he mused on the wonderful scenes he had witnessed on that lake and its banks, while in company with his Lord and Master, viz.: the miraculous draft of fishes, the stilling of the tempest, walking on the water to meet his Lord, the transfiguration, raising the dead to life, and among the numerous diseases which were healed, that of his wife's mother, of a fever. Having been an eye witness to these miracles, his patience would not get exhausted while he sat looking at the cork, and across the water, away up on the side of the green hill where the multitudes sat down in rows, and were fed on the loaves and fishes, and perhaps he saw moored the little craft in which Jesus slept, and stilled the tempest, and the one he himself got out of to walk on the water; and he may have seen in the distance the villages of Nain, where the widow's son died, and Bethany, where Lazarus died. Musing on these and other things in connection with his Lord, he was confident that the same Almighty Being who performed these miracles, who created and redeemed our world, would cause the fish with the money he required to come on his hook; that it required the exercise of His omnipotent power to do so, as well as to create a universe. The circumstance teaches us that we are subject to and must pay the taxes of the country where we live; that our Divine Redeemer who sent that fish on Peter's hook knows the secret of our hearts; that 'a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice;' that he has all power in heaven and on earth; that he is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and that we ought to place the utmost confidence in Divine Providence whose sources are inexhaustible. We are also reminded that, after all the kind friendship he experienced from, and the stupendous miracles he saw performed by his Lord, Peter basely deserted him in his extremity, and cursed and swore that he did not know him; that professors of religion are liable to be tempted to draw back even to perdition; that a look from Jesus will soften the heart of the most obdurate backslider as it

did Peter's; that we still have the same tempting devil who succeeded in the garden of Eden, who offered the kingdoms of this world to our Redeemer, and who tempted by cowardice to forswear his allegiance the bold Peter who cut the ear off a man; that the same Peter has left on record, for our guidance, these words:— 'Be sober, be vigilant, for your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour, whom resist steadfast in the faith.' And again: 'Beware lest ye also being led away by the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness.' But I am digressing. Our ministers are not as badly off as some ministers of other churches; the following, copied in the *Christian Guardian* a short time since, headed 'The true Martyrs,' is in point. The congregational ministers of the east, in quite a number of localities, knew the meaning of small salaries and thread-bare coats. The *Congregationalist* takes the liberty of printing two or three extracts from private letters received. Here is a sample: 'A brother well known to us, of fine education, a thorough sermoniser, and every way an able and good man, not in home missionary employment, and not out of New England, writes and by no means in a complaining spirit, thus:—"I have gone into the pulpit most of the winter with patches upon my garments that few of my hearers would be willing to wear to church; I seldom ride with my family, because I cannot afford to hire a horse, and I often walk to ——— (the market town, five miles off) for the same reason." I have been to see my friends in the other end of the state but twice in the six years of my residence here, and my wife not at all. I have a sister within one hundred and twenty-five miles, who lost her husband within the year, and who has written to me, almost reproachfully, that she has not seen the face of brother or sister since. I am her only brother, and should appreciate the privilege of visiting and sympathizing with her as much as most brothers, to say the least, but pecuniary considerations have prevented.'" A brother whose

name stood high upon the roll in college and in the seminary, whose life has been spent in faithful pastoral service in Massachusetts, says: "I have in use a coat which is entering upon its third summer's service in the pulpit, and the cloth for which was given me by a relative in New Hampshire. My overcoat was made seven years since from an old cloak which I used to wear more than twenty years ago, and but for garments given to me and my family by friends abroad—and those friends far from rich—we should absolutely not have been able to show ourselves in public."

"While I admit," continued Jenkins, "that the pathway of a minister is not strewn with roses, I am aware that there is no avocation in life without its cares, toils and disappointments, and that, although it is the exalted privilege of the members of a church to live in as high a state of grace as the minister, yet by their business connexions in the world they are subject to crosses and temptations, more or less, which the minister by his very profession is comparatively free from. What more honorable position can there be than that of a faithful minister of the gospel—the very profession, so to speak, of our Divine Redeemer? In travelling to and from his appointments, and on his pastoral visits, he admires the grandeur of nature in all its variegated beauty, in all seasons of the year—the towering forest, the lakes, rivers, mountain and valley scenery, the teeming harvests, orchards, gardens and pleasure grounds, flocks and herds, husbandry, commerce and arts, &c. His health is invigorated by plenty of open air, and the best that hospitable tables can afford by people who venerate him; he enjoys a pleasure in the embrace of his wife and little ones on returning from his appointments which is unknown to most people; his mind is expanded by his knowledge of the manners, habits and customs of the people, and he is rejoiced at their advancement in morals and religion, through his instrumentality, and in his anticipation and prospect of shining

as the stars in the firmament for ever and ever. For the sake of the everlasting welfare of Mary, I confess I would like to see her married to a handsome young minister, with a 'portly and commanding figure,' and withal pious, clever, and a good orator, with a pleasing accent; in such a case I would gladly make a little sacrifice for her benefit and the education of her children."

"My dear Isaac," said Mrs. Jenkins, "with all your fine arguments, you have failed to convince me that a minister would be the best husband for Mary. Let us take a cursory glance at his position and labors. Passing over the preparations and critical ordeal he is obliged to undergo before he is admitted into full connexion with the ministry, you are aware of the rigid scrutiny and observation on his conduct in public and private ever afterwards—his long and fatiguing journeys in cold and piercing winds, his feet and hands benumbed with cold, the rain and sleet beating in his face while driving a horse and buggy in pitch dark nights, through mud and sloughs, round stumps, over corduroy bridges, up and down steep and winding hills, and on the edge of precipices, in danger of being upset into ravines and swamped in gulfs, or deep, miry slunks, and sometimes falling sick on the way, his 'turn-out' upset, and he floundering in some mud hole far from help; while thunders roar and lightnings flash, his wife and children lie awake, and fret, and pray for his safety, and instead of rest at the termination of his journey, he must preach, and pray, and speak, before expecting congregations, and after attending to various business in connection with church matters at each of his appointments, he hurries home, not his 'wearied limbs to rest,' but to preach to his congregation or attend some public meeting, and the same night he may be obliged to attend

'Beside the bed where parting life is laid,
And sorrow and guilt and pain by turns dismayed.'

Then think of his officiating at baptisms, marriages, sick beds, funerals, and at numerous religious meetings, and, irrespective of

his frame of mind, he must put on a cheerful countenance, and attend and speak at missionary, Bible, tract, Sunday-school, conference and district meetings—and numerous special, benevolent, temperance, politico-religious, and other public meetings; and preside at various committees, at many of which he must bear with patience the uneven and hasty tempers of sensitive, dogmatical, eccentric and intractable brethren. He must study three or four sermons a week at least, sometimes at a great disadvantage, especially if he has a large family, a stupid servant girl, his wife delicate, the children young, and three or four of them sick, and calling by turns for their pa; irrespective of all these and other drawbacks, he must be prompt in his attendance at all public and private meetings, particularly in the pulpit, where his absence would be the cause of serious disappointment, and preach in many instances to criticising instead of sympathising congregations, while he occasionally labors under the pressure of a severe headache, a cold, an unaccountable depression of spirits, or a painful feeling of sympathy for some loved member of his family laid on a bed of affliction—but preach he must! How providential that so few get overcome, and sit down in the middle of the sermon; and the error which would not affect a church member would be ruin to him and his family. He is not excluded from the possibility of drawing ‘back to perdition.’ He must keep various financial and other records, write numerous letters, and is called upon to act as canvassing agent and collector for books and periodicals, and to make occasional begging tours for church and parsonage building and repairing. This has become so frequent of late, that when a minister is seen in a town or church out of his district, the people *guess* he is on a collecting expedition, and the poor man is often treated with as much coldness as if he were collecting for himself; and being well aware that the church is dependent on the voluntary contributions of its members, he must use such eloquence in pressing for large subscriptions for its nu-

merous funds as will induce the people to give twice as much as they intended to give, and as though he were specially benefitted by such contribution. Every social church gathering is a blank without him—he must be like Goldsmith's brother,

‘Who tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.’

He must study human nature in all its phases, and be ready, ‘in season and out of season,’ to defend his position and doctrine, and meet the case of every inquirer in all sorts of positions, on the broad and narrow ways which terminate human existence, and simplify the plan of salvation to the ignorant and unlearned. He must exhort, reprove and rebuke with all long-suffering people of all conditions, ages, and both sexes, in private and public; and with a view of living on the best of terms with all the members of his congregation, he must visit and accept the invitations of the poor families as well as the rich, and pay no attention whatever to unkind criticisms and slanders against himself, and very little to the confidential complaints of croaking, grumbling church-goers against their brethren, beyond meeting them with the apostle's admonition: ‘If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.’ He is at great expense by the visits of ministers and others from a distance, who made his acquaintance solely in consequence of his position as a minister, and the household affairs of his family are often interrupted by persons on business, who will not retire when their business is done until they get a broad hint to do so, and by thoughtless female visitors, who come at unseasonable hours. His family are also subjected to much trouble and expense by wear and tear of library, clothing, and other household effects, and the loss of valuable friends by periodical removals from place to place during his ministry, in consequence of which his children never can revert with pleasure to the home of their youth, and for weeks after his arrival at his new field of usefulness he labors under many disadvantages in house-

fitting, marketing, lack of tried friends, &c.; and every member of his family, and especially his wife, are subjected to the criticisms of the females and other members of most of the families of the congregation; and he is obliged to give a solemn account of his labors and the religious state of his congregations once a year to his conference or synod; add to all these, and many other labors and anxious cares that come upon him daily, and the sympathies he is expected to share with the afflicted, distressed and bereaved of his congregations, and the numerous charitable calls on his overtaxed light purse, by professionally coming in contact with poverty in its most distressing forms—his perplexing cares and solicitude for the clothing, appearance, education, conduct and prospects of every member of his family, and his circumscribed means for placing them in respectable positions in life (as low positions for sons or daughters of ministers is discreditable to all parties concerned); and what must his feelings be if any member of his family acts so imprudently as to become the subject of complaint by members of his congregation? And here I may remark that ministers' children are as vivacious and as fond of youthful pleasures as other people's children, and it is a great pity that the recreations of their schoolmates and others are so often alloyed with sinful pleasures as to debar them from joining in them, and that parents of the congregations allow those sinful amusements, and criticise and find fault, instead of sympathising with the lonely children of the minister. His whole life is one continued scene of anxious, thoughtful care and study, accompanied with a gloomy prospect of a superannuation allowance scarcely sufficient to procure the necessaries of life, reminding him of the beautiful hymn in which these lines occur :

‘My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.’

Under all the circumstances, unfeeling, selfish and cold, with hearts frozen to thirty degrees below zero, must the narrow-minded,

ungenerous Christian be who would not sympathise with, and act generously toward the faithful minister of the gospel."

"Well, my dear," said Jenkins to his wife, "I believe it will be better for you and I to be very careful how we interfere with Mary in her choice of a husband; we both have confidence in her wisdom and intelligence, therefore, I say let her please herself." "And so say I," replied Mrs. Jenkins, "and this reminds me of an anecdote of Mr. Pitt, the premier, which I was reading to-day Here it is:

"Sir Walter Farquhar, the eminent physician, calling one day on Mr. Pitt, the premier, observed him to be unusually ruffled. 'What is the matter?' exclaimed the patient. 'Why, to tell you the truth,' replied Sir Walter, 'I am extremely angry with my daughter. She has permitted herself to form an attachment for a young gentleman by no means qualified, in point of rank or fortune, to be my son-in-law.' 'Now, let me say one word in the lady's behalf,' returned the minister; 'is the young man you mention of a respectable family?' 'He is.' 'Is he respectable in himself?' 'He is.' 'Has he the manners and education of a gentleman?' 'He has.' 'Has he an estimable character?' 'He has.' 'Why, then, my dear Sir Walter, hesitate no longer. You and I are very well acquainted with the delusions of life. Let your daughter follow her own inclinations, since they appear to be virtuous. You have had more opportunities than I have of knowing the value of affection, and ought to respect it. Let the union take place, and I will not be unmindful that I had the honor of recommending it.' The physician followed the direction of his patient; the lovers were united, and the patronage of the minister testified his satisfaction."

LADY MEMBERS OF TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

"What do you think of Miss Silverthorn?" said Mrs. Jenkins; "isn't she a good-natured, soft, innocent big girl? I wonder

very much that she, being a member of the temperance division, would go to Jolly's party; but I suppose it is because her father does business with Mr. Jolly, and the families have always been on friendly terms." "I admire the girl very much," said Mr. Jenkins, "for her excellent qualities, but not for being a member of the temperance division; all I can say is, she must have very little to do at home when she goes there. It is universally admitted that the influence of women for good in the domestic circle, in religious and benevolent societies, is incalculable; some have carried forward with exemplary patience and perseverance benevolent objects, without sacrificing their home duties; their character has been proved to be a combination of public and private virtue, of domestic charity, and zeal for the temporal and eternal happiness of the human race; the expediency, however, of initiating them into temperance societies has never yet been fully proved. Their utility there is at least questionable; when we consider the little jealousies, likes and dislikes, and social character of the gentler sex of diversified ranks, ages, tempers and tastes, who meet in a temperance division room, where they sit as idle spectators, listening to debates on various matters requiring a large amount of patience and forbearance, while they might be usefully employed, it requires no great stretch of philosophical logic to prove that such a place is not their proper sphere for usefulness; the good they may do (if any) must be evanescent at best, and die with the novelty of the thing. The firmest social society in the world have to the present excluded the ladies; one only, it is said, was initiated into the mystic tie under painful circumstances, caused by what is vulgarly styled 'itching ears.' We read of honorable women who did good service in the community, but when they began to take part with the business of the gentlemen, the great apostle said, 'If they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home.' The presence of women in temperance divisions will never turn the strong current of public opinion in

favor of teetotalism. The heroines of Jericho; women's rights conventions; daughters of temperance; and every organization of the kind failed. With all due deference to the ladies, I am of opinion that they would not be guilty of any dereliction of duty, or of any serious damage to the cause of total abstinence from strong liquors, if they totally deserted division rooms."

THEATRICALS.

"Is it true," said Mrs. Jenkins, "that the Pipers frequent theatres, and that some of them act occasionally as amateurs?" "It is even so," replied Jenkins, "and I fear for the consequences. I am aware there are strong arguments in favor of the stage, but as it will not bear the test from a religious point of view, and as religion is the only thing that can give true happiness in this world, and fit us for everlasting joy, I have abandoned the theatre, not only for conscience, but for example's sake. Who would not shudder at the thought of being summoned from the stage to an eternal stage of existence?"

"But wherein do the evils of theatricals consist?" said Mrs. Jenkins.

"In loss of time," replied Jenkins, "which should be profitably employed for the benefit of our religious, philanthropic, and literary institutions, our families, poor relatives and neighbors; in contributing to the support of actors and actresses who should be profitably employed in productive and useful avocations in life; in wasteful expense by dress, and various other things, for the sake of show and emulating richer neighbors, by which many pinch themselves of the comforts of life, and find it hard to pay their debts; it leads to various temptations while the feelings are in a state of pleasurable excitement by music, and passion-exciting performances, and in listening to the ribald jests and blasphemous language of actors in attractive and voluptuous dresses

personating the sinful acts of wicked men and women in their intrigues, deceit, jealousies, revenge and murder.

"Of all the tempting and fascinating allurements incident to our youth of both sexes, none is more dangerous than the theatre, often resulting, by the friendships formed there, in estrangement of the mind from business and literary pursuits, family attachments, and in unhappy marriages, or worse. How many young people of both sexes, and bright prospects, have been lured from comfortable homes to the stage, in consequence of the example set by their parents in taking, or allowing them to be taken to the theatre? Children being more susceptible of evil—especially that which is pleasing to the senses—than good, are made precocious, and their intellects too early developed to their future injury, by being brought in contact with vain and frivolous amusements.

‘The mind impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees.’

"The youngsters are delighted with the music, the scenery, and the tinselled dresses; they are amazed at the tragedy, mirthful at the farce, pleased with the applause, and anxiously look out for the bill and programme for the next night's performance, and keep rhyming in the ears of their parents and servants: 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!'—'Lay on, Macduff! and d—d be he who cries hold enough!'—'Angels and ministers of grace defend us! be thou a spirit of health or goblin d—d?' The performance on Saturday night, and their anticipation of that for Monday night, excite their imagination, and dreams of Yorick's skull, ghosts, gipsies, Macbeth's witches, daggers, murders, &c., perplex them during divine service on Sunday, where they are taken by their parents, who cannot, without downright mockery (if Episcopalians), join in the sublime prayers of the church. In the *Confession* they pray thus:—'And grant, O most merciful Father, for His sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous and sober life, to the glory of Thy holy name. Amen.' In the

Absolution:—"That those things may please him which we do at this present, and that the rest of our life hereafter may be pure and holy, so that at the last we may come to his eternal joy." In the *General Thanksgiving*:—"That we may shew forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days." In the prayer *For all conditions of Men*:—"That all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life." And in the *Collect at the Communion*:—"Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee and worthily magnify thy holy name."

"But is not the drama," said Mrs. Jenkins, "calculated to extend our knowledge of history, to prompt us to study the lives of eminent characters who bore conspicuous parts in the various ages of the world, expand our ideas, and enlarge our views of human nature—make us more social, enlarge the circle of our acquaintances, and is it not the most convenient and pleasurable recreation after the business, cares and toils of the day; and does it not draw the attention of young men and others, who would otherwise frequent dram-shops and sundry other haunts of evil to be found in all places where theatres are established, and where health and reputation are ruined?"

"Without entering into a lengthy reply to your questions," said Jenkins, "I may just say that we have plenty of standard history and literary institutions to extend our knowledge of history, &c.; that the friendship formed within the walls of a theatre is exceedingly dangerous to youth; that its drawing people from haunts of vice is a flimsy argument for doing evil that good may come. If it is productive of good results, why do not our clergymen take their families there, and recommend it from the pulpit and on their pastoral visits? They are men of like passions

with ourselves, and if it is wrong for them to countenance and support the stage, it must be wrong for us to do so.

"When young people, having practised amateur theatricals, are allured to the stage, many of them go from step to step, and by constant excitement under the inebriating effect of popular applause, and the stimulating effects of strong liquors, putting forth all the powers of memory and energy in learning new pieces, until nature prematurely gives way, the memory becomes oblivious, and the strength and intellect too much exhausted for the profession, they finally wind up in some charitable institution. I admit, however, that there have been admirable exceptions, most of whom abandoned the stage in early life for marriage or some other settlement, or in disgust.

"While on the subject of theatricals, I am reminded of an attractive bill handed me while returning from the store yesterday, by Tom Kennedy—here it is:

'UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!

THEATRE ROB-ALL.

SOLE LESSEE, THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS.—STAGE-MANAGER, GENERAL ALCOHOL.

By Permission, and under the immediate Patronage of his Satanic Majesty,
THE BACCHANNLIAN AMATEURS!!

Will continue to perform, daily, for the benefit of
MESSIEURS DISEASE, CRIME, & DEATH,

THE POPULAR TRAGEDY OF

"INTOXICATION!!"

OR, THE DISTILLER AND HIS VICTIMS!!!

In two Grand Acts of Human Degradation and Ruin!!!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Palpitation of the Heart,	Ungovernable Passions,	Palsy,
Inflammation of the Brain,	Wounds without Causes,	Tremours,
Do Lungs,	Dislocations,	Hypochondria,
Do Stomach,	Fractures,	Epilepsy,

Inflammation of the Heart,	Morbid Irritability,	Delerium Tremens,
Do Liver,	Rheumatism,	Insanity,
Do Kidneys,	Dropsy,	Frightful Delusions,
Bile,	Mental Dejection,	Spontaneous Combustion,
Dysentery,	Apoplexy,	Suicide, &c., &c.

SCENE 1st.—In the background the Distiller's men may be seen taking the fruits of the earth, viz:—Wheat, Barley, Oats, &c., and, by a process which deprives them of Nutrition, and by the aid of Alcohol, Vitriol, White Copperas, Prussic Acid, Blue Stone, Logwood, &c., &c., converting them into Fiery Liquor Poisons. In the foreground, are a concourse of People, giving orders for large quantities of the Liquors, for the purpose of retail; and, in point of fact, to manufacture Drinkards, Beggars, Broken-hearted Wives, Starved Children, Ruffians, Robbers, Maniacs, Murderers, &c.

SCENE 2ND.—The Tavern-keeper stands in his Bar in the foreground, outraging all humanity with impunity, by dealing out (under license) to his deluded victims, adulterated liquors and deleterious poisons. To the left are a group of small noisy politicians, gambling, drinking and squandering their time and money, regardless of the necessities of their respective families. At the bar a wretched female is giving cent per cent profit for her gill, with the money just given her in charity, for the support of her ragged, starving children. To the right are a few who have been admitted by private doors, as they are *yet*, from their position in society, ashamed to enter publicly—now bereaved of common sense they are discussing religious topics. See, a smile brightens the countenance of the host, as two young men enter, well supplied with pocket-money by their respective parents; they drink, and treat and pay freely, ridicule sober drones, and their o'd fools of parents who were not more liberal with them. In the interior, and screened from public gaze, are a group of gamblers at work, with minds and bodies inflamed with liquor, tobacco-smoke, and anxiety for the stakes; oaths and execrations form the principal part of their conversation. Near the door, a sullen, savage countenance awakes from stupor, and penniless, with cracked and parched tongue, he eagerly demands another drink on credit, and being refused, he departs to add another to his guilty crimes, to raise money for more liquor. The whole scene presents a dismal and murky atmosphere.

By way of Interlude, precious time will be murdered, while the audience will be entertained with several comic and sentimental Songs, among which will be the following:—

- "The Cruiskeen Lawn," By *Mr. Inebriates*.
 "The Light of other Days," *Mr. Used-Up*.
 "Still so gently o'er me stealing," *Mr. Half-Seas over*.

"Life let us Cherish,"	<i>Mr. O'Shaughraon.</i>
"Begone Dull Care,"	<i>Mr. Devil-may-Care.</i>
"Here's a Health to Jolly Bacchus,"	<i>Mr. Three-sheets-in-the-wind</i>
"The Night before Larry was stretch'd,"	<i>Mr. Horizontal.</i>
"When my Ould Hat was New,"	<i>Mr. Mulvather.</i>
"The Unfortunate Rake,"	<i>Mr. Spendthrift.</i>
"We'll not go home till morning,"	<i>Mr. Leech.</i>
"Moll Brook,"	<i>Mr. Pot-Companion.</i>
Toasts and Sentiments,	<i>Mr. Bletherskite.</i>
Nocturnal Street Glees,	<i>The Amateurs.</i>
Mr. <i>Screwed-Up</i> will perform several favorite Airs on the Nasal Organ.	
Pugilism and Gymnastics by Messrs. <i>Waghorn</i> and <i>Guzzler</i> .	

—o—

A HIGHLAND FLING WILL BE PRODUCED, WHEN "DR. KETCH" WILL APPEAR IN HIS GREAT CHARACTER OF "FINISHER OF THE LAW!!!"

AND THE WHOLE TO CONCLUDE WITH THE MELANCHOLY AFTER-PIECE OF

SELF-MURDER.

The scene represents a happy family in affluent circumstances. The parents ridicule drunkards, and subscribe to Temperance Societies, while (they harbour the serpent and the adder,) their sideboard is covered with liquors, hospitably given to strangers, and freely used at dinners and parties, where the children are permitted; the eldest son (one of those two) who entered the tavern in the last scene, commenced life with bright prospects—but frequent applications to the sideboard laid the foundation for his destruction—he marries—sinks by degrees into the vortex of the drunkard. His wife and children, by example and habit, become inured to it, and, reduced to beggary, become a burthen to the public. The husband sums up by Delirium Tremens and Suicide.

MUSIC composed of the roar of the Drunkard, mingled with the cries of his afflicted wife and starving children.

Fencing, Bowling, Balancing, Juggling, Ground and Lofty Tumbling, and Tight-Rope Dancing.

SCENERY, painted in Blood from Real Life.

DECORATIONS, Wounds, Bruises, Broken Bones with Bandages, Manacles, Red and Black Eyes, Bloated Faces, Bloody Noses, and Rags.

DRESSES:—The Acts requiring more than ordinary exertion, the Dresses will, of course be ventilated Regalia. Now and then the Actors will appear in masquerade.

Light-fingered Gentlemen will be in attendance to take charge of the Property of Strangers.

No admittance behind the scenes under any pretence whatever.

Free Admission as long as there is a Penny in the Pocket, or an article of Furniture or Clothing to dispose of. Servants and Children same price.

Doors open at all hours, Day and Night, (Sundays not excepted,) and Private Doors during Divine Service. The Police will frequently be in attendance to keep order.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

MR. FLINT—A MISER.

“What do you think of old Flint the grocer?” said Mrs. Jenkins. “I think very little about him,” replied Mr. Jenkins; “he has a hard name and he deserves it—as is his name so is his nature: although he is well off, you might as well try to get blood from a turnip as to get a penny from him for any charitable or benevolent object. The most grief-stricken, or the most charmingly attractive and ‘importunate widow,’ the most amiable, endearing, and lovely young ladies, and the most excellent men, have failed to touch one chord of sympathy in his tough, screwed-up, griping nature, or to make him practically understand what is comprehended in the terms filthy lucre, philanthropy, charity, a spirit of noble generosity, or the meaning of the words: ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive;’ or the nature of the loan, or the security or interest implied in the proverb, ‘He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and look, what he layeth out it shall be paid him again.’ They would call him a twisted, tightened-up, niggardly, nasty old miser, were it proper to do so; but he, and others like him, need not think they will escape public opinion; although young lady collectors don’t put themselves to much inconvenience in concealing the miserable muck-rake disposition of such people, and take great delight in applauding those who subscribe cheerfully, according to their means. For my part, I would rather deny myself of everything bordering on luxury than refuse to subscribe, more or less, to benevolent objects—

especially if young ladies be the collectors—were it only for the low motive of saving my character from the most contemptible epithet of any language, *i. e.* a miser; in view of the graves we so often see open, the short time until we shall be in them, and the words we hear read at them, viz: 'For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.' "

"But is it not written for our instruction," said Mrs. Jenkins, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich ;' 'The prudent man foreseeth evil and hideth himself,' and that 'If a man provide not for his family he denies the faith, and is worse than an infidel?'" "

"There is a medium in all things," said Mr. Jenkins. "The texts you have quoted are plain, and easily understood, but have no more reference to hoarding up money than our Lord's admonition: 'Take no thought for the morrow,' &c., has to making no preparation whatever for future food and raiment for ourselves and children. This grovelling, griping, hoarding disposition is not confined to any class of people; those who could live in comfort and affluence, and grow rich by benefitting their fellow men, it turns into miserable misanthropes, and causes people in middling and comparatively poor circumstances to half starve themselves and families. Two gentlemen lived in a city not far from this, whose incomes were equally large at their outset in life; one of them became a miser, and benefitted no individual he could avoid for fear of losing his money; the other was generous and enterprising, and embarked all his capital in an extensive factory, in which he kept four hundred and fifty men constantly employed. Many of those men had families and lived in comparatively comfortable circumstances, who drew men of all trades and professions around them—streets and various factories soon went up, and the whole community was directly and indirectly benefitted by our generous friend, who soon became ten times richer than his neighbour the miser. While on this subject I will tell you how a dishonest miser in low circumstances was punished:—

"Crowds of Irish laborers were in the habit of crossing to England to assist in reaping the harvest. One year, numbers who had been unemployed had no alternative but begging, which was carried on to such an extent that the humane citizens of Liverpool raised a large sum of money by subscription, for the purpose of supplying each of these poor Irishmen with a shilling loaf and a ticket for a free passage to their nearest port in Ireland. One day, while the officers were engaged carrying out their charitable object, a rough specimen of humanity, hailing from the county of Galway, presented himself for his loaf and free ticket; a strong suspicion having been entertained that he was not totally devoid of the circulating medium, he was searched, and twenty sovereigns found sewed up in the waistband of his old corduroy breeches, whereupon, after some deliberation, he was taken to a bath-house, and properly washed; from thence to a barber's, where he was well shaved and shampooed; then to an extensive outfitting establishment, where he was well fitted with a pair of long lamb's-wool stockings, two comfortable flannel and cotton shirts, a pair of woollen drawers, and a pair of decent drab cassimere breeches and top boots, a double-breasted drab cloth waistcoat with four pockets, a blue cloth dress coat with gilt buttons, a satin stock, a serviceable, fashionable, waterproof beaver hat, a comfortable, easy-fitting drab cloth overcoat, with large, white pearl buttons, a pocket handkerchief, a pair of strong gloves and an umbrella; the whole outfit, purchased with care and discrimination by good judges, came to twelve pounds ten shillings, and after selling him a ticket for Dublin, and paying for his dinner in a cheap eating house, they left him on board, looking and feeling as awkward as if he were in heavy marching order in the Queen's Life-Guards. Volumes might be filled with anecdotes illustrative of the miserable acts and circumstances attending the career and end of misers. I will read you one or two extracts upon the subject:—

“The providing suitable portions for children is a very common apology for the keen prosecution of wealth, and the anxious care which is exercised in securing it. In most instances, however, it is nothing more than a cloak to cover the vile principle of covetousness, when it is beginning to sway its sceptre over the mind. But supposing a regard for the temporal interests of children to mingle itself with a covetous affection, the practice of laying up fortunes for children, so as to make them independent, is both injudicious and immoral in its general tendency. Every parent ought to give his children a good education, so far as is in his power, and indulge them in every innocent enjoyment, and when they are beginning business, he may afford them as much money as he can spare, and give them to understand that the whole of their future happiness will depend upon their prudence, exertion, and moral conduct; they will more readily apply the powers of their mind to their business and attend to the dictates of prudence, than if they were depending upon the constant support of their parents. When children begin to discover that the penurious dispositions of their parents is a mean, cringing vice, they conclude that extravagance is a virtue, and thus a broad path will be opened for licentious conduct in the future part of their lives. They are trained up in the idea that their parents are accumulating wealth which they are destined to spend, and they live under restraints and privations which they hope the death of their parents will soon remove. The old men die, and we immediately behold the children entering on the career of gayety and licentiousness, and running headlong to poverty and destruction, and instead of feeling grateful to the parent for the riches he has accumulated, can scarcely conceal their joy that they are removed from under his restraints. * * * * He is a poor, pitiable fool who makes the slightest pretences to religion while his heart is the seat of avaricious desires, or who makes riches, gay apparel, foolish amusements, and the gratification of pride and

vanity the chief object of his pursuit. He subjects himself to unnecessary distress by the compunctions of conscience which the denunciations of religion must occasionally produce; and if he has any measure of common sense, he must plainly perceive that any hopes of happiness he may indulge in relative to a future state are founded on 'the baseless fabric of a vision.' The only *consistent* plan, therefore, which he can adopt, if he is determined to prosecute his avaricious courses, is to endeavour to prove religion a fable, to abandon himself to downright skepticism, to scout the idea of a Supreme Governor of the Universe, and to try, if he can, to live without God, and without hope in the world.' "

"I was thinking," said Mrs. Jenkins, "while you were reading of the parable of the rich man who said he would pull down his barns and build greater—and the texts: 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth,'—'He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them,'—'Riches profiteth not in the day of wrath,'—'Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished,'—'Riches certainly make themselves wings and fly away,'—'He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver,'—'Woe unto them that join house to house and lay field to field,'—'Let not the rich man glory in his riches,'—'Take no (anxious) thought what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on,'—'They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare,'—'For the love of money is the root of all evil,'—'Go to now, ye rich men,' &c., &c."

THE DUNNS.

"Are the Dunns to be at the party?" said Mr. Jenkins. "No indeed!" replied Mrs. Jenkins. "The Jollys hate the sight of them, because they have gone there several times uninvited, but as they had letters of introduction from Messrs. Brewer, Baker, and Tailor, and one or two other acquaintances of the Jollys', they considered they were not only justifiable but acting in accordance

with the strictest rules of etiquette in paying them an occasional visit. However, they were never asked to stay for dinner, or tea, not even to sit down ; Mr. Jolly never made his appearance, and Mrs. Joly hid when she heard their name announced ; she sometimes, however, had not time to do so, but latterly she has given strict orders to Biddy Cook, the housemaid, that in the event of her knowing the Dunns to be at the door, she is not, under any circumstances, to open it,—but if she happens to let them in ignorantly, she is to inform them that the family are out of town. They left their cards, however, on several occasions, but no attention whatever would have been paid to them, were it not for the introductory letters of those gentlemen who are the best friends the Jollys have, and as the Dunns are in the habit of talking about their neighbors' circumstances and making such a blowing horn of everything they do, it was thought advisable to write them letters of apology, and return their calls."

THE DOOLITTLES.

"Do you know the Doolittles?" said Mr. Jenkins. "I am not acquainted with them," replied Mrs. Jenkins. "I have been informed, however, by Mrs. Trotter, that Mr. Doolittle is an industrious man, of steady business habits, and a teetotaller ; but the women are thriftless and extravagant, and keep more servants than they require, while they fritter away their time in listless supineness, or in visiting their neighbours at unseasonable hours, when they would not like to be visited themselves ; they know nothing about the markets, nor of household economy, and move about in loose dishabille, reading trashy novels, except when visited by a few neighbours on an occasional evening, when they enter with spirit on the subject of dress, criticism, slander, and a great many other topics, irrespective of common sense. In their very struggle to be polite, and do the amiable by affected language and gesture, and boasting of rich friends, &c., they expose them-

selves to the ridicule and contempt of their visitors; by their loose slipshod habit of leaving things out of their proper places, they lose half their time in looking for almost every article they want, and are so slow in dressing, they go bustling to breakfast, and hurry to church without family prayer, where they are invariably late, and may be seen standing in the vestibule or porch until the minister's first prayer is concluded. Every one of their acquaintances in church knows the reason why they are late, and criticises them accordingly. The habit of coming late into church is an inexcusable error: it annoys the minister, draws off the attention of the feather-headed portion of the congregation, and betrays a culpability which is not easy to get rid of. We must attend to our trades, professions and offices, as clerks, &c., &c., in proper time, or lose our business; if we were fond of theatres we would attend them in proper time. Were we sure of finding twenty dollars each placed on our seats in church for our sole use every time we went in proper time, and that we would lose twenty dollars each by not being in proper time, how few would be absent! The late Rev. W. Atherton used to say, 'The last person that comes into the church ought to be the preacher, and he should be in time.' But to return to the Doolittles. There are two sons who mope about the house in indolence, without energy to procure a living for themselves; they have been in situations, but could not hold them, and are burthens on their father. And this is not all: they have been frequently noticed and complained of to the minister for irreverent and disrespectful conduct in church. Such conduct is exceedingly wicked, and cannot fail to be punished by the Almighty, who will not allow heathens to be mocked in their religion. He says, 'Thou shalt not revile the gods.' By the family sleeping long in the morning, Mr. Doolittle is obliged to take his breakfast alone, and an active part in domestic matters, which legitimately falls within the province of the gentle sex. Such conduct on the part of those women I look upon as reprehensible in

the extreme. They not only deprive themselves of health, cheerfulness, and approving consciences, but they rob Mr. Doolittle of all mental, social, and manly enjoyment, after the cares and perplexities of his daily business, in which he toils and spends his energies for their support; he is looked upon as an effeminate man, without energy to command and regulate his household affairs with a proper and dignified manliness. Mrs. Doolittle and her daughters need not imagine that their conduct is not well known and criticised, or that any young man possessed of common sense would venture to think of any of the Misses Doolittle as an advantageous match. I wish they would study the 31st chapter of Proverbs from the 10th verse."

THE FAIRCHILDS.

"There is no girl who comes to our house I like as well as Bessy Fairchild," said Mrs. Jenkins; "she is so tall and handsome, so mild and innocent, and so sensible and so good! She will not be eighteen until the first of May next, and yet she is able to take the whole management of the house in the absence of her mother. And her sister Mary is such a dear girl, and so beautiful, and so like a woman of intelligence, although she was only sixteen last Easter. Although they are well educated and accomplished girls, and can afford to keep sewing girls, liveried servants, horses and carriages, they are industriously employed every day in cookery, housework, and making and mending for themselves and their little brothers and sisters, to whom they are kind and attentive, as well as to their parents; and they perform all their acts of household work without fear of visitors. Indeed I am quite certain they will not be long without excellent husbands." "I admire them very much," said Jenkins; "their amiability, goodness and industry are principally attributable to the example and instruction of their good mother. When I see fuzzled-up, finikan, giggling girls, I can hardly help suspecting that they are like

what their mothers *were*. I wonder, however, that Mrs. Fairchild would allow her daughters to go to Jolly's party." "I believe it is the wish of their father, who has a great deal of business transactions with Mr. Jolly," said Mrs. Jenkins, "and Mrs. Fairchild never was known to contradict or thwart him in anything; besides the girls were at school with the Jollys, and are on friendly terms with them. On the whole, I do not think it will do them much harm to go to the party." "If it does them no harm, it certainly will do them no good," said Mr. Jenkins. "One thing is sure, they will be censured by the members of their church for it." "Well, I am certain," replied Mrs. Jenkins, "that many of those fault-finders who may impugn their conduct for so doing, are guilty of greater sin than going to a pleasure party." "That is what Doctor Jeffers calls 'wretched, worn-out, sinner logic,'" said Mr. Jenkins. "It is written: 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God'; if, on the assembling of the guests, they cannot conscientiously pray for the blessing of their Almighty preserver and benefactor on the evening's amusements, attending the party as a guest must be a sinful act, which cannot be justified or palliated in the least, by the fact of a church member, who may censure it, committing a greater sin."

"I must admit you are right," said Mrs. Jenkins. "However, for Mary's sake as well as theirs, I hope the party will be respectable and properly conducted. I was about to say for the mild and dignified conduct of the Fairchilds toward their servants, they are repaid with a double share of affection, and long and faithful service."

MRS. SOFTLY AND BIDDY FOGARTY.

"It is very different with Mrs. Sharp and Mrs. Fiddler, who change their servants once a month, without considering that a month's acquaintance is not enough to remove the penchant of servants for talking censoriously of them to their next mistresses

and their daughters. There is Mrs. Fiddler's eldest daughter Sophia, only eighteen, and she is married over twelve months to young lawyer Softly, and has had a change of servants every month for eight months after they were married." "Servants out of place," said Mr. Jenkins, "are in the habit of meeting at intelligence offices, and at a sort of rendezvous lodging-houses, and although they do not pretend to understand much of science, politics, history or divinity, they talk very fluently without flagging, on every branch of their own avocations, dress, &c., and freely criticise the conduct of the members of the families where they last lived, and especially their mistresses and their daughters. One day, nine of them met together, three of whom lived with Mrs. Softly, into whose conduct they walked without measure, and how they did animadvert on the petulance, and the airs of the soft, saucy, childish, would-be mistress Mrs. Softly, who, they said, was perfectly innocent of household economy, and who spoke contemptuously of servants in general, and of Irish servants in particular, in presence of her visitors. Among the group was a stout, ruddy countenanced, black haired *Corkonian*, who closed her remarks by saying: 'Never fear, girls, I'll match her as shure as the heft's in the beetle, or my name's not Biddy. I'll go to-morrow and palaver her, and purtind to be English an' hire wud her.' Accordingly, next day she rung the bell and was admitted. 'I'm tould yer in want of a servant, mam,' said she as Mrs. Softly made her appearance. 'Of what country are you a native?' said Mrs. Softly. 'I'm Yorkshire, bred and born, an' my father an' mother before me, mam,' replied Biddy. 'What is your name?' inquired Mrs. Softly. 'Biddy Fogarty, mam; a name that never was disgraced since the memory of man,' replied Biddy. 'Well, Biddy,' said Mrs. Softly, 'in what capacity would you wish to engage?' 'Oh! for that matther, mam,' she replied, 'it's all owin' to the length of your family; if there's only yourself an' the mas-ther, I can cook an' wash an' take a hand at anything, an' mind

babies if thare's occasion for it.' 'Very well, Biddy,' said Mrs. Softly, 'what wages do you expect?' 'Well, mam,' replied Biddy, 'if I get out wanst to prayers on Sunday an' two evenings in the week for two hours aich turn, an' that there doesn't be late parties, an' considherin' yer' small family, I'll be mortal aisy plaised in wages.' In short, Biddy was engaged, and things went on well for nearly a month, when one day an unusual noise attracted Mrs. Softly to the kitchen, where she found Biddy standing the picture of confusion, and a tub of suds spilled over the floor. 'Why, you slovenly, bungling creature, what on earth can be the matter?' exclaimed Mrs. Softly. 'Heth mam,' replied Biddy, 'I was afther cuttin' a bit o' mate, an' puttin' down some pays an' banes for the dinner, when I sees a poor woman, an' she goin' past the door in a hurry, an' while you'd be sayin' thrapsticks she thripped an' fell, an spilt her basket ov paitches an' pares, an' sure enough, I made a race to rise her, when, as bad luck would have it, the tail ov my bedgown catched in a splinther in the tub an' pult it down, an' spilt my fine tub o' suds all over the flure, but shure afther all, the sorra taste o' harms done, barrin' the tare in my bedgown; it's all not as bad as a bad marriage, mam.' 'O you great big lump of a nasty awkward girl,' said Mrs. Softly, 'you could not do worse if you were a dirty rough Irishwoman.' 'Is it durty Irish did you say, mam?' retorted Biddy. 'Arrah be the hokeys,' she continued, as she squared herself, and caught up a potstick and brandished it about her head, 'Biddy Fogarty's the girl from Cork's own town, that never was so mane or afraid as to stand up and let the best woman that ever stepped in shoe leather, or any other man, let alone a sperrit of a *sprissawn* like you, say a word agin' sweet ould Ireland the *first jim of the say*. Dirty, rough Irish indeed! Be gorra, mam, you should clane yer mouth when you stand up furninst me to spake about Ireland: that beautiful imirald island of saints. I give you notice now to look out for one o' your English dandyorums as fast as ye like, for

conshumin to the foot I'll stay beyant this month, barrin' ye raise the wages, so aff wud ye now. Whoo! Ould Ireland forever, an' the shky over it! There's nothing like a bit o' spunk.' After this deliverance, Mrs Softly silently retreated to a sofa, where she lay in a reclining posture in dread and fear of Biddy, until the return of Mr. Softly, to whom she related the whole affair, and after a good deal of reasoning, they concluded that as Biddy was the best girl they had, to raise her wages, and treat her kindly, and consult her occasionally, and Mrs. Softly to take more interest in the kitchen; in the meantime Mr. Softly was to procure the best works on cookery, household economy, mistresses and servants, &c., for the study of Mrs. Softly. So Biddy remains there still, and likes her place, and Mrs. Softly declares she will never have a servant but an Irish one."

THE GRACES.

"Are there any of the Graces invited?" said Mr. Jenkins. "Why, Isaac!" replied Mrs. Jenkins, "I thought you were aware that the Jollys and the Graces have not been on speaking terms for a long time; the latter made some overtures of intimacy, but were treated with such cold indifference that the intimacy is altogether broken off. You ought to know that the Graces are not partial to cards, and dancing, and liquor-drinking, 'neither foolish talking nor jesting which are not convenient, but rather giving of thanks.' Love is the ruling principle of their conduct; they not only love one another, but they actually love their enemies, as all have but a short probation on earth. When they are merry they sing psalms; in fact they are always rejoicing in hope of future bliss. 'As much as lieth in them, they live peaceably with all men,' and they endure pain and disappointment with patience; they are so gentle they would not injure the smallest insect in creation; in short they are good, faithful friends and teetotallers."

MR. FREEMAN AND HIS BEGGARLY RELATIVES.

"Do you know whether Mr. Freeman is invited?" said Mr. Jenkins. "He was, but sent an apology on account of some business he had to attend to," replied Mrs. Jenkins.

"I have been acquainted with him for many years," said Mr. Jenkins, "and have always found him to be an upright, industrious man, who, by close application to business, would long since have been relieved from its carking cares, and his children placed out of the reach of poverty, or of becoming burdens on their friends should he die suddenly, as many of his acquaintances did, leaving their helpless families dependent on the cold charity of friends not well able to support them; but he had the misfortune to connect himself by marriage with a poor, proud family, named Trollope, who without energy or inclination to provide for themselves, keep teasing him (through his wife) from time to time for advances of money without the slightest prospect of paying, and which he has been obliged to give to get rid of their pitiful applications, and latterly they have become so unscrupulous that they are not only unthankful for what they get, but are disappointed and grumble because he does not impoverish his family by giving them more. Mr. Freeman's own relatives are in pecuniary difficulties and annoy him in a similar way, although most of them had better prospects in life than he had, but they were fond of parties, excursions, and show off in dress, furniture, houses, &c. The same may be said of his wife's relations. Many a time poor Freeman remonstrated with them on their loss of time, negligence and procrastination, and for not using their energy and talents in making provision for the future; but they not only treated his advices and warnings with contempt, but sneered at his economy, and now by reverses in business, sickness, &c., they are reduced to the humiliating position of begging from him part of the fruits of his industry, after, by foolish extravagance, spending their own, which, with less economy than he used, would have left them in better positions, and now he is watched

with a jealous eye by his begging friends of both sides of the house. But Mr. Freeman is satisfied with the allotment of Providence, and rejoices in the prosperity of all around him; he is perfectly certain that 'all things will work together for his good'; he says 'it is more blessed to give than to receive,' namely, that the communication of good ought to be the great object of every Christian, and that it is more desirable and honorable to impart enjoyment to others than to receive it from them; he is fond of the sentiment:

'Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'

"If he were not one of the best men in existence," said Mrs. Jenkins, "he would not submit to be placed between two fires as he is. What a miserable, unprincipled set of cormorants! Mr. Freeman could not have greater enemies than people who take his hard earnings for nothing; he must be beside himself not to spurn them from about him; nothing can be more contemptibly mean than their conduct."

"You must not be too severe," said Mr. Jenkins; "they are not all able to earn their support, and it is not easy for those who can to descend to menial services who have never been accustomed to them; and as we cannot recall the past, we must only hope for better times when Mr. Freeman's friends will have learned a lesson that will cause them to pay him with interest. His opinion and yours are quite at variance on this subject. Admitting they are his enemies, you would banish them from about you, and would not give them another penny. This would turn them against you, and cause them to forget all the good you have done them. Now, Mr. Freeman is a good man, and acting on the advice of the Apostle, who says, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink, for by so doing you shall heap coals of fire on his head,' which simply means to melt them into tenderness and turn them to be real friends. The best revenge is to do good for evil." "I am thankful," said Mrs. Jenkins, "that we are not in such a position."

If my friends were a burden to you, my life would be most miserable. It ought to be a lesson to people to use the talents and energy God has given them to provide for themselves and their children ; as we cannot tell what is in the future, we ought to make reasonable efforts to provide against want."

A BACKSLIDING TEETOTALLER.

On leaving for the party, Mrs. Jenkins looked attractively charming, and was particularly pleased with the *tout ensemble* of her daughter Mary, who, she had no doubt, would captivate more than one admiring young gentleman during the evening. And what a splendid party ! everything was of the most *recherché* description, and the liquors of the choicest brands ; the whole scene, comprising the brilliant chandeliers—the splendidly-dressed young ladies—the handsome young gentleman—the luxurious table—the pleasure of wine and smiling compliments—the laugh, the joke—the pun—the song and general jollification—the music and the mazy dance, presented a picture of mirthful animation, which threw the sober, sombre, meagre evening's proceedings of a temperance division far away in the shade, and was so painfully trying to the temperance principles of Mr. Singer, that he became perfectly flat and dejected, and moping in a corner, sat like a picture of despair, mentally regretting his misfortune for being such a madman as to get initiated into the teetotallers. Being a good singer, he was asked for a song, which he politely refused, and sat in moody silence. "Why, what can be the matter with Mr. Singer?" said Miss Silverthorn. "Perhaps he is unwell," replied Miss Lovelace. "O dear, how I would like to hear him sing!" said Bessy Fairchild. "Ask Mr. Hooker to come and see him," said Miss Fiddler. "Come, Singer," said Doctor Tipple, "what's the matter?" "O, Doctor," said Singer, as he stretched himself and yawned, and then pressed one hand to his side and the other to his front, "I feel a return of a nasty twitching pain

to which I am subject. I fear I shall be obliged to retire." "Singer, my dear fellow," said Mr. Jolly, "I can truly sympathise with you; as I have been subject to the same distressing complaint, I will prepare something for you which always cured me." So saying, he ran off and soon returned with a glass of brandy, hot, which Singer no sooner had drank off than he found instant relief, to the joy of the whole assembly, and then he acceded to the unanimous call, and in a clear, manly voice, sung a song, of which the following is the chorus:—

"Then fill the goblet to the brim,
And as the tripling sparkles swim
Around, we pledge the toast divine,
The joys of liberty and wine."

On the presumption that prevention is better than cure, he takes a little brandy and barks in the morning and before dinner, and by the advice of his medical adviser he takes a glass of ale at dinner, and one just before going to bed, and thus he goes secure in his own indulged fancy; but his conscience strikes at the sight of a member of his society in the distance coming towards him; he would avoid him, but there is no turning; he looks to the right and to the left, as he fears his breath will betray him—as it was a test of teetotalism in days of yore, so it is now. "Among the ancient Roman matrons and virgins, the use of wine was unknown, and the woman was taxed with immodesty whose breath smelt of the grape. Pliny says that Cato was of the opinion that kissing first began between kinsmen and kinswomen, that they might know whether their wives, daughters or nieces tasted wine."

As poor Singer draws near the faithful member of his society, and being well aware that there is no deceiving a teetotaller's nose when coming in contact with a distillery, he fumbles in his pockets for a respirative compound, but all his right and left half-facings, and twistings and itchings to pass on, fail to screen him from exposure. At next meeting a charge is preferred against him for tampering with the enemy, which is either taken *pro con-*

fesso or proved on olfactory evidence, and he is forgiven on promises; again he is overtaken and forgiven, and lastly, he takes such an overdose of the *ardent* that he comes with sneaking excuses for his withdrawal certificate, or is notified that his presence is no longer required; in other words, he gets kicked out by expulsion, and then he returns to more congenial spirits, and joins the alcoholic fencibles, whose head-quarters is in the city of perdition.

The foregoing is no overdrawn picture of the backsliding of members, arising from discontent and discouragement in improperly conducted society meetings, which, with all the accessions to their ranks, are as weak in point of numbers as they were years ago.—Here the clock struck eleven, and Ned Fenton shut up his portfolio, with a promise to come early next evening, and after a hearty good night, especially to Miss Lamb, he took his leave.

Next evening, at about eight o'clock, as Tom Turner had taken up the history of the French revolution, and Mrs. Turner and Miss Lamb their sewing, a knock was heard at the door, which on being opened in walked Ned Fenton, and after the usual salutations, took his seat.

COUGHING IN CHURCH.

"Miss Lamb," said he, "did the unusual coughing in church last Sunday evening annoy you much?" "I must confess," she replied, "it was very grating on my ears, and must have been so to everybody, and painfully interrupting to the minister. Some boys near me kept up a sharp, yelping sort of cough; young ladies coughed in silvery tones, and men and women kept their heads erect and their mouths wide open while they barked vociferously as though they wished to let the congregation know they were present. There was such a continued round of coughing, that the text and parts of the excellent sermon were unheard by most of the congregation."

"We would scarcely be justified," said Ned, "in pronouncing this a healthy climate if we take the coughing in church as a criterion; indeed it would seem as though it were infectious, and that people were specially privileged to cough in church. At one end of the gallery you hear a sepulchral cough, which is followed all over the congregation by coughs denoting all sorts of diseases, from all ages and both sexes, harsh, hoarse, braying, grunting and squeaking coughs, nasal organ-blowing, and sneezing. Such discordant sounds must be very trying to the patience of the minister and to all sensible Christians. Judging by myself when I had a severe cold, and from the good effect produced by admonitions from the pulpit occasionally, I cannot help thinking that the greater part of the coughing in churches might be avoided or suppressed by keeping the mouth shut, or placing a handkerchief in front of it to smother the sound, and by paying particular attention to the sermon."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."—BURNS.

"What a horrible set of murderers those Frenchmen who were leaders in the revolution were," said Tom. "That human beings could in such short spaces of time be turned from friendship into deadly hatred, and pursue each other to the most cruel punishments and torturing deaths for merely exercising the right of private judgment and carrying out the principles of their party, is beyond my comprehension."

"So it would appear," replied Ned, "but if we reflect on the wickedness of human nature from the beginning, and take into consideration the causes and effects of the wars and revolutions which preceded that of the French—the position of the French nation and the state of parties in Paris just previous to the revolution you allude to, and the excitable nature of the French people, our astonishment will be lessened, and we will look upon

Danton, Marat, Robespierre and other leaders then, as very little worse than the generality of men placed under similar circumstances. On this subject Alison says: 'The cry of the French was not for liberty, but equality: their object was not that every man should be left in peace to enjoy the fruits of his labor in his own sphere of life, but that every man should be elevated into a sphere above that in which he had been born and bred; hence the animosity against the aristocrats, whether of rank or talent, by which it was characterised through all its phases, and the outcry for an equal division of property.'

"It was well called 'the reign of terror.' Under the motto 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' the most barbarous atrocities were perpetrated. Again Alison says: 'When vice appears in its native deformity, it is universally shunned; its features are horrible alike to others and to itself.

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

"It is by borrowing the language, and rousing the passions of virtue that it insinuates itself into the minds, not only of the spectators, but the actors; the worst deeds are committed by men who delude themselves and others by the noblest expressions. Tyranny speaks with the voice of prudence, and points to the dangers of popular insurrection; ambition strikes on the chords of patriotism and loyalty, and leads men to ruin others in the belief that they are saving themselves; democratic fury appeals to the spirit of freedom, and massacres thousands in the name of insurgent humanity. In all these cases men would shrink with horror from themselves if their conduct appeared in its true colors; they become steeped in crime while yet professing the intentions of virtue, and before they are well aware that they have transgressed its bounds. All these atrocities proceed from one source; criminality in them all begins when one line is passed. This source

is the principle of expedience, this line is the line of justice. 'To do evil that good may come of it,' is not the least prolific cause of wickedness.

"'It is absolutely necessary,' say the politicians of one age, 'to check the growing spirit of heresy; discord in this world, damnation in the next, follow in its steps: religion, the fountain of peace, is in danger of being polluted by its poison; the transient sufferings of a few individuals will ensure the eternal salvation of millions.' Such is the language of religious intolerance, such the principles which lighted the fires of Smithfield. 'You would not hesitate,' say the leaders of another period, 'to sacrifice 100,000 men in a single campaign to preserve a province, or conquer a frontier town; but what are the wars of princes to the eternal contest between freedom and tyranny; and what the destruction of its present enemies to the liberty of unborn millions of the human race?' Such is the language of revolutionary cruelty; these the maxims which, beginning with the enthusiasm of philanthropists, ended in the rule of Robespierre. Their unexampled atrocities arose from the influence yielded to a single principle. The greatest crimes which the world has ever known were but an extension of the supposed expedience which hangs for forgery, and burns for heresy. . . . The absorbing passion for individual advancement which, in the more advanced stages of revolution, comes to obliterate every other feeling, springs from the ill-regulated impulse given in the outset to the general affections. For such is the deceitfulness of sin and the proneness to self-aggrandisement in human nature, that the passions cannot be set violently in motion, even by the disinterested feelings, without the selfish ere long obtaining the mastery of the current: as in a town carried by storm, how sublime soever may be the heroism, how glorious the self-sacrifice with which the troops mount the breach, the strife, if successful, is sure to terminate in the worst atrocities of pillage, rape, and conflagration. It is religion alone which, by opening

a scene of ambition beyond the grave, can provide a counterpoise to the overwhelming torrent of worldly ambition, which can render men nobly superior to all the storms of time, and find the same fidelity to a falling, which revolution secures to a rising, cause. Blair says: 'By degrees habit gives the passions strength, while the habit of glaring guilt seemingly justifies them; and, unawakened by remorse, the sinner proceeds in his course till he waxes bold in guilt and becomes ripe for ruin. We are imperceptibly betrayed from one licentious attachment, one criminal passion led on to another, till all self-government is lost, and we are hurried to destruction. In this manner every criminal passion in its progress swells and blackens till what was at first a small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, rising from the sea, is found to carry the tempest in its womb.' What is the career of the drunkard, the gamester or the sensualist, but an exemplification of the truth of this picture? Exactly the same principle applies to nations. What is the history of the French revolution in all its stages, but an exemplification of this truth when applied to social passions?"

"It is time we should waive the subject," continued Ned, "and I will take up my portfolio, which, I find, commences for this evening on the subject of war."

"I hope you did not forget to call at Harper's for my flute," said Tom.

"No indeed," replied Ned, "here it is, and very neatly repaired." "Oh! never mind the flute," said Mrs. Turner; "we would rather hear Ned's portfolio." "Peggy," she continued addressing the maid, "you may get the coffee ready." Whereupon Ned commenced as follows:

WARS.

"And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

"Since the fall of Adam to the present time, man's greatest enemy has been man. By forbidden self-indulgences, and by in-

humanity to his fellows, his ambition, pride, covetousness, and revenge under various guises, have led to dreadful wars, and the most cruel and barbarous tortures. By consulting sacred and profane history, it will be seen that a few verses or a page tell the tale of the slaughter of scores of thousands of human beings. When we consider the brevity of life, the flight of time, and the numerous wars that have desolated our world, it would seem to us as if they had only ceased from the beginning by flags of truce. A dreadful picture of the devastation of the human race by war, is given by Doctor Dick, in his *Philosophy of Religion*, chapter four, from which the following quotation is made: 'What a vast and horrid picture would be presented to the eye, could we take in at one view *all the scenes* of slaughter which have been realized in every period, in every nation, and among every tribe! If we take into consideration, not only the number of those who have fallen on the field of battle, but those who have perished through the natural consequences of war, by the famine and the pestilence which war has produced; by disease, fatigue, terror, and melancholy, and by the oppression, injustice, and cruelty of savage conquerors, it will not, perhaps, be overrating the destruction of human life, if we affirm that one-tenth of the human race has been destroyed by the ravages of war; and if this estimate be admitted, it will follow that more than *fourteen thousand millions* of human beings have been slaughtered in war since the beginning of the world, which is about *eighteen times* the number of inhabitants which at present exist on the globe; or, in other words, it is equivalent to the destruction of the inhabitants of eighteen worlds of the same population as ours, massacred, mangled, and cut to pieces by those who were partakers of the same common nature, as if they had been created merely for the work of destruction! Language is destitute of words sufficiently strong to express the emotions of the mind, when it seriously contemplates the horrible scene. And how melancholy is it to reflect, that in the present

age, which boasts of its improvements in science, in civilization, and in religion, neither reason, nor benevolence, nor humanity, nor Christianity, has yet availed to arrest the progress of destroying armies, and to set a mark of ignominy on "the people who delight in war!" the last and most terrible of which is the present American Revolution, from its fratricidal internicine nature; but all the wars which have hitherto desolated our land, and all the consequences following in their train, are as nothing when compared with the wretchedness and misery caused by forbidden self-indulgences. The present and everlasting joy of all rational beings has been, and is the design of the Almighty, anomalous though it may appear to some people, who may think his gifts are not equally distributed among his creatures. The happiness which we may imagine to be found among the rich is much alloyed by cares, anxieties and passions, and the apparent unhappiness of the poor is moderated by moral and domestic comforts. "Are not my ways equal and your ways unequal?" saith the Lord. This world should be a paradise, or stand-point, in view or anticipation of a world of never-ending felicity; hence the Apostle says: "Rejoice evermore,"—"Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice,"—"That believing ye might rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory,"—"But rather rejoice that your names are written in the Lamb's book of life," says our Redeemer. It is therefore perfectly clear that any misery or suffering we wilfully bring on ourselves, whether by sinful self-indulgences, or by mistaken religious notions, counteracts the design of our Heavenly Father; and any agency or instrumentality which is organized for the amelioration of the human family must be in accordance with His will. What a happy world this will be when the prophecy above quoted shall be fulfilled! As a nation, Britain has taken noble strides for the renovation of mankind: by the emancipation of her slaves; by the dissemination of the Word of God; by a liberal and tolerant Government; by her neutrality in the late Italian and American

wars, and by her fostering care of scientific, commercial, and philanthropic institutions, &c. Civilization and freedom all the world over, is her motto. Her sympathies are large enough, and her strength great enough to afford a home to all who need protection. The nations that are following her example are making rapid strides in art, science, commerce, and civilization; these things will appear perfectly conclusive by a comparison of the present times with the past of fifty years ago, and give bright hopes of the future. But however civilized and exalted a nation may become, as long as neighboring nations lag behind and keep up a warlike position, standing armies must be maintained for defence in the event of invasion; and so it is with communities and families in the neighborhood of which lawless and dishonest people reside: police watchmen, firearms, locks, &c., are indispensably requisite for protection of property; each individual is obliged to protect himself against his enemies, especially against "the law in his members warring against the law in his mind, and bringing him into captivity to the law of sin and death;" in other words, his besetting sins, none of which is fraught with such dreadful results as the indulgence in intoxicating liquors, the effects of which have been so often elaborately portrayed, that it is not necessary to resume the painful topic here, beyond this, that if war has slain its thousands, ardent spirits has slain its ten thousands.'

A TERRIBLE ENEMY.

"A devastating enemy, which is committing daily ravages, is quartered on our citizens by authority, and we are indirectly taxed for the repairs of the breaches he makes, the property he destroys, and the suffering and hardship he causes within our lines. To prevent his incursions and drive him from the field, volunteer companies, leagues, and various strategic companies have been raised, whose division-rooms were designed as rallying

points, or 'cities of refuge,' not for the man slayer, but for refugees from him—as arsenals or magazines for serving out ammunition to make war against, and captures from, the enemy, recruiting depots for drilling and equipping for the campaign, and for bringing in reinforcements each week from a universal enemy, who is acting on the offensive in all positions, who marched his forces into our country, and after tampering with our soldiers and citizens by false representations, and luring many of them into his bivouacks, guard-houses, dangerous defiles, and utterly defenceless positions, mercilessly robbed them of their arms, ammunition and regimental necessaries; he also took several prisoners, without reference to age, rank or profession:—some he dragged out of the pulpit—some from their stores and desks—others from the Bench, the bar and the legislature, and from all trades; he has also had the hardihood to enter into the domestic circle and drag away the affectionate husband and father, the mother, and sometimes the children, in view of their afflicted families, all of whom he kept in chains and slavery, and put to cruel and lingering tortures, by hunger and thirst, by cold, nakedness and disease, in presence of their husbands, fathers, mothers, wives and children, by which thousands languished and died, leaving widows and orphans destitute, and a burden to philanthropists. He has also by his guerrillas and predatory hordes, and various other unprincipled agents, established recruiting depots within our lines, made raids into our country, and plundered our farmers of their grain, and pressed themselves and their horses and waggons into his service to transport it into our cities, and induced and compelled our citizens to destroy and manufacture it into fiery liquor poisons, which he made them drink to the very dregs, from the effects of which they acted like maniacs, demolished their houses, furniture and implements of trade, neglected their families, lost their health, property, reputation, and prospect of future happiness,—and while assaulting and murdering each other, he caused them to be arrested by police

and immured in dungeons, some confined to hard labor, others transported and hanged, and others to fall victims to divers diseases, *delirium tremens*, and suicide. He has also been the cause of cruelty to animals, in the lingering torture and painful death of tens of thousands of horses, as you (Mr. Turner) have described. He has also committed sad havoc among us by repeated charges and deadly fires, sometimes leaving us prostrate, senseless, and an easy prey to all other enemies; and he is still the same unmerciful, unrelenting and ungenerous enemy, entitled to the brimstone adjectives of all languages, who comes in the mask of friendship, presents fairy scenes and elysian fields to the unsuspecting, who, when he gets firmly within his grasp, he picks their pockets and knocks them about in various directions—sometimes under the table—down stairs—in the street—in frost and drifting snow, and over fearful precipices and projecting rocks, and into canals in the dead of night, &c.; and those who he cannot enlist in his service, or maim or destroy, he causes to contribute to the support and maintenance of his victims. Therefore it is no wonder that the wisest general that ever lived commanded that we should not look upon such an enemy, even in his mildest form, lest we should be inveigled into his snares, and suffer for our temerity by the serpent's bite and the adder's sting.

“What a scene of horror our world would present, were every individual unrestrained in his inclination and means to gratify his appetite in intoxicating liquors! Habits of cleanliness and civility of deportment would be disregarded; the restraints of religion and the prospect of a future judgment would no longer deter from the commission of crime; the laws of morality would be trampled under foot, and anarchy, plunder and assassination would become the order of the day. Could midnight at once be turned into noon day, and all roofs and ceilings removed, and could a person be then suspended in mid air, so as that all the bachanalian orgies in one city, say Glasgow or London, be exposed to his view, what

an appalling and hideous spectacle! and what must all the cities and places in the world where such an enemy is indulged in, present to the view of the Almighty, whose omniscient eye pierces into the secret purposes of every heart? Who will say after such reflection, that our heavenly Father is not long-suffering and slow to anger? An enemy who inveigles people by smiles and uproarious mirth, and leaves them in despair with bleeding hearts, in view of the grim visage, and almost within the grasp of the king of terrors, on the confines of perdition, must be the prime minister and commander of the forces to his Satanic majesty.

"If we wish for the extinction of the aborigines of Canada, the shortest way to get rid of them would be to grant licenses to wretches falsely called Christians to sell them alcoholic liquors.

"Several large volumes would be required to recount his treacherous acts, one of which may suffice as a specimen. He once entered a splendid banquet where one thousand lords made merry, and sacrilegiously drank wine with their king, out of the golden vessels of the temple, and that same night the city was taken by the Persians and the king slain.

"Belshazzar is King! Belshazzar is Lord!
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board,
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood;
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
And the crowd all shout, till the vast roofs ring:
'All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the King!'

"'Bring forth,' cries the monarch, 'the vessels of gold
Which my father tore down from the temples of old;
Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone;
Bring forth!' and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine;
While the trumpets bray, and the cymbals ring—
'Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the King!'

"Now what cometh?—look, look!—without menace, or call!
 Who writes, with the lightning's bright hand on the wall?
 What pierceth the King, like the point of a dart?
 What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?
 'Chaldeans! Magicians! the letters expound!'
 They are read—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
 Hark! the Persian is come on a conqueror's wing;
 And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the King."

HOW TO CONQUER THE ENEMY.

"On the field of battle, the most successful mode of warfare is to face the enemy boldly, and charge, and pitch into him furiously, as at Waterloo, when Wellington shouted:—'Up guards, and at them!' To run away would be cowardice of the basest nature, but to encounter and subdue the enemy we have been describing, the tactics of warfare must be reversed; the greatest heroes are those that run away from the battle-field as fast as their legs can carry them, while it would betray weakness, imbecility, and cowardice to confront him. All those who ever attempted to charge him were put *hors de combat*, while those who ran away came off conquering heroes, not one of whom was ever known to get a shot in the rear.

ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

"It is admitted that Alcohol is the principal ingredient in giving good as well as bad liquors their intoxicating effect, and it is for this effect, more or less, they are drank. Some very innocent, moderate drinkers, however, will tell us that they never drink liquors for their intoxicating qualities, nor would they, under any circumstances, get inebriated in the slightest degree. This is a fallacy: if they do not drink them for their stimulating effect, they would not drink them at all. A person may be sick by a very slight cold, or by a typhus fever. Only extract the alcohol from the best liquors, and you leave a liquor which no animal would drink. It has been truthfully remarked that a person who

has been a habitual drinker of the best liquors will drink the worst sooner than do without any.

"We are informed that 'the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;' that 'out of the heart proceed evil thoughts,' &c. That this is the state of every heart unrenewed by grace, needs no doctor of divinity to prove. Would not the most of us stand abashed, and ready to put an end to our own existence, if we were aware that the public knew all our sinful thoughts? And yet, because some give expression to their sinful thoughts, we stare at them in pious amazement, and call them wicked, &c. ! The heart of every sinner is like a pot full of water boiling on a fire: as long as it does not boil over, it makes no noise by coming in contact with the fire; but when it boils over, it empties itself of part of its contents; and the devil, who may be compared to the servant in the kitchen, takes his ladle and fills it up again, and plies his various fires to bring it to the boiling point again. With some a slow fire will do to keep up the boil, until the 'measure of their iniquity is full;' others he regulates by more inflammable matter, as '*fiery liquor poisons*,' which, when thrown in, is sure to cause a boiling over, and a great noise, expressions given to sinful thoughts, secrets betrayed, the passions excited, and the arm nerved for all sorts of wickedness, sometimes to the very bursting of the human vessel, and that of others coming in contact with it. It needs no refined process of reasoning to show that they only are safe who 'touch not, taste not, handle not' intoxicating liquors.

"'The love of money is the root of all evil,' is an inspired maxim, the truth of which has never been questioned by the most sceptical, and the most reckless and cruel mode of acquiring it is by the traffic in intoxicating liquors, which is the surest and most effectual method of piercing people through 'with many sorrows,' and 'drown men in destruction and perdition.'

"The highwayman would not put his victim to a lingering torture

by putting liquor poisons into his system to deliver him of his money: better to put a ball through a man at once than keep his friends in painful anguish while looking at him being slowly tortured to death by the liquor dealer. To give an illustration of the deceit practised on the liquor-drinking public: I went into the cellar of a wholesale liquor dealer in Toronto, and saw a row of barrels, four of which the owner pointed out as containing brandy, and numbered respectively, 1, 2, 3, and 4. While I was there, a country tavern-keeper came to purchase brandy; the owner was all politeness and attention, as a business man should be, and commenced by brightening up a wine glass, and giving the stranger a taste out of No. 4, which he said was only seventy-five cents a gallon, a tolerably good article, and very cheap. When the customer tasted it, he said he would like something better, and was given a little out of No. 3, which he was informed was a decidedly good brandy, and exceedingly cheap at \$1.25 a gallon. The man after holding it up in the wine glass and looking at it between him and the light, tasting it, smacking his lips, and looking grave, said it was a much better article than No. 4, but he would like something better still; whereupon, the owner wiped the glass with a towel and drew a little out of No. 2, which he said was a really good article, commanded a ready sale at \$2 a gallon, and that he had disposed of several barrels of it during the past eight days; 'but here,' said he, as he gave him a taste out of No. 1, 'is a superior article, very strong, full bodied, and deliciously flavored; I would strongly recommend it to you, and hope you will take a few gallons, at least, by way of trial, and I have no doubt you will give me an order for more; it is only \$2.50 a gallon, but we allow ten per cent. for cash, which leaves us a mere shade of profit, which would never pay were it not for the immense quantity we dispose of.' The man tasted, smacked, looked like a connoisseur, said it was pretty fair, and ultimately decided on taking ten gallons of No. 4 and ten of No. 3; the latter, he said, would

suit his customers when half drunk as well as No. 1; that it would be a pity to give good liquor to people not capable of appreciating it. When he took his leave, the owner addressing me, said: 'Now, sir, strange as it may appear to you, I assure you the brandy in those four barrels, from two of which I have just sold twenty gallons to that man just gone out, is all the same, and made with Upper Canada whisky, at thirty cents a gallon. There is not a particle of difference in the cost to me; it is true there is a little more colouring and flavouring ingredients in one than the other, but that is all; the prime cost of all is thirty-five cents a gallon. That man will put a considerable quantity of water in it, and then sell it all at an average of six cents a glass, and allowing about one hundred glasses to the gallon, including water, he will have a pretty fair profit.' The owner also gave me an inkling of the ingredients used in the preparation of the said brandy, and I left the cellar with a very unfavorable impression of the moral principles of men who, in view of the golden rule, and an everlasting future, could engage in such a nefarious traffic, and wondering how a dealer in intoxicating liquors could ask the Almighty to prosper the work of his hands.

"It is well known that the supply of grapes is not sufficient for the demand of wines, but the demand is satisfied, grapes or no grapes, and would be satisfied irrespective of a total failure of the grape crop. What wonderful catering and compounding and chemistry in pandering to extravagant appetites, and bombast and blarney to polish off and palm on the community alcoholic, narcotic, drug and dye-stuff mixtures under the name of wines! In reference to this subject a friend handed me a letter, a short time since, with liberty to use it and its enclosure. Here is an extract from the letter:

'Balruthery August the 2th 1862.

'Dear Mr. Smith

'In anser to yer letter of the 4teen which i resaved last

night I sind you inclosed a printed serkilar about the licker, and if yer in the dhrinkin line, ye can let me know and sind me an ordher, and I will go to Dublin on resate of it an' get it sent, but the prices are mighty high intirely; it bates Banagher how they can manafacther whiskey in upper Kanady for 18 pince a gallon an' money so plinty there. I'm tould they dhrink a power of it, an it's no wondher for its dog chape, but they say it makes people as wake as wather gruel in the hot summer saison, and makes them thrimble like a dog in a wet sack in the cowl'd winther, and that it is mortal desateful an gives people favors and delayrium thraymors an all other diseases, not like the rale ould Irish malt, that puts spunk and divarshin into people. Time was whin we could have a night's sport an a regular *flahoolah* wud a few nighbors, an sorra matther how much a man woud dhrink, or how late he'd sit up, a hare iv the dog that bit him next mornin just to clear the cobwebs out of his throath would be the gratest thrate he could get, an sthraten him all right agin, as fresh as a daisy; but its sorry I am its not so now, the confounded goverment is bound to keep down the poor Irish by hook or by crook, they have put sich a wayty duty on the whishky that a gallon costs 18 shillins irish money, twice the price it was a while agon, which is all as one as keepin the poor from lippin it at all at all, a man can't wet his whistle now let alone dhrownd his shamroke, an signs an it, last Pathrick's day was paceable enough to dhrive people to despair, purshuin to the man was seen wud the sign ov a glass on him from mornin to night the whole day, and ye might as well thry to get holy wather in an orange lodge as a dhrop ov potueen now people's so watched by a set of mane snakes of peelers, so we're obliged to put up wud durty spoothrach of beer and burned black porther enough to give a man the dissenthary or the collick as bad as if he was afther aiten cale stocks an cowl'd wather, howiver we're livin in hopes ov betther times, but I fear I'me ta'sin you with my wayrisome thraytise—the misses had a

sayrious dhrame about yez all last night which med us all onaisy. If times does'nt mend soon I'de be no way squamish about lavin this place an goin to amerikay—give our love to the misthress an the childher, it would be a grate thrate to see their plaisin faces wanst more, let us know if you'd advise us to go, an what we ought to bring that would be shutable to the counthry.

'I remain your humble sarvint

'PETER MCCABE.

'N.B.—Have you any paycocks in Kanady, I'me tould tabaky's very chape. How is markets in gineral.

'To Misther Stephen Smith,

'Toranto, upper Kenneday, America.'

PRICES OF WINES.

"The following is an extract from the enclosure of three closely printed pages of foolscap; the prices I have changed from sterling to dollars :—

In Ports—We hold largely of this wine, and the qualities are well supported; we can speak highly of them.

In Sherries—This favorite wine has had our greatest solicitude in its various grades and colors, not to speak of its first qualities.

In Clarets—We have good reserves, and consider our selections would justify even boasting, did we resort to it.

In Burgundies—These wines have received a stimulus in consumption from the recent tariff; they are good, sound, and full bodied.

In Champagnes—We wish to speak specially of our extra quality. This wine has never, perhaps, before been shipped, and we assert that it will require self denial not to drink it; we praise it without any qualification; it is a little dear, but it is worth paying for.

In Moselles and Hocks—Our sparkling Muscatel Moselle is the leading wine, and most delicious; it is universally liked. Of these wines we can only say that they will do us justice.

In Madeira—Our shipments have been greatly praised, and we can guarantee continuance of same quality.

‘In Brandies—We ship a most superior quality, our stock is both old and extensive, and we believe we rival the first shippers in this article.

‘For your guidance and information we mention here that a vast quantity of wine is *adulterated, and made up for export trade*, which can be sold somewhat lower than we can afford to sell pure and genuine wines, even at our low prices. Still we are not afraid; good wines will make their way when fairly put forward. If we cannot meet in price we are superior in quality, and we can truly say we do not desire such business. Those parties, nevertheless, are injurious to the fair trader, and bring odium on merchants generally, without distinction. We have now large stocks of sparkling Hocks and Moselle at Mayence and Coblenz, of Champagne at Reims, and a reserve of Clarets at Bordeaux, to draw on as required, while we have purchased largely of old Brandies, and an immense supply of Sherries and Ports. We have left nothing undone to maintain our character and the reputation we have gained, so far as fine selections, knowledge of our business, and prudence in carrying it on, &c.

There is one point of importance to allude to, and which we ask to be borne in mind, *i. e.*, for the future we would rather our sparkling wines were not iced; we are of opinion that they will open and drink better without being so. We wish their flavor and effervescence not to be at all injured.

We are gratified and thankful to say that the support we have received perhaps is unprecedented, and the success we have achieved most encouraging. We admit no ideal restrictions; we buy in the cheapest and best markets, and are satisfied that our selections and shipments will continue to give us that credit and extension which we seek. We are prepared for competition; we solicit a trial from those who have not yet favored us with their orders, and confidently abide the issue. In fact the praise bestowed on us might be thought extravagant, did we not take much trouble to merit it.

PRICES.

Per dozen.

Port—Good, old, very select, incomparable at the price.....	\$ 7 to 0
do Ne plus ultra, very mild, a splendid old wine	10 to 0
Sherry,—Dinner, very nice, amber or light colored, useful, and universally liked	6½ to 0
do Luncheon, golden, excellent, pale, amber, brown, highly approved of and greatly praised	7½ to 9
do Superior, pale, dry, and highly flavored, perfect in style and quality, needs no comment...	9½ to 0
Claret,—Good sound wine, wonderful and not overrated	6 to 0
do Recommended strongly, this wine is faultless and celebrated.....	7½ to 0
do Special growths, very full bodied, nearly equal to 1st.....	10 to 12
do 1st growth, magnificent creamy wine.....	15 to 0
Madeira,—Old, carefully selected, with body and flavor	13 to 0
Calcavella,—A pleasant sweet wine.. ..	9 to 0
Manzanilla,—Peculiarly dry, but a good stomachic	9 to 0
Pale Amontillado Sherry,—Very dry, pure, highest class wine.....	10½ to 0
Lisbon,—Dry and sweet.....	8½ to 0
Constantia,—A delicious sweet wine.....	10 to 0
Champagne,—Sparkling, finest, extra quality, par excellence superb.....	17 to 0
do Sparkling, 1st quality, a very superior wine	16 to 0
do Eminently pleasing wine.....	14 to 0
Burgundy,—Red, superb.....	19 to 0
do Sparkling, finest, a decidedly elegant wine	14½ to 0
do Good vintage.....	15 to 0

Hock Still,—A really good wine.....	\$ 8 to 9
do Johannisberg, very old wine, Prince Meternich estate.....	18 to 25
do Steinberg,—The Duke of Nassau's.....	30 to 0
do Sparkling, 1st quality, our competitive very good wine.....	16 to 0
do A most delicious wine.....	15 to 0
do Déjeuner wine.....	12 to 0
Sauterne,—A favorable French wine.....	9 to 15
Moselle, Muscatel, Still,—A remarkably nice wine	9 to 0
do Sparkling, finest, our standard brand unrivalled.....	16 to 0
do An exceedingly beautiful wine,.....	14 to 0
Tawney Old Port,—Very nice, a connoisseur's wine.	11 to 0
Muscatel Brown Sherry,—A mellow wine with great aroma.....	11 to 0
The Queen's Pale Sherry,—Amber, very old.....	16 to 0
do Brown, a solero wine.....	16 to 0
The Royal Champagne, by Letters Patent.....	20 to 0
The Queen of Spain's Sherry,—Pale and dry, well selected.....	11 to 0
Brandy, Cognac,—Superior, old, finest imported, the greatest approbation expressed, and not to be excelled.....	10 to 0
do Good old Cognac, very generally admired..	9 to 0
Holland's Scheidam, best.....	6 to 0
Whisky, old Irish, and old Scotch Islay.....	7 to 0
Cognac Liquere,—Curious from age, and with much flavor.....	16 to 0
Old Tom.....	6 to 0
Jamaica Rum.....	7 to 0

"Of more than twelve flourishing testimonials from military

officers and others in favor of those liquors, and ordering further supplies, three are from lord Bishops, each bearing the sign of the mitre. Charity, however, leads us to the conclusion that they are 'not given to much wine.' The example, however, is injurious: if a lord bishop may drink *rich* liquors, why not the poor members of his flock drink *poor* liquors?

DEMORALISING LIQUORS.

"A short time since I obtained from a tavern a list of names of liquors, neatly printed on a card, and after reading them over, I leave you to reflect on the character of the human beings who descend to such nefarious avocations, and the disreputable portion of mankind who support them in it. Here they are:—

Ardent drops; arrack punch; animalcula destroyer; bitters, brandy and water; brandy, hot; brandy smash; blue bottle; Balaklava; Bull's Run punch; Billy Barlow's punch; Cork tonics; creature comforts; cream of the joke; Dixie's smash; egg nogg; egg flip; eye opener; gin narrative; gin sling; gum tickler; Garibaldi's charge; half and half; hail stones; hookers; hot pearl; hot Scotch; jockey on the track; lightning flashes; moral suasion; Morton's toddy; mint julips; mulled beer; mulled port; old Tom, hot; pick me up; Peruvian renovator; physical force; portaree; ponybrandy; poor man's punch; race horse; rum swizzle; rambro shambro; smashers; stone fences; Sam's own; scaltheen; sherry cobblers; soda cocktails; soldiers' bumpers; Tom and Jerry; thunderbolts; Upper Canada; vox populi; Virginia fancy; wine sangaree; whisky cocktail, &c., &c.

UTILITY OF TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

"Those who have seen some hard service, and experienced severe conflicts in the service of alcohol, are rejoiced to meet face to face in properly conducted temperance society meetings, for reciprocity of feeling, purpose and action, for mutual congratulation

on the progress they have made by their influence in their respective neighbourhoods, the benefits they enjoy, and the encouragements they receive from officers and others, who never entered the service of the enemy. The very sight of faithful friends, of congenial sentiments and of similar pursuits, adds strength to their zeal, and stimulates them in their laudable efforts to enlist others to serve against the common enemy, and this proves the truth of my caption. It is truly said that every improvement in society is brought about by exertion, and by the diligent use of those means which are best calculated to promote the end intended.

To ensure success, temperance societies should embrace something like mechanics' institutes, or athenæms, by which rational information would be diffused which would tend to elevate and enoble the mind, and induce a taste for intellectual pleasures and enjoyments, in which those hours generally spent in listlessness and foolish amusements might be profitably employed. An eminent writer in speaking of a society of this kind, says: 'As vice is the natural offspring of ignorance, so true virtue can only flow from elevated and enlightened principles; and where such principles exist, their operation in a greater or less degree will always appear. The habits of order, punctuality and politeness which would prevail in such associations, would naturally be carried into the other departments of life, and produce their corresponding effect. The frequent intercourse of men of different parties and professions, associated for the purpose of promoting one common object, would gradually vanquish those mutual prejudices and jealousies which too frequently exist, and a liberal, candid and humane spirit would be cherished and promoted.'

"There should be periodical musical concerts, philosophical and chemical experiments, panoramas of ancient and modern cities and buildings, and other interesting scenes from art and nature, camera obscuras, &c., accompanied by proper delineations and appropriate music; the best maps should be on the walls, the best

periodicals on the tables, and, above all, an efficient library—and there should be debates on historical, scientific and other moral subjects, and the reading of papers on political economy, progress of commerce, moral and natural philosophy, the rise and fall of nations, great men and their times, geology, astronomy, agriculture, mechanism, printing and its effects, temperance, common sense, and various other subjects. The services of public lecturers on other subjects as well as temperance might be secured occasionally, and an efficient orchestra ought to be supported. The fees or dues might be regulated by a maximum, middle, and minimum, to suit all ranks. By such moral, social and intellectual enjoyments, and the tone and character they would give, our societies would be promoted to an extent far beyond what has ever yet been realised. And this is no utopian idea: if a few have been benefitted by such a course, why not multitudes? simply because the requisite means have not been employed. Men actuated by selfishness and contracted views of enjoyment have been unwilling to give scope to the benevolent affections, and our youth, prone to frivolous society, are left to fritter away their precious evenings in puerile and questionable amusements and gew gaw ceremonies, which should give place to pursuits of knowledge. To advance the cause of total abstinence among all classes and persuasions of the community by the proceedings adopted by some of our temperance organisations, is just about as calculating and clear-sighted as trying to light up a magnificent church, capable of accommodating six thousand hearers, with a farthing candle. In a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, it is no over estimate to say there should be, at least, four temperance divisions, each composed of three hundred regularly attending members.

ADVANTAGES OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE TO YOUTH.

“Young men in the bloom and vigor of youth, who feel confident that they never will become drunkards, should bear in mind that

old drunkards were once sober young men, and were ignorant of the degradation in store for them by tampering with intoxicating liquors in their youth ; so young men are now ignorant of the pain and ignominy they may escape, and the highly respectable positions they may attain by a life of strict sobriety.

"It has been remarked that from the age of fifteen to the age of twenty-five is the most important period of human life ; and for want of proper instruction and direction during this period, and of rational objects to employ the attention at leisure hours, many a hopeful young man has been left to glide insensibly into the mire of vice and corruption, and to become a pest to his friends and to general society ; but were the mind in early life imbued with a relish for knowledge and mental enjoyments, it would tend to withdraw it from those degrading associations and pursuits which lead to debauchery and drunkenness, and all the miseries which inevitably follow in their train.

"Young men ought to be proud of their position as members of temperance societies, which are impregnable bulwarks against most of the besetting sins which follow in the train of intemperance. What brighter and surer path can be chosen for the journey of life than temperance, were it only for the example of our neighbors who are travelling with us to 'that bourne from whence no traveller returns?' It is the nature of vice to extend itself ; no man liveth to himself ; every man exerts an influence for good or evil on his neighbor ; he acts and is acted upon by others. Young men will be accosted and prevailed upon by old fools, who are journeying in devious and crooked paths, to join them, but no allurements should entice them from the straight, forward path of temperance. A clever writer says : 'The gaining of the young to total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors would constitute the mighty fulcrum on which to plant that moral lever of power to raise a world of degradation. How the clouds would scatter, the prospects brighten, and the firmament of hope clear up, could the young be gained!'

“Although we give the right hand of fellowship to all who have suffered from the effects of strong liquors, and who evince a desire to abandon them, and will do all we can to reclaim drunkards, our main object is to save the young from the snares which surround them, that they may take an interest in, and become attached to, the meetings of our societies, grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength, and, as good and useful citizens, cause them to flourish when we are gone.

‘Seize, seize, O youth, the present hour ;
Pluck it while yet the opening flower
Is springing into bloom ;
Improve each moment as it flies :
Consider well how soon it dies
And withers in the tomb.

REFORMED LIQUOR DRINKERS.

“When a man who had been thirsty for, and socially and good-naturedly fond of his glass, becomes a teetotaller, he will require to exercise patience and self-denial ; but by regularly attending his society meetings, and taking a proper interest in them, he gradually gains strength, and alienates himself from liquor drinking companions, and muddling pleasure parties he abandons at once ; his home becomes to him the dearest spot in the world ; his family, although they may be in comparative adversity, are happy ; his little cherub children, heretofore exposed to bitter cold and perhaps hunger and other privations by his neglect, and with only a fretted mother’s affection and sympathy to soothe and comfort them by expressions of hope for better days, are now his ‘joy and crown of rejoicing.’ On his return from his daily avocation he meets them with smiles of joy, and they climb on his knees, and show him the warm little socks and frocks, &c., their mother made, and the new shoes and caps their papa bought for them, while tears of joy chase each other down the mother’s cheeks. His health and honor are established, and he becomes attached to real friends. Gratitude to the ‘Giver of every perfect gift’ swells

his bosom, and each Sabbath finds him, with his family, clean and orderly at church. Thus the temperance society is as a stepping stone to the narrow path that leads to everlasting life—to the enjoyment of the 'peace that passeth understanding.' With what heartfelt joy he contrasts his happy position with that when he was looked upon as a 'right good fellow,' in the murkey groggery, redolent with the fumes of liquor and tobacco smoke; where the money so much required for the food and raiment of his family went to the grogseller; when, at late hours, while his wife and children lay weeping in their cold beds, he sung and chorused the drunkard's song thus :

'Landlords fill your flowing bowls,
'Till they do run over:
For to-night we'll merry be,
To-morrow we'll get sober,' &c.'

A SAVING SOCIETY.

"While other societies are expensive in their working by paraphernalia, trinkets, contributions for presents, liquors, dinners, suppers, losses of time, &c., temperance societies are emphatically saving societies. There is no time lost by social evening liquor parties; no clubbing for liquorizing emergency meetings nor processions; no expense for baskets of champagne, nor any other wines, brandy, gin, rum, whisky, ale, nor any other compounds of an intoxicating nature on our sideboards, nor in our cellars; no anxiety about the store to procure the best liquors from, or who brews the best beer, or who sells cheapest; no panic about the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer with respect to increasing the duties on liquors; no hangers on or leeching soakers to keep our families awake at late hours while imbibing at our expense; no tavern bills nor treats at tavern bars; no bleeding manfully for the liquor all round, in exorbitant hotels, at excursions; no guzzling pic-nics, nor any other swizzles; no expense

for repairs for damage to person or property by uproarious spree; no antibillious pills, soda powders, nor doctor's bills for curing billious and other diseases caused by swallowing sickening liquors; no scented compounds to act as an antidote against the respiratory odour produced by the effervescence of double-distilled swill; no fear of a menial getting so attached to the beer barrel in the cellar, and so infatuated by the stimulating quality of its contents, as to forget how to close the tap until the whole of the contents run over the floor; no brewer's dun, with rubicund frontispiece and malt effluvia to accost us in the morning with his exorbitant beer account; no sharpening of the appetite before dinner, or raising the spirits up by pouring spirits down; no pleasure of wine with the ladies; no beclouded intellect with the last night's spree, to bewilder our business operations, and cause us loss and damage; no fear of physicians, who are teetotallers, losing their practice and impoverishing their families by the worn out excuses of being out on sick calls, or sick themselves when messengers come for them to attend patients; no fear of a client's case being jeopardized by his lawyer, while under the pretence of a *severe billious attack*, handing his brief and *fee* to a confrère who knows little or nothing about it; no fear of a ministerial member, when the members are called in, voting on the opposition side, after getting expensively bewildered by treating his friends at the bar,—nor of a clerk neglecting his office by attending parties and giving parties himself, the liquor having been obtained on credit, with a meagre prospect of paying for it, and then getting doctors' certificates that he has influenza, and perhaps sending his wife to plead with his employers for time to get well, and at last getting dismissed, and his family left on the charity of friends,—nor of merchants' clerks making free with the cash to carry on the drunkenness and gambling; no fear of a carpenter getting trembling nerves by last night's spree, and falling from the roof of a building, breaking his leg,

and getting laid up for several weeks, to the great loss and hardship of himself and his family,—nor of a carter tumbling off his vehicle, or neglecting and half starving his faithful horse until he grows like a skeleton, and dies groaning for vengeance on his cruel master,—nor of a baker burning his batch of bread, while snoozing after his last night's dancing spree,—nor of a tailor getting so cross-eyed and shaky with the shears by the *tightening-up* of the previous evening, as to make a misfit and have the garment returned as a shopkeeper,—nor of a farmer selling his produce, and while *elevated*, getting into the wrong shop and relieved of his money, to the great loss of his family; no fear of any man getting into such a lofty and independent strain by the pressure of alcoholic steam as to coerce his wife into dry goods, jewellery, and other stores, and make such foolish and expensive purchases as will set him half crazy next day, nor of boasting of his rich relations and independent position, and giving orders on various accounts which he cannot recall, nor signing promissory notes which, were it not for sober witnesses, he would swear were forgeries; no fear of a faithful and affectionate wife burning fuel and gas until past midnight, while expecting her husband to come home under a powerful head of steam from an antidilution club; no fear of a rebuke from the pulpit for snoring in church after a Saturday night's spree.

THE PULPIT AND THE BAR.—CONCLUSION.

“It has often been argued that the preaching of the Gospel and religious assemblies are sufficient to induce men to give up liquor drinking, and lead sober lives. To this one reply is sufficient: thousands of men have been brought into temperance societies, by which they have been made good and useful citizens, and fit for church fellowship, by the mutual encouragement of men banded together for one special object, and who, in all probability, would never have entered a place of worship, irrespective of temperance

societies. While some are deficient of decent clothing to appear in a church, others have not the slightest inclination to attend; and suppose they did, church going is of little use to parties habituated to intemperance: until this great vice be removed, preaching and exhortations from pulpits will be like 'the morning cloud and the early dew.' By the removal of the besetting sin of intemperance, many a man has been placed on the preliminary path to everlasting life. 'Wherever intemperance prevails,' says a writer, 'a barrier is interposed to every attempt for raising man from the state of moral and intellectual degradation into which he has been sunk, and for irradiating his mind with substantial knowledge. As the human mind is continually in quest of happiness of one description or another, so multitudes of the young and inexperienced have been led to devote themselves to the pursuit of sensual pleasures as their chief and ultimate object, because they have no conception of enjoyment from any other quarter, and are altogether ignorant of the required gratification which flows from intellectual pursuits. In the prosecution of knowledge the rational faculties are brought into exercise, and sharpened and invigorated; and when reason begins to hold the ascendancy over the desires and affections, there is less danger to be apprehended that the mind will ever be completely subjected to the control of the sensitive appetite of our nature.'

"How important it is that all right-thinking men should give this subject their serious consideration! They should attend our meetings regularly, and cultivate such a spirit of harmony, and introduce such topics as would cause all our members to feel such pleasure in the approach of each meeting as to dispense with small tea parties, casual visits to and from neighbors, many of whom say a great many things beside common sense; a little fatigue or languor after the business of the day; balls, theatres, mountebank exhibitions, rocking the cradle and amusing the little ones while mamma is on a visit, or doing a little shopping, reading trashy pub-

lications—the stormy evening, and many other lame excuses, and give all diligence to attend regularly. The first duty of a young member should be to bring a candidate to the society; for this purpose, he should look around him in the ward or street where he resides, in his social and business gatherings, in his church and Sunday school, and other places, and there should be a spirit of emulation, and a sharp contest for every office, which is a sure sign of the prosperity of a society. The utmost decorum and politeness ought always to prevail in the meetings, and that respect paid to the chairman, or presiding officer, which his dignified position demands. By the adoption of, or improvement on, the foregoing suggestions, we would soon have a large acquisition of members to all our societies; then the difficulty heretofore sensibly felt by the chairman in appointing committees from sergeant's guards, and the grounds of complaint of members who attend regularly for being placed too often on committees, would be removed, as he would be able to appoint efficient committees of energetic, willing members, who would promptly discharge the duties entrusted to them without question or delay. In the admission of members, I do not advocate a promiscuous collection of questionable characters; such a course would be disastrous to the society. Every candidate should be properly recommended, and if honest, no matter how low in poverty, he should be admitted: by guarding against the worthless and unprincipled, we may exclude many a diamond in the rough. The intrinsic dignity of man is far beyond our comprehension; there is many a jewel whose casket may be formed of coarse materials and besmeared with mud, which, by the removal of one alloy, might turn out a precious jewel. So many men in degraded positions might, by the removal of intoxicating liquors, become highly respectable and useful members of society. It is beyond our comprehension to foresee the relative good which may be produced by inducing even one individual to become a teetotaler. The removal of the one great vice may remove

all others which followed in its train. It is only by such efforts that we can look forward to the consummation of our brightest hopes: the dissolution of all orders and societies of temperance in consequence of the liquor traffic having become so disreputable and its customers so few, that it will not pay the few despicable characters engaged in it. Then shall 'the wilderness and the solitary place be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' "

THE END.



